WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 16, 1926

5c Liberty

A Weekly fo

Beginning

THE PATRIOTIC GAME *of* PRESIDENTS

It Seems As Though Nearly Every Smoker Wants A Hold-Heet *Electric Match!*

Illustration Approximately Full Size

$2.50 in attractive gift box

SINCE the first public announcement of the Hold-Heet Electric Match last September the demand for this unique device has been phenomenal. They have been difficult to purchase despite our large production. Now, however, dealers the country over can supply you. The remarkable success of this latest member of the Hold-Heet family proves that the Hold-Heet Electric Match is the combination of a meritorious article meeting a real need.

For Cigar, Cigarette and Pipe

In the Office

Ordinary dangerous matches have no place with the modern smoker. The Hold-Heet Electric Match is rapidly displacing them. Just the gentle pressure of the thumb on the little red button and the Electric Match is in service. Consumes current only when in the act of lighting, so its upkeep cost is negligible. Can be attached to any lighting circuit either direct or alternating current. The lighting element of the Hold-Heet Electric Match extends into the bowl of a half filled pipe. It works anywhere instantly—wind and whims do not affect this handiest of smokers' accessories.

Fumes from an ordinary match destroy most of the aroma which give a good cigar, cigarette or smoking blend its flavor. Why buy good cigars and then draw them full of noxious fumes which destroy the qualities upon which their charms depend? Cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobaccos retain their full flavor when lit by a Hold-Heet Electric Match. This unique device makes smoking a real treat.

It Contains the Famous Hold-Heet Element

like that used in millions of Hold-Heet household electrical appliances. This wonderful element is guaranteed for a minimum of two years' service but will last a lifetime. Your pipe may burn out, but the Hold-Heet Electric Match will serve you indefinitely. Once you use a Hold-Heet Electric Match in either your home or your office you will never again be satisfied with dangerous "smelly" dirty matches.

The Hold-Heet Electric Match stands eight inches high, has six feet of strong but flexible silk cord and a two-piece attachment plug. A beautiful accessory for the finest furniture. Nothing like it on the market—nothing more acceptable to a smoker—a regular "peach" of a present. Your local electrical dealer or tobacco shop can supply you. See him first. If you prefer it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price. Get a Hold-Heet Electric Match today—and enjoy complete freedom from ordinary matches forever.

In the Home

RUSSELL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Lamp Socket Heating Devices

Executive Offices and Factory: 340 W. Huron Street, Chicago
Eastern Office: 51 East 42nd Street, New York
Canadian Office: 60 Duchess Street, Toronto

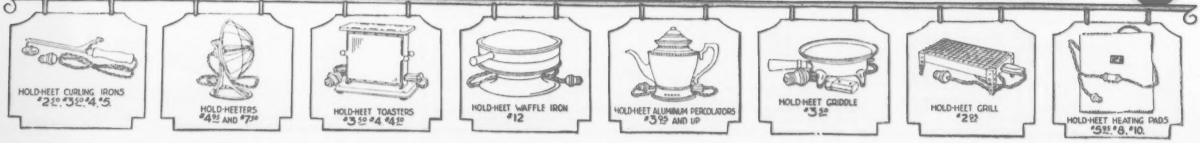
This is Number 12 of a series of 78 four-color Hold-Heet messages to appear in this publication

Hint to Executives

As a gift or premium item the Hold-Heet Electric Match offers unusual business building possibilities. Write for details.

Hold-Heet

With the Famous Guaranteed Hold-Heet Element



In China they say:

設想襪帶繫頸上。君必時易一
巴黎牌號無金質。
新双。巴黎
襪不接皮膚致
《帶》作癢。問君
今朝買一付。精
神振起步舞爽。

All of which means: *If garters were worn around the neck you'd change them frequently*

Single Grips
25c to $1

Double Grips
35c to $1

PARIS
GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

© 1925

A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

Did Nature tint those Lovely Cheeks—

Nature's own color appears in the form of a >. Apply as shown by the diagram sketch, leaving a white space about the size of a silver quarter (or shilling) in front of the ear. Blend softly over cheeks with puff. For waterproof, lasting effect, rouge should be applied before powdering.

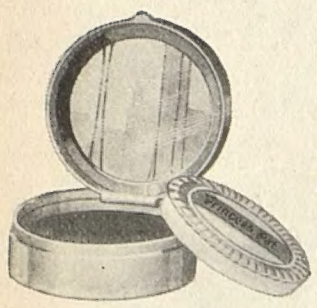
or was it her own fair hand?

YOU might have offended Milady with such a question years and years ago. But nowadays—what girl wouldn't think it a compliment to her artistry and taste?

Yes, delightfully frank is the modern girl in her application of make-up. She knows that a little color, properly applied, is much more natural looking than an unnatural pallor.

But though she's frank in her use of color, she is sparing too, if she's really clever. For she knows that Paris has frowned on the too liberal use of rouge.

A "happy medium" is the thing today—not too much, not too little—a rich, glowing hue that harmonizes with costume and complexion—a hue that brings out the beauty of her eyes, her hair, her gleaming, sparkling teeth.



And how well this "happy medium" can be attained with Princess Pat Rouge! A soft, natural flush it gives—a flush that seems to lie *beneath* the skin instead of *on* it. And a range of color that takes in every possible requirement.

There is Princess Pat VIVID, so stunning with that vivid, colorful frock, and so flattering with gray, neutral tones. There is Princess Pat Medium, a delicate pastel shade which is perfectly entrancing when just a tiny touch of color is desired. And there's Princess Pat English Tint (orange), which blends so well with any complexion or costume, and brings out all that transparent, "luminous" beauty of the skin.

By using the right amount, you can get any color effect you want with one or two of these shades. Many clever women keep all three on their dressing tables. There is no rule but that of good taste. You'll find a new thrill of pleasure in applying this delightful compact rouge which calls attention to your beauty—not your make-up.

And in every other way you'll find Princess Pat the most satisfactory rouge you've ever tried. It is water and perspiration-proof, convenient to carry in its neat, little compact and one application with the dainty puff lasts for hours.

You can get Princess Pat Rouge at your favorite toilet goods counter, or if you prefer, send the coupon for a week's supply *free*. We want you to try it and prove to your own satisfaction how this unique rouge brings out your beauty as no rouge ever did before.

Free Mail this coupon to-day for a liberal sample of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 1931 2709 So. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.
(*In Canada Address* 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.
☐ Vivid ☐ Medium ☐ English Tint

(Print) Name ----------

Address ----------

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lipstick—*As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks be exact. With English Tint (orange) or with Medium use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Rouge Vivid use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and pliant—color pure and indelible, prevents dryness or chap.*

JAN. 16, 1926.

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS—*An Editorial*

In this issue Liberty begins the Patriotic Game of Presidents, a prize contest. The test is one of arranging the pictures of Presidents from composites. Three composites are given each time. By taking the forehead from one composite, the eyes and nose from another, and the mouth and chin from the third, the picture of a president can be assembled. The contestant names him and gives the period of his administration.

In one set of composites may be parts of Washington, Polk, and Harrison, and in another of John Adams, Buchanan, and McKinley. The test is one of familiarity with American history. To know the Presidents in succession and to be able to name them may not be in itself very important, but this is a peg on which a person hangs a sequence of information.

One would have a faulty understanding of English history if he did not know that in 1066 William of Normandy defeated the Saxon Harold at Hastings and started the line of English kings which the English schoolboys and many American schoolboys must learn in their succession. Back of that date in law and customs and language are the Saxons and it is an important peg in the knowledge of history. Each English king fixes a date about which more consequential facts are clustered. William and the conquest. John and Magna Charta. Edward III. and Crecy and Poitiers. Henry VIII. and the reformation.

It is likewise with the succession of American Presidents. The dates when they headed the government are pegs on which a person hangs other information. When an American can run off the succession of American Presidents and give each his period he has a framework for his historical information.

The understanding of history requires accuracy of memory. It is a mistake to think it does not. An understanding requires the relation of facts to each other. A person might have the facts and nothing else. That would be the fault of his make-up, but accuracy of information is a virtue. It is not good enough to know about when something took place. That is only coddling indolence and slack-mindedness. When was Andrew Jackson defeated in the electoral college? Then know why.

The Game of American Presidents is a patriotic game. It will be found fascinating by the contestants. It is an even better mental stimulus than the cross-word puzzles, which are good. There have been contests using movie actors and actresses as the Presidents' pictures are used in this game. These contests are popular, but when you have solved composites of the movie people you have been entertained and if successful you may have won a prize, but you are no farther ahead in the understanding of anything.

When you play the Game of Presidents you are quite as much entertained. It is a good evening game. Some of it will seem easy, but if it all were it wouldn't be a contest. In playing it the history of the United States will be run before your mind and imagination. The player will have a much better background of historical information when he is through. He ought to have a greater desire for information, more curiosity and inquisitiveness, and he will have pegs in the closet of his mind on which he can hang and arrange things.

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Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Rest Cure—by P. G. Wodehouse

THERE'S important news on Page 10 of this issue. P. G. WODEHOUSE, master story-teller, is writing exclusively for Liberty. His first short story, THE REST CURE, will appear next week. It is a happy, whimsical tale with a laugh or a chuckle in every line—a fine example of the sort of thing at which Mr. Wodehouse is incomparable.

HARRY REICHENBACH, in the same issue, confesses some surprising things about his career as a press agent. How he made September Morn famous, for example. And the inside story of many another little-known exploit. He calls his article FAME MADE TO ORDER.

FREDERICK B. EDWARDS, asking WHITHER ARE WE DANCING?, reviews the recent ballroom crazes and ventures a disturbing—or maybe comforting—prediction about the Charleston.

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS enlivens Liberty's pages again with a spirited short story entitled THE TREASURE HUNT.

MAURINE ROBB delves into the mysterious witchery of perfume under the title SCENTING A MYSTERY; there's a penetrating article by LEWIS HARPER on BIG BUSINESS—BIG WAGES—BIG PROFITS, and ARTHUR SEARS HENNING contributes the amusing tale of a rash promise to separate Jack Barrymore from his autograph.

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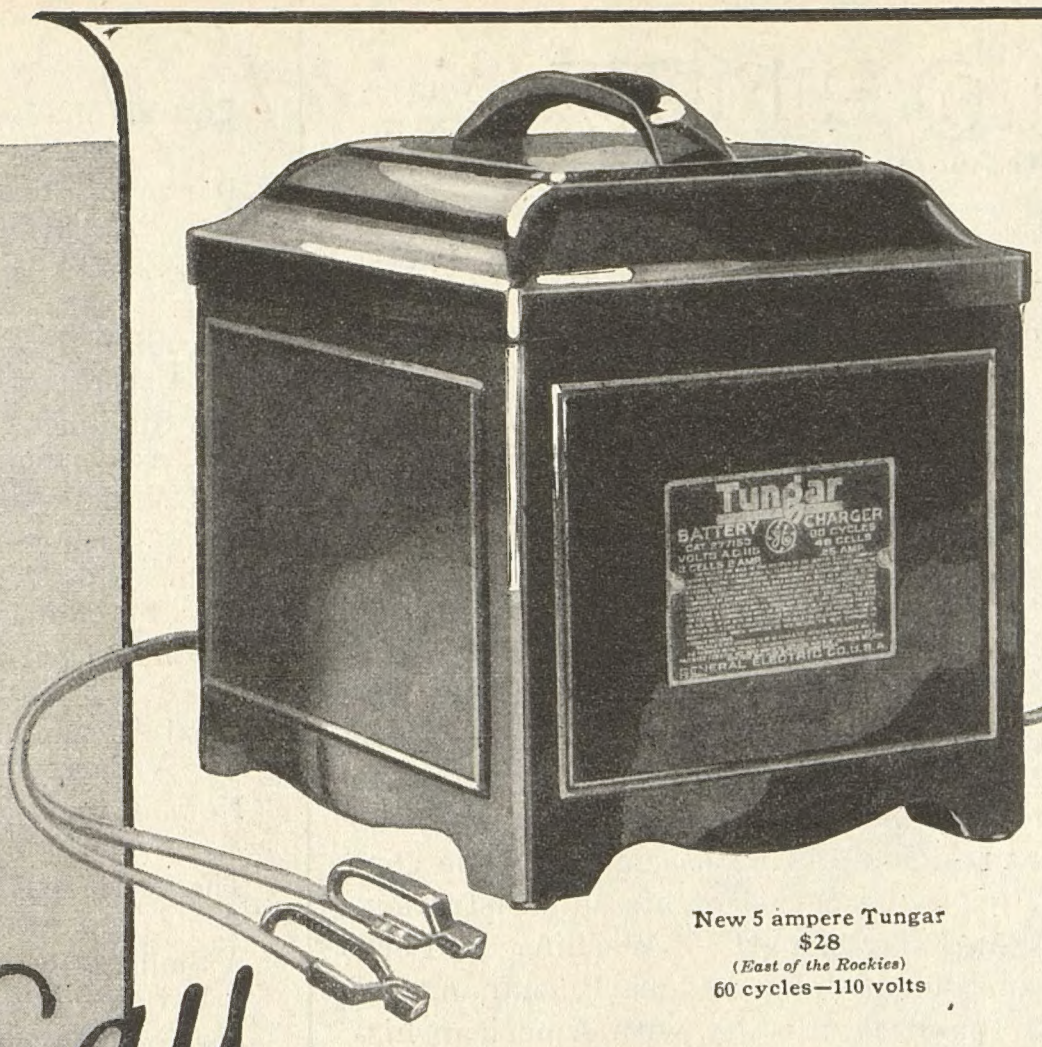
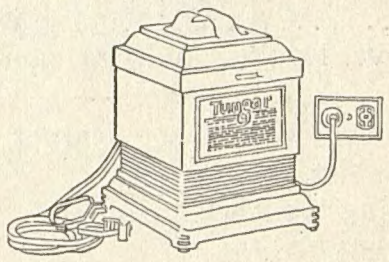


New 5 ampere Tungar
$28
(East of the Rockies)
60 cycles—110 volts

The Tungar is a G-E product developed in the great research laboratories of General Electric.

The new Tungar charges any make and size of storage battery: radio "A" and auto batteries, and "B" batteries as high as 96 volts in series. No extra attachments needed.



2 ampere Tungar
$18
(East of the Rockies)
60 cycles—110 volts

Merchandise Department,
General Electric Company,
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Say

Tungar

when you want the best battery charger

"Tungar" is fast becoming the word for battery charger. And no wonder!

Tungar is the trouble-proof, easy-to-use charger for *all* batteries. It's the original bulb charger. It's made by General Electric. It makes no disturbing noise. It can't blow out Radiotrons.

Tungar is easy to use. Just clip it to your batteries and plug in the house current. Then let it charge overnight. It's as simple and safe as letting the hall light burn through the night.

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trade-mark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

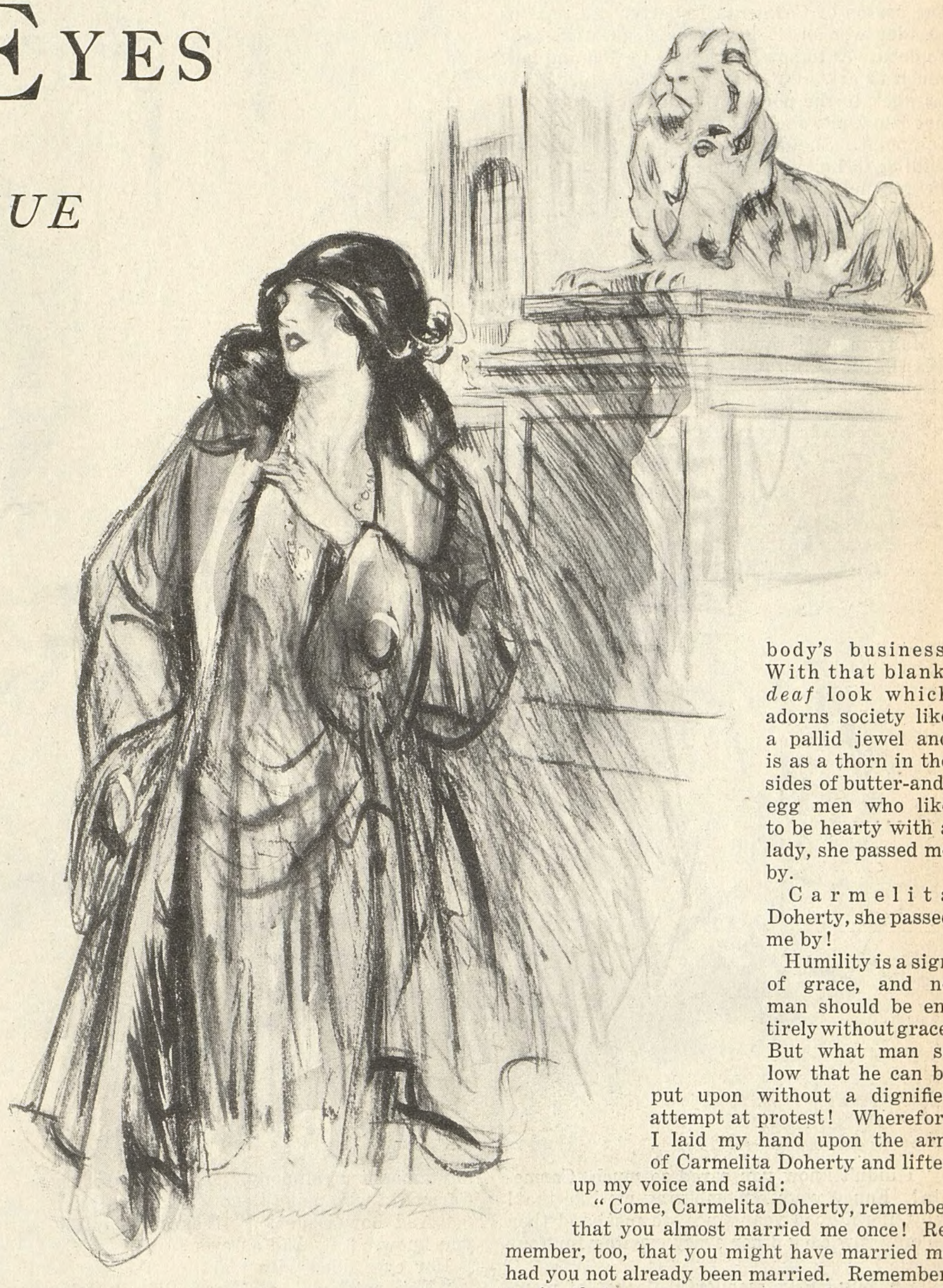
GENERAL ELECTRIC

PORTRAIT of a LADY with GREY EYES on FIFTH AVENUE

An Encounter with the Will-o'-the-Wisp Called LOVE

By
MICHAEL ARLEN
Author of The Green Hat

Pictures by CLARENCE J. MCCARTHY



With what adorable indifference her eyes made holocausts of the eyes of suddenly lonely men!

I WAS walking, thinking as I walked. Presently, however, circumstances arose that compelled me to raise my eyes, and I saw ten thousand automobiles, a host of men, a flurry of women, the sunlight sprawling across Fifth Avenue, a fire engine gayly crashing through the one-way sanctity of Forty-sixth Street, and the nose, the mouth, the chin of Carmelita Doherty.

Stern, slender, swift—Oh, Carmelita Doherty, is that you, is that really you, so very grown up, so impassive! *Hauteur,* they called this Carmelita carriage in the old, old days—*hauteur,* upon my word, when you can say "high hat" and be so funny!

Carmelita Doherty, whither do you hurry this fine sweet morning? Stern as a woman of forty at her dressing table, unabashed as a divorcee at Deauville, she strode from east to west across the pavement. A profile and a promise of delight, a profile and an ankle or two—and that's all there is of Carmelita Doherty this fine sweet morning on Fifth Avenue.

How harshly her feet broke the prancing shadows on the pavement! With what adorable indifference her eyes made holocausts of the eyes of suddenly lonely men! How masterfully she rode the confounded multitude! Ah, what a mistress for a man her equal! Alas, how grave the misdemeanor of God in having created me for no other apparent purpose than to be on exactly that square foot of Fifth Avenue which would be demanded by the sovereign feet of Carmelita Doherty in her passage to her automobile!

We bumped. I am dealing in facts. I could say that we collided. But "to collide" is merely to commit a polite misappropriation of space in charming surroundings. A Vanderbilt might collide with an Astor. But for oneself, one bumps.

Abashed, I recoiled from the slender contact. A whisper of outraged Chypre filled the air. A pink pearl in a circlet of diamonds trembled between the tender breasts of Carmelita Doherty. But what am I saying! I could see nothing. A glance of her eyes had stripped me of parentage and made me the offspring of moles. I felt like a dandelion at a ball in honor of Miss Gloria Swanson. I felt inferior.

"Carmelita Doherty," I said, "I am so sorry!"

No man could say more. But did she hear me, did she see me, did she for one moment contemplate an exchange of such compliments as are seemly between gentlefolk? In point of fact, the way she gave me the air was nobody's business. With that blank, *deaf* look which adorns society like a pallid jewel and is as a thorn in the sides of butter-and-egg men who like to be hearty with a lady, she passed me by.

Carmelita Doherty, she passed me by!

Humility is a sign of grace, and no man should be entirely without grace. But what man so low that he can be put upon without a dignified attempt at protest! Wherefore I laid my hand upon the arm of Carmelita Doherty and lifted up my voice and said:

"Come, Carmelita Doherty, remember that you almost married me once! Remember, too, that you might have married me had you not already been married. Remember, again, that we were once as good as married, or maybe we were better than married, but we were certainly no worse than married, for what could be worse? Come, Carmelita, be gracious, be fair, be big! If, on the other hand, you cannot remember my name, come right out into the open and call me 'darling.'"

She smiled, and straightway the sun came over to the shady side of Fifth Avenue for to adore the teeth of Carmelita Doherty.

"It's *not* you!" she sighed. "Dar*ling,* it's not you!"

The fact that it was me lent a certain significance to a conversation that might otherwise have been too impersonal to be really enjoyable.

"I *do* remember you!" recklessly said Car-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

melita Doherty. "Of course I remember you! In fact, I have never remembered anyone else."

She was, you understand, being just a nice girl. But the divine spark of truth was not in her. She was so slender, maybe there was no room for the divine spark of truth within the person of Carmelita Doherty. As regards slender women, it is always a question open to debate as to how much goes to God and how much to art. But that is another story. Let us stick to the point. Carmelita Doherty did not know me, she had forgotten me, that was the point. She did not know me, but she was willing to lie, and I cannot allow a woman to lie for my sake.

"Mah Jongg!" I said, since one had to say something.

With exceeding brightness her eyes conquered space, time, and place.

"But that's not the half of it!" she cried. "Mah Jongg, Marquita, Manuelo, Michael—Mich*ael!*"

"In Rome, in a room where a man was humming Marquita to a ukulele, when Manuelo was my lover and I met you!"

"I didn't know you cared so much, Carmelita! Fancy your remembering me like that! Why, it's a good year since we met, and then we only saw each other every evening for four months!"

"Oh, but I have wonderful flashes of memory sometimes. It was in Rome, wasn't it? Oh, it all comes back to me—dar*ling!* In Rome, in a room where some people were playing Mah Jongg and a man was humming Marquita to a ukulele, when Manuelo was my lover and I met you! My, how you two did quarrel, didn't you!"

I resented that.

"Anyhow, the best man won!" I said shortly.

"Yes, Jack Doherty," said Carmelita.

At the time I met and loved this lady she was not yet married to Mr. Doherty but only engaged to him, for she had only just married someone else. But Carmelita was really very old-fashioned and still believed in divorce, and she was wealthy enough to be able to afford any amount of alimony. It is such women as Carmelita who make Reno what it is.

"And how is Jack?" I asked, playfully—you know. "As bad as ever?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"He's not bad," said Carmelita. "He's revolting."

"You can't mean that!" I said.

"I've left him," said Carmelita.

"No!" I said.

"CERTAINLY I've left him!" said Carmelita. "I had to. He drove me to it. He made my life a hell. He gets so violent when he's sober that I simply wrecked my nerves in trying to persuade him to get drunk. It was awful! Heavens, is it really one o'clock! Can you imagine, only meeting you saved me from being punctual for lunch! Are you lunching at the Colony? Isn't that a funny coincidence, nor am I! But, oh dear, I don't know how to get to where I *am* lunching. I had a car this morning, but I seem to have lost it. I distinctly remember coming out this morning with a car and a chauffeur, but I can't *imagine* what has happened to them. It's an Italian car, darling, but I wanted to make it look American and so there's a Jewish chauffeur driving it. If you should see him as you are walking along, do *please* tell him to find me at the Ambassador. But, oh dear, however shall I get there!"

"When tired of walking," I said, "a taxi is not considered an unusual form of locomotion. Here you are—and good-bye, Carmelita."

"Good-bye, darling. It's been so nice to see you again! Good-bye, Manuelo dar*ling.*"

Michael Arlen has been to Hollywood. Like almost everyone else who has returned from that colorful capital of screenland, he has been filled with fascinating impressions. In an early issue Mr. Arlen will report the first of these impressions for Liberty. Watch for the appearance of these intimate pen pictures.

Darrow *on* Divorce

Famous Lawyer Reveals the Secret Reasons for Divorces That Are Seldom Told in Court—He Urges Easier Laws to Diminish Suffering and Even Cut Down the Number of Murders

By Walter House

COME behind the scenes if you want to learn the real causes of divorce—the secrets that husbands and wives never divulge on the witness stand. The accusations made in open court—the charges of unfaithfulness or cruelty or desertion—are only the final symptoms, required by law, that a marriage has failed. They are the legal reasons for divorce; the human reasons are concealed.

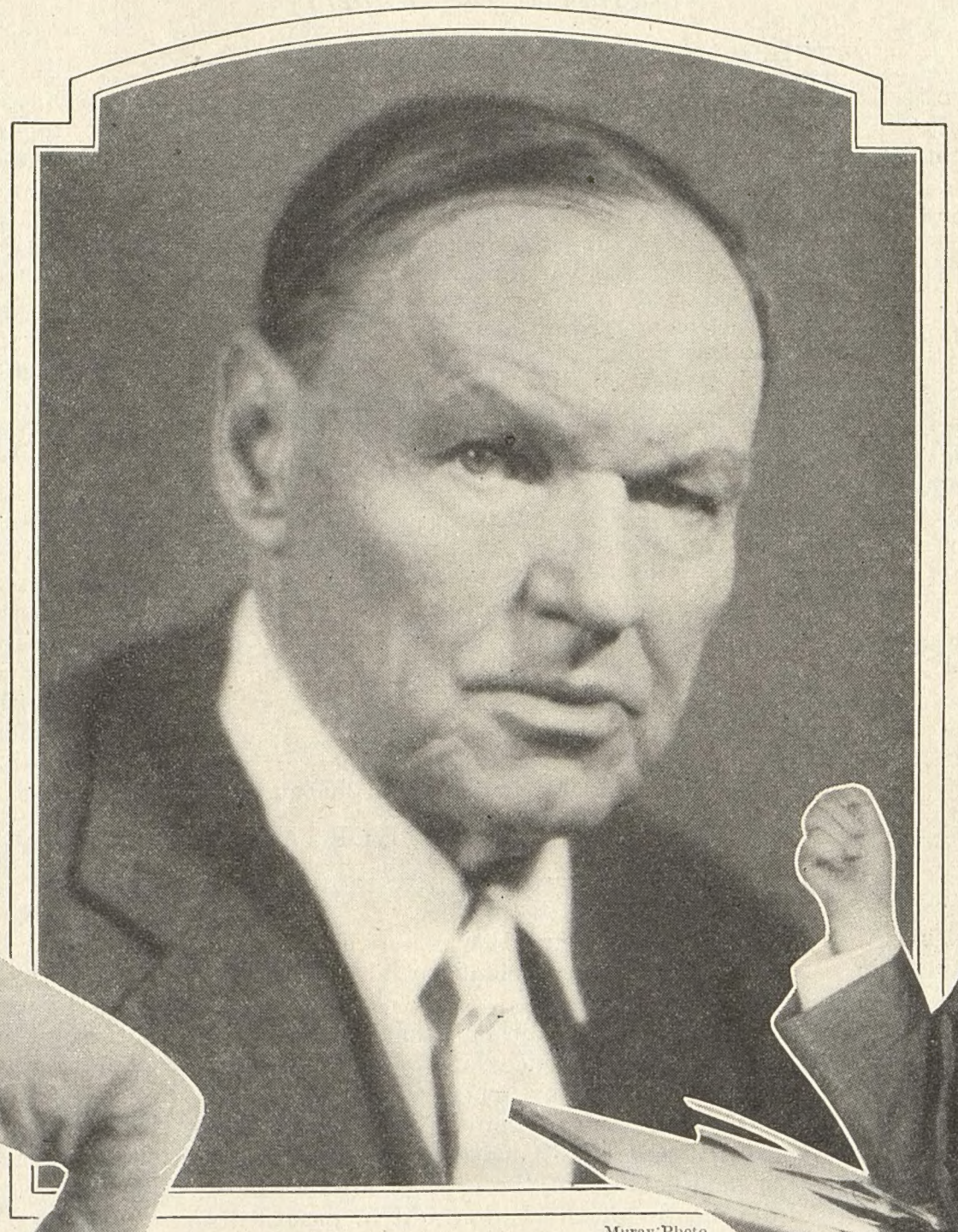
Let Clarence Darrow, the noted criminal lawyer and student of human nature, who has saved upward of sixty men from the noose, tell you those secrets of shattered marriages. Mr. Darrow is more than a lawyer; he is a philosopher whose long experience with human troubles and frailties has given him a rare understanding of men and women.

Mr. Darrow has already expressed his views on intolerance and crime in such national dramas as the Tennessee evolution case and the Loeb-Leopold murder trial in Chicago. Now he asks for clemency toward those who have failed in marriage.

Mr. Darrow as leader of the defense at the evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee.

P. & A. Photo

You usually will find Mr. Darrow lounging at ease in his large and busy office in Chicago. A lionlike figure with a deeply seamed face, disordered, iron-gray hair, and a piercing gaze which goes directly to the core of things



Muray Photo

Clarence S. Darrow, veteran of half a century of practice and many cases of national and even world-wide interest.

and belies his slow and informal manner of speech.

The old man is a cross-word puzzle fan. He asserts that whenever he is in need of distraction it forms his favorite pastime. So that he will always be equipped to work the puzzles on the shortest possible notice, he habitually carries a large array of pencils in his pockets.

This veteran attorney, than whom there is, perhaps, no more spectacular figure at the American bar, would render divorce easier.

"We needn't be afraid of the collapse of society," he said, "if we do not compel men and women to drag one another into court with harsh, humiliating, or trumped-up charges. Give the courts general discretion to grant divorces whenever it seems advisable.

"Such a course would not destroy marriage. The institution of the family rests upon instincts and laws far older and more powerful than any statute. We can safely trust human nature, social customs, and religious beliefs to safeguard matrimony.

"And, besides, there would be fewer murders.

"As far back as you can get with man there has been some sort of family institution. It may even be traced beyond man to lower orders of animals.

"The old idea that marriage is a late development of the human race and that primitive men lived in hordes, without any such institution, is probably erroneous. I think the family lived together as far back as we can trace man in

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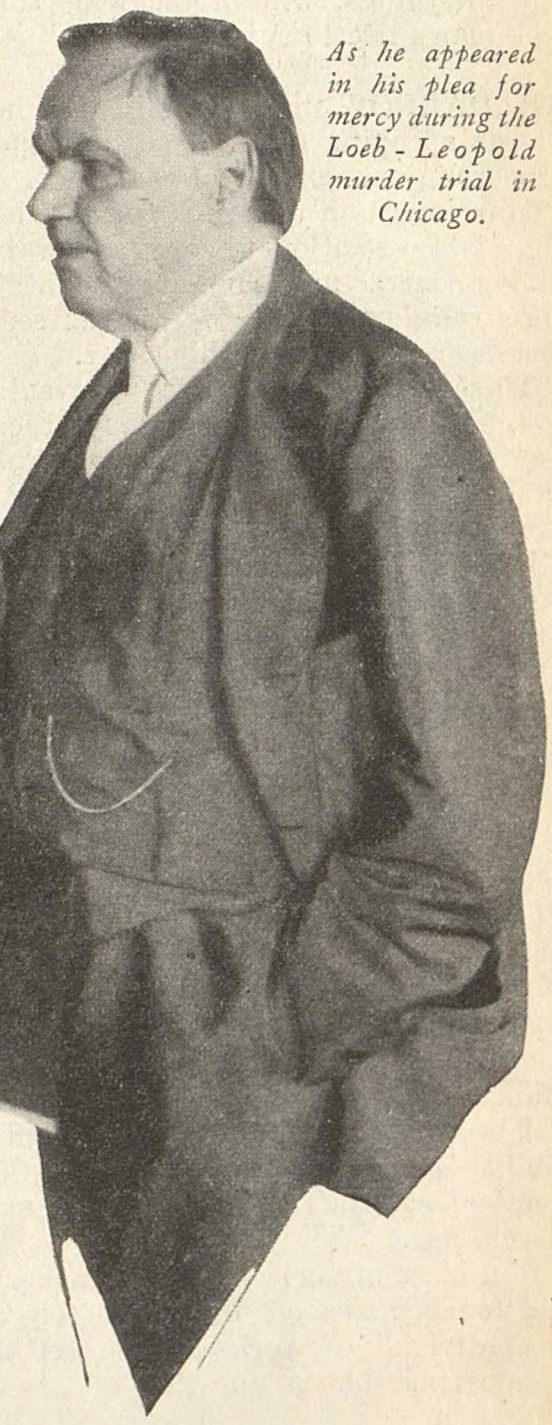

As he appeared in his plea for mercy during the Loeb-Leopold murder trial in Chicago.

[DARROW ON DIVORCE
Continued from Page Nine]

history, about ten or fifteen thousand years.

"The institution of family most likely came about through the birth of the child. Such a picture of the founding of one of the first human families is found in The Long Journey, by Johannes V. Jensen:

"'They remained together, the two whom the night had joined. Neither of them ever took the homeward path; they settled on the spot as a free hunter's household in the midst of the kindly woods, and in summer their life was easy. Neither of them was aware of time.

"'But as early as the end of summer there were unmistakable signs that the girl was to become a mother. She gave birth to the child in the middle of winter and wrapped it in kid's skin against the cold.

"'But the hunter who had become a father was enraptured with his partner and his springtime child. . . . When the hunter was not in the woods or by the river supplying the needs of the family he was at home busily building a new real house.'

"In primitive times, and even down to a late period, the individuality of woman was pretty much destroyed. She was the bearer of children, did a good deal of the manual work, and cared for the household.

"Modern society has a tendency to relax the strictness of the marriage relations. This is probably due to the growing feeling of individuality in both men and women.

"It is pretty early yet to determine accurately the effect of loosening the marriage bonds upon the human race. Still we can trust that nature, in this as in all things, will in the long run shape man's life to survival values."

MR. DARROW made it plain that he was speaking of the legal and not of the religious aspects of marriage.

"Marriage is a civil institution," he said. "The relation under the law is mainly contractual. In any country where religious liberty is guaranteed, it necessarily can be nothing else.

"This, of course, in no way prevents any religious organization or any other organization from laying down such rules as it sees fit, and making its individual membership conform to these rules.

"But in a nation where each one is free to choose his own religion and where there are necessarily a large number of religions and religious organizations, the state must lay down some rule to govern human relations. All nations, so far as I know, have laws regulating the subject of divorce. It is perfectly plain that divorce is growing easier in practically all the civilized countries of the world."

Coming to the crux of the subject—the actual yet often intangible causes for divorce—Mr. Darrow says:

"As women have grown more independent, through education and recognition of their importance in all social relations, there have no doubt been more conflicts arising from incompatibility of husbands and wives and the small amount of satisfaction found in the matrimonial relations.

"In a state of society such as makes up the world today, marriage is not entirely a question of division of work and the getting of a simple living, but a question of association, companionship, and social advantages which come from a particular relation.

"A very large part of the life of every man and woman, likewise children, is confined to the family. And if for any reason the family conditions do not furnish that social companionship which is necessary to our present method of living, the relations, instead of being pleasurable, are a source of pain and distress.

"In a condition of society where men were the accepted lords of creation, and where the society of women was not considered important, where women were in an inferior position, there was not the same urge on the part of men to make other social arrangements, and there was no thought on the part of women to change the conditions of their lives.

"In the early stages of society divorce was granted only to men. It was not thought that women were of sufficient social importance even to be considered.

"There is no doubt but that the growing economic independence of women, likewise their growing power socially and politically, has been the cause of many divorces both here and in Europe. It likewise has been the cause of a modification of the divorce laws in most of the States of the Union and in practically every European country.

"Everyone knows that there are many people who live together in the marriage relation who get small comfort out of the arrangement and who find it almost void of real social advantage. I am satisfied that very few people go into the divorce court when there is any reasonable chance of anything like a happy relationship.

"Each State of the Union has its separate grounds for divorce. Gathering statistics of various States is very misleading as to the degree of satisfaction of married life in the several States. For instance, there are States where divorce can be granted only on grounds of infidelity. In one State, at least, divorce can be granted only by the Legislature in special cases. In the West, as a rule, there are from six to ten or twelve grounds for divorce.

"The fact that States where divorce is granted only for infidelity furnish fewer divorces than ones which give the decree for more numerous causes proves nothing as to the degree of domestic felicity in such States. Everyone knows that a large number of people who live in such States, and who have the means, change their residence to some other State where divorces are easier, and even go to foreign countries when they deem it best."

The social effect of keeping persons legally together who can never hope to live in harmony makes thousands of lives a continual tragedy, Mr. Darrow declares.

"This unreasonable bond has no tendency to help the children," he asserts. "Children should have a happy, harmonious home, if possible to get it. Nothing tends more to unhappiness and inharmony than a radical difference in intelligence, culture, and taste. These things give rise to most of the specific causes that are alleged as causes for divorce.

"One of the chief causes of murder lies in the emotions that arise between husbands and wives who cannot live a tolerable life together, and who, either on account of expense, or custom, or fear, cannot be divorced. Everyone who reads stories of crime knows that this is true. The relations of husband and wife are so intimate that homicide is easy. It comes through poison, shooting, and brute force in almost any direction.

"MARRIAGE is generally contracted when people are young. At whatever age it is contracted, it is not done through reasoning powers — probably never will be and never should be. As men and women grow older their whole ideas of life are apt to change, and to most things they attach entirely different values than the ones attached in youth or under the love that moves boys and girls to matrimony. It is very common for husband and wife to develop in entirely opposite directions, and this is an infinite cause of domestic sorrow and maladjustment.

"It is probably not often that the real cause of divorce is stated in the petition or bill. Even where the specific cause required by statute is stated, and when this is true, the real cause is still farther back. It is not easy to imagine that husband or wife would beat each other if they were still in love or even had the respect that ought to go with a fairly harmonious relationship. And even if this occurred in a fit of anger it would almost be sure to be forgiven unless there was some other cause back of it which made life intolerable.

"There is no doubt that a great many divorces are granted on various statutory grounds where the only real reason for granting the divorce was the fact that husband and wife could not live harmoniously together."

Mr. Darrow believes that there are a great many married couples who may have an abiding respect for each other, but for lack of similar tastes and feelings find life a constant sorrow and burden. On this point he says:

"The worst part of the divorce laws is that, in order to free themselves from an intolerable relation, one or the other must make a nasty or insulting allegation against a person

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Exclusively for Liberty!

THE inimitable "P. G."—laugh-maker for two nations—has joined the group of Liberty star writers.

Unique, whimsical stories. Serials which keep you guessing—and laughing. That's what you know you'll get from the creator of "Archie" and "Jeeves," the valet. And now he's at work on new serials and a whole new string of short stories, to appear in Liberty. While these are running—for a long time to come—Mr. Wodehouse will write for no other magazine.

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Get on board the Wodehouse Express by reading THE REST CURE, the first of the new Liberty stories. It's one of P. G.'s best and most hilarious. You'll find it in

© Pirie MacDonald

P. G. WODEHOUSE—

Started as a bank clerk, in England, but left because it hurt him to harry people who were short of cash.
Has had, as hobbies, football, boxing, and, now, golf—and "spoiling his wife and daughter"!
Loves old books and new books, Persian kittens, bulldogs, and "gray parrots that can talk to a man sensibly."

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Vegetable Soup everybody likes!

Vegetable is a soup that allows of no "skimping" in the number of ingredients and the quantity used. The moment any attempt is made to reduce them, it can be detected at once in the loss of richness and flavor.

We have studied just the proper blending of vegetable soup for many years and we know and make exactly "the kind everybody likes." From the very first taste, it will be your favorite.

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Housewives long ago gave up the trouble and expense of making vegetable soup—they serve Campbell's! And often find it enough for a meal, too!

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to simmer. Serve piping hot.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

whom they do not wish to hurt but would rather help. To many high-minded people it is very much harder to make such an allegation than it is to have it made against themselves.

"The divorce laws ought not to make it necessary that the sensitive, considerate, right feeling men or women should be humiliated in order to rearrange their lives. It ought to be that when any court, upon proper legal information and upon full investigation, is thoroughly satisfied that two people would be better off if a divorce were granted, and where a safe arrangement can be made for the care and support of children, the court could grant a divorce without submitting the individual to the terrible humiliation of making gross charges.

"A law like this would not increase divorces. It would not encourage people to separate. It would only save humiliation and sorrow. The strong things that hold people together, even where there is no real affection, are social institutions, habits of life, the reluctance all have to take a step that involves so much. Society can well rely upon these things to maintain marriage and the home, which were born before any human laws and are so inherent in the constitution of things that they really exist, as they always have existed, quite apart from any legislation.

"I am satisfied that if people knew that relief could be obtained in this way whenever life was thoroughly intolerable, it would have a tendency to keep many people together who are now appalled by what seems to be a hopeless difficulty.

"AFTER all, a large part of human trouble is psychological. Many married people no doubt dislike the failure and the inharmony, due not alone to specific maladjustment but to the thought that a relationship which is often burdensome must endure forever without any thought of relief.

"It is perfectly plain that a large number of people would never be harassed with such fears and anxieties excepting for the hopelessness of any chance of relief. There is no way to forecast the complex readjustments that would take place, but I am sure that such a course would make for a happier and more harmonious society."

That sometimes divorces are hastily sought, that parties to them experience real regret, and find less happiness in their new state is freely admitted by Mr. Darrow.

"Everyone of ordinary experience knows of a number of cases where both men and women have found very satisfactory relations in a new marriage," Mr. Darrow says. "There are, no doubt, cases where the same harmony has not followed a divorce and second marriage. There are a considerable number of cases where divorced people remarry each other. This grows out of the habits acquired in living together and the feeling that, after all, their former condition is best.

"The law encourages remarriages, as it should. Sometimes even these are not successful, but the very fact of being left free where marriage has been a failure often works to promote more harmonious living in a remarriage of divorced people. The law cannot take care of these intricate questions of psychology in relation to family life. The more it tries to take care of them, the more difficulties arise."

P. & A. Photo

Clarence Darrow in a characteristic pose.

MR. DARROW is vehemently opposed to the suggestion that the Federal courts decide all divorce cases under a uniform law.

"I believe it would be thoroughly harmful," he says. "In the first place, the theory of our government is that each State should act independently, excepting in matters where all are concerned. As it was originally put by the founders of the government, each State was independent as to the others but a unit as to foreign relations. I think the tendency—as shown by the prohibition amendment, the suffrage amendment, and the proposed child labor amendment—to take away the power of the State and confer it upon the Federal government, is very dangerous. Our territory is too large and our population is too diverse.

"The theory of the Constitution is to bring government down to the locality as nearly as possible, and so take account of the manners, customs, habits, and religions of the various members of the State. And these differ widely in a territory as great as the United States. Many parts of the United States are really as different from one another as are the various European countries, and every community should have a government which conforms to the ideas of the particular community and rests easiest upon the members of the group.

"If the Federal government should take charge of divorce there would be a wide diversity as to the causes for divorce, and it would result in compromises that could not suit any particular section. Then, too, our Federal courts are busy enough as they are, and should not take on matters of this sort which would seriously hamper and impede the business for which they are organized. From any view, I think it is a great mistake, and that the rights of the individual States should be carefully preserved."

THE END

A Lesson *to* Any Prince

By BERTON BRALEY

HE was a Prince of a little state,
And a Prince of a lad was he,
And he met, by the lightest whim of fate,
A maiden of low degree.

The Prince was young and the Prince was fair
And the maiden was sweet to view,
With creamy cheeks and with windblown hair
And eyes that were deeply blue.

So young love laughed as he loosed a shaft
Which lodged in the Prince's heart;
And he grinned with zest as the maiden's breast
Was pierced by his second dart.

Sweet were the maiden's lips to kiss
And the Prince's arms were strong
And they tasted an innocent golden bliss
With never a hint of wrong.

But the councilors of the little state,
Councilors old and gray,
Chose for the Prince a royal mate,
And they set the wedding day.

"We must think," they said, "of the royal line
And its honor and dignity,
And the peace and health of the commonwealth
Which we guard so jealously.

"It is well enough for the common lot
To yield to a love-sick thrall,
But a Prince to choose for himself? God wot
The heavens themselves would fall!

"And trade would languish and commerce wane
And the people would fret and pine
And a blight would fall on the whole domain
With the end of the royal line."

. . . . . .

The Prince he listened to all they said,
Of the things that would come to be,
If he didn't wed as they wished him wed,
And "Nonsense!" he said, said he.

He ran away with the maid that night,
The maid who was sweet to view,
And left his councilors in their plight
To worry and fume and stew.

And he and his wife are a happy pair,
As happy as they can be,
And little enough do they wish or care
For the splendors of royalty.

And the heavens remain where the heavens belong,
And commerce and trade are splendid,
And it doesn't bother the common throng
That a royal line is ended!

They work and play and they love and hate
As they're certain to do, you see,
Whether a Prince takes a royal mate
Or a maiden of low degree!

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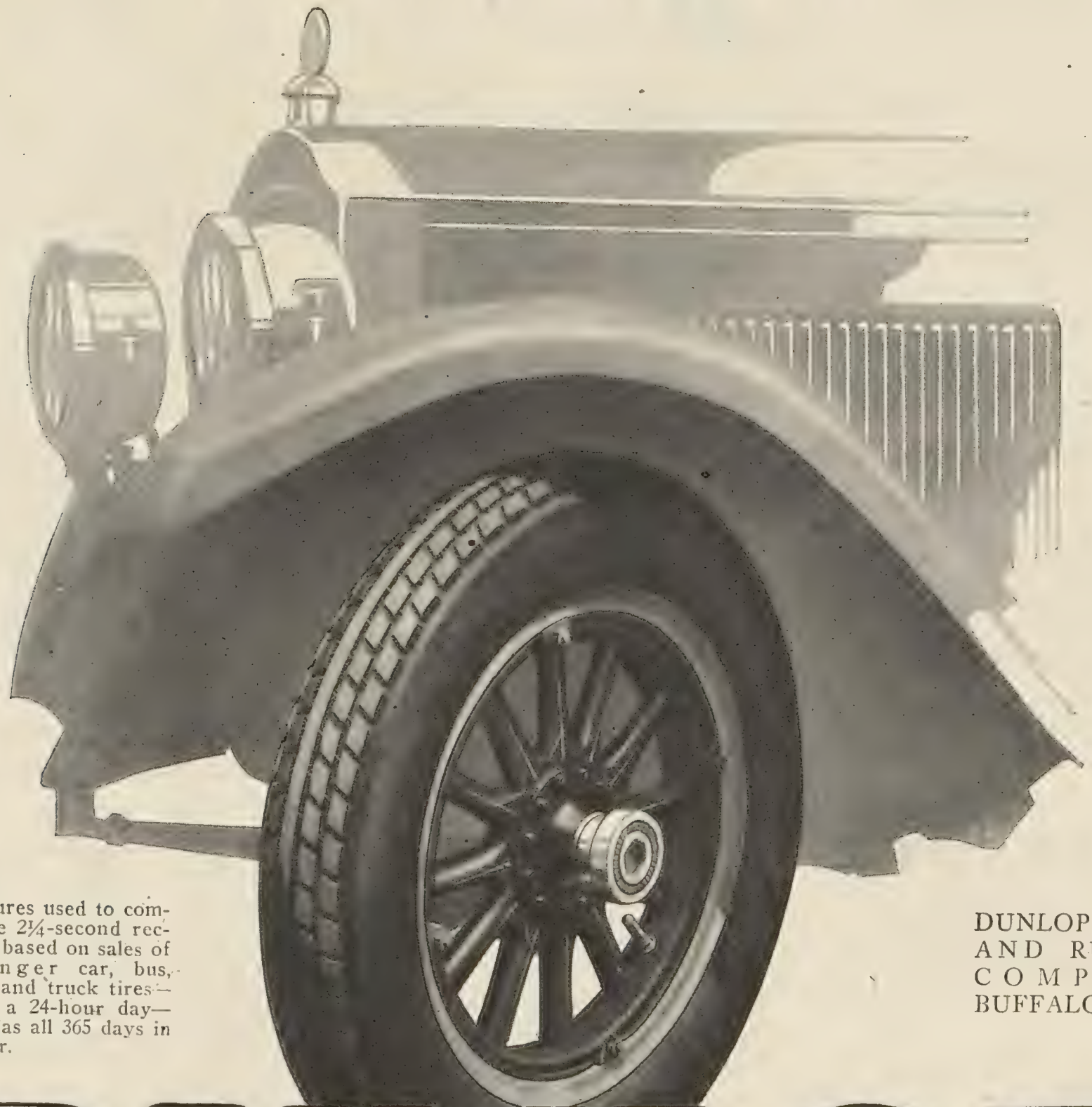

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WARNING

The Story of a Premonition Whispered by Love and of a Radio Audience That Forgot Jazz

By

EDWIN BALMER

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"SPEAK before this, slowly and distinctly, as I am going to do," said Mr. Mead.

MARIAN CAREY was in a theater when she first became aware of the warning which impelled her to take the action that led, later in the night, to remarkable results.

She was alone, in the sense that she was unescorted, though, of course, there were a couple of thousand people in the seats about her. At one elbow was a girl of her own age; at the other, a middle-aged man who was accompanied by his wife.

The time of the premonition, if you called it that, was a few minutes after nine; for it began to trouble her just before the end of the first act. It had to do with her home, and at first was very vague. Something was wrong at home. You know the sensation; everyone occasionally experiences it, especially when he or she is, unaccustomedly, away from home alone.

"I ought to be home. I'm needed," Marian felt; but she recognized that she had no tangible cause for the feeling, and she sensibly set herself to reason it away.

She was lonely and very homesick for Ethan and the baby, she argued with herself. She had been away from home for nearly a week; it was the first time in the two years she had been married that she had been away from Ethan; and never in her life had she stopped in a city absolutely alone.

Marian is a Kentucky girl, born and raised, as she always terms it, in Jessamine County, where for generations the Donelsons have planted—or rather had planted for them—tobacco and hemp. No one would ever imagine her a mother; but the fact is that she married Ethan Carey nearly two years ago, after she had graduated from Miss Sorthrop's finishing school.

After Ethan and Marian married they left both their families, for Ethan wanted to manufacture an automobile appliance; so he embarked with his bride for the little Michigan town of Graydon, where a small manufacturing plant was for sale cheap.

In the next year Donel was born; Mrs. Donelson made an expedition from Jessamine County to Graydon, accompanied by black Miranda, whom she established with Marian to "see after" Donel as Miranda had seen for Marian and for Mrs. Donelson herself.

Miranda was bright and able-bodied, for all her years, but she was rather deaf.

It was this expedition of Mrs. Donelson (and the bestowal of Miranda) which involved Marian in the obligation to make a return visit to Jessamine County as soon as the baby was weaned. The particular occasion was her parents' silver wedding anniversary. So Marian dutifully had journeyed to the old home and faithfully visited for five days and four nights; consequently, here she was alone in Chicago on this December evening and at a theater awaiting the midnight train for Michigan, when that peculiar apprehension began to disturb her.

Between acts she spoke to the girl next her in an effort to shake it off.

"Do you know what the weather forecast is for tonight?" Marian inquired, choosing the most impersonal and general subject.

"Oh, yes; it'll be colder, and more snow, they say."

"Hm," said Marian, shivering slightly, for no subject long remained impersonal with her.

"I'm boardin' a train this evenin'."

"South?" asked the other girl, in recognition of the soft, pleasant accent. "You're in luck."

"No; I'm a-travelin' no'th to Michigan."

"Then you will strike snow."

"Papa," said the wife of the neighbor at Marian's right elbow, "this is a good time to call up home and make sure baby's covered. Tell Hilda to have the west window open hardly a crack."

The man arose, and so promptly that it must have appeared that she was following him (as she afterwards realized) Marian got up, gathered her coat and gloves, and went out.

TELEPHONE home! That was just the right suggestion. It would drive away this bothery worry. She'd like to talk to Ethan anyway. It would be *wonderful* to hear his, "That *you*, Marian girl?"

She needn't tell him that she'd had a worry over him; she'd tell him she just had to talk to him.

Definitely her anxiety had attached itself to him. It had not been turned toward Donel by the remarks of the couple in the theater. She was uneasy about Ethan and nobody else.

She arrived at the doors to find the street a swirl of snow.

"What direction is that?" she asked a doorman.

"Which one, miss?"

"Oh, which the wind is a-howlin' from."

"That's north, miss."

"No'th. Thank you, so much."

She crossed the cut of the wind to the hotel

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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This brilliantly distinctive new model is the greatest example of value-giving the industry has ever known.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

where she was stopping and went up to her room.

"Please kindly get me to talk to my husband," she phoned to the hotel long-distance operator. "He's Mr. Ethan Carey in Graydon, Michigan. It's quite a piece no'th of Muskegon. Graydon fa'm line thirty-fou', ring one long, two short. Call him right quick for me, please. This is Mrs. Ethan Carey; I'll be waitin' right here."

Almost as soon as she had put down the receiver the affair took another jump in its progress. She felt not only that the thing happening (or threatening) endangered her husband, but she felt what it was; he was in the garage beside the house working on his car, with the engine running and the door closed. She could almost *see* him, as she had many a time, a-foolin' with his precious patent filter for the carburetor and a-lettin' the doors swing closed on him, even in summer, and never a-noticin'. Tonight, with the wind and cold, of course he'd be shut in.

THE bell before Marian rang and she heard: "This is report on your call to Graydon, Michigan."

"Have you got my husband?" Marian cried.

"Wires north of Muskegon are not in service tonight," replied the operator. "We can get into Muskegon but not out by way of Graydon."

"You mean I can't get to speak with my husband, not for a little minute? Please can't you fix it some way?" Marian appealed.

The operator made plain that she would like to and had tried, but that the wires simply were down.

Marian tried to reason herself into calmness when she found that no one could get a message through. She repeated to herself such of the explanations as she could recollect from the psychology course at Miss Sorthrop's which touched on premonitions. The book, she remembered, was quite positive on the matter and declared that there was nothing to them at all. They were only "subjective impressions," which was a polite way of saying that you had bad digestion or just naturally were gloomy. There was no scientific evidence whatever that one mind could affect another at a distance.

Marian rehearsed this definite and positive statement, but it failed to comfort her because she had never believed the book.

Besides, that schoolbook writer would be just as sure—if he didn't know that such a thing as radio was working but someone just told him—that no box of zinc and hard rubber could possibly affect and feel effect from another box at a distance of hundreds of miles with no connection at all between them. Well, they did; and if a couple of cold boxes could communicate to each other hundreds and thousands of miles away, couldn't two living, loving human hearts make carry some sort of a warning of trouble from one to the other?

Marian Donelson Carey reckoned so; and more vividly and terrifying she saw Ethan on the floor of the garage with the door shut and the engine going. The gases had poisoned him now; he couldn't help himself, even if he realized his danger.

She couldn't leave him there; she couldn't! She arose, suddenly a-thrill. Radio! The radio, which she'd been thinking about just last minute, could reach him. Right here in Chicago, right here in this hotel was a radio station which talked in her house. She'd come to this hotel because it seemed sort of friendly and familiar from having heard it talk to Ethan and herself so often.

She was at the door when, in a reaction of realization, she went achill. If Ethan was unconscious in the garage—or even if he just was in the garage—he couldn't hear the radio. It was nine-thirty and past. Miranda must be in bed. She'd hear the baby, in his crib beside her, if he cried; but she'd never hear the radio—even if it was "on," which it wouldn't be, with Ethan in the garage. He always was careful to turn it off when he didn't want it.

Nobody else was in the house. Near by was that big house of the Sanders from Detroit, who lived on the lake in summer and into autumn; but they were gone and the house was shut months before Marian went away. The next house was a summer place, too; nobody there. But beyond—Marian's mind was ranging toward the town—beyond was the Shaler house, where Laban Shaler and his wife lived. They would be home; they owned no other house; they always were there, and they had radio and listened in on Detroit and Chicago stations every evening.

Mr. Laban Shaler was a nice man, about fifty, an expert furniture maker; he had a little shop in Graydon and never did anything but work daytimes and evenings sit at home with the radio. He liked to bring in stations. He wouldn't listen long at any one, after he'd brought it in, but you could count upon his bringing in every Detroit and Chicago station every evening. And he didn't go to bed early; he stayed up with the radio.

"Whereabouts is it all yo' broadcastin' is carried on?" Marian asked an elevator man; and when he had lifted her to the floor he left his car to point out the exact door.

"What is the chief man's name, please?" she inquired of her guide.

"Gilbert Mead runs the station."

"Thank you so much. Is he a right nice man?"

They were hurrying along the hall, squandering no seconds in this talk.

"This is the door, miss," said the elevator man, not committing himself as to Gilbert Mead.

"Thank you so much. You're mighty kind." Marian was rapping at the door.

THE door was opened by a busy, spectacled young man who, upon peering out, immediately decided to postpone, for a minute or two anyway, the urgent matter previously preoccupying him.

"You are Mr. Gilbert Mead?" Marian asked.

"Yes; won't you come in?"

"Mr. Mead, let me speak just for a tiny minute, please, to my husband."

"Let you?" repeated Mr. Mead. Having been in charge of a radio broadcasting station for nearly a year, few requests now held power to surprise him; however, this, or at least the source and manner of it, took him aback. "On the radio, you mean?" he asked.

Marian, without glancing about, perceived the presence of others in the room. These people were performers, Marian understood, awaiting their turn to sing or play or monologue or dialogue before the radio-sending apparatus, which evidently was in the room beyond.

This seemed to be only a sort of anteroom, furnished with a desk, tables, and chairs. Through a heavy door, tightly closed, came the moan of a saxophone in languorous, wailing measures; and Marian vividly pictured Laban Shaler, up there in Michigan, a-listening to these measures before his wood fire with the wind a-howling without—and Ethan lying helpless on the floor of the garage with the exhaust of the car pumping more poisoning gas at him every second.

Her almost overwhelming impulse at that moment was to push by this Mr. Gilbert Mead and pull open that door and stop that saxophoning; but she realized that she would accomplish nothing in such a way.

"He's in danger of dyin', Mr. Mead," Marian explained. "We're livin' in Michigan, quite a piece no'th of Muskegon. I've been a-tryin' to telephone to him; but I can't do that or telegraph this evenin'. The wires all are down no'th of Muskegon; and I got to get a message through some way."

"What sort of a message?" inquired Mr. Mead, kindly and interestedly, but firmly, too; and Marian, confronting him, despaired. He was such a matter-of-fact, scientific-looking young man and taking his authority in charge of the station so responsibly.

HE put her in mind of the man who had written that psychology book which was so positive there could be nothing in "warnings." Of course, she had never seen the man who wrote it, but she knew now that he must have been a young, very sure man like Mr. Gilbert Mead. Maybe he did actually write it; or, if he didn't, he believed the book anyway. She'd get nowhere with him if she let him know what she wanted to do; and she had to send her message.

"Your husband is sick?" asked Mr. Mead, helping her out when she hesitated, for he was a kind man.

"Yes; he's sick," said Marian.

"How is your message going to help him?" challenged Mr. Gilbert Mead and Heaven-sent improvisation provided Marian with argument which must move the best matter-of-fact man.

"He's a-doin' mistakenly what maybe will kill him, and I must send him word to stop. He's been ailin' for quite a bit, Mr. Mead, and takin' doctor's medicine. It was made up from a prescription of a doctor here in Chicago. My husband got worse; he couldn't run down to the city and the doctor couldn't come up right away; so I ran down today; and, Mr. Mead, my husband has been takin' the wrong prescription. He's being poisoned. I got to tell him before he takes more tonight. I've been tryin' to telephone or telegraph him, but I can't. But I can reach him on the radio. He'll be listenin' in. Mr. Mead, let me talk to him and save him from that dose of poison tonight!"

Visibly Mr. Mead weakened. "Who's your doctor?" he inquired.

"Doctor Shaler," Marian promptly replied, without fearing that Mr. Mead meant to confirm the affair by phoning the doctor. Mr. Mead was a kind man, more than willing to help out on a matter he could understand.

"It is a rule of this station," said Mr. Mead, "to permit the use of our facilities for the transmission of important messages in emergencies when ordinary agencies of communication have failed and especially when life is at stake. I am sure that your situation comes under this rule. This number is nearly over. You may speak on the radio in a minute; or would you prefer that I speak for you?"

"I'll do the speakin'," said Marian.

It was a long, large room, with a piano and bench at one end; a golden harp stood near the center; there were music racks, a drum, and chairs. Evidently an orchestra was to assemble, but no one was in the room but a man with a saxophone, a woman pianist, and an announcer, who sat at a small table near the door. The musicians passed out, and Mr. Mead stepped to a small stand in the center of the room upon which was the unfamiliar disc of a microphone transmitter.

"Speak before this, slowly and distinctly, as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

STRAIGHT EIGHT

$1795

8-88 Brougham, $1795, freight and tax extra. 129 in. wheelbase, 3¼ x4½ in. eight-cylinder motor; finished in latest two-tone lacquer.

For 1926 Auburn again does the unexpected. We were told that in order "to compete" we should shorten our wheelbase, use a smaller engine, cut down here and there and produce a cheaper built car. We are doing exactly the opposite because we believe buyers want *even* better cars, better than *any factory has ever built before*. For 1926 Auburn INCREASES QUALITY—larger motors, heavier frames, better brakes, finer bodies, more expensive interiors and greater and larger value in every way. Again we emphatically state that prices must be revised because of Auburn's remarkable new value. Auburn again forces a new standard of comparison. *This* is leadership.

E. L. Cord

THE EIGHT—Not a "little eight," but a more powerful, more buoyant, more rugged, 129-inch wheelbase *quality* car. An even *better* Eight than last year, with performance and riding qualities that can only be obtained with long wheelbase and large motor.

THE SIX—A *real* Six, not a miniature. More room, more comfort, more enduring quality. Low, smart and rugged, it is today's utmost in Six cylinder value. If you do not find it even *better* than we claim, you will not be asked to buy. **Brougham** *(four door)*, **$1495.**

THE FOUR—Ten years of comfortable, dependable, economical transportation! Riding qualities possible only with long wheelbase Power and long life possible only with large motor of sufficient size to always have ample reserve power. **Sedan, $1195.**

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana, U. S. A.

8-88 Sedan $1995; 8-88 Brougham $1795; 8-88 Roadster $1695; 8-88 Coupe $1745; 6-66 Sedan $1695; 6-66 Brougham $1495; 6-66 Roadster $1395; 6-66 Coupe $1445; 4-44 Sedan $1195; 4-44 Coupe $1175; 4-44 Roadster $1145. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN 8 EIGHTY EIGHT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

I am going to do," said Mr. Mead, and, turning a switch, he faced the disc, and announced:

"Because of the failure of ordinary means of communication in a northern section of Michigan, due to the storm now raging, Station KHW extends its facilities for an emergency message in a case where life may be at stake."

Mr. Gilbert Mead stepped back, and Marian Donelson Carey took his place.

"Mr. Laban Shaler, near Graydon," she enunciated in a voice which quavered in spite of herself. "Mr. Laban Shaler; you livin' up by Graydon, Michigan. This is Mrs. Ethan Carey speakin' to you to ask you go help my husband. He's in the garage of our house, under the car. He's bein' poisoned by exhaust gases. I ask you go to my house, Mr. Shaler, and see to him. You'll save his life. This is Marian Carey, in Chicago, askin' you."

She felt on her arm the seizure of surprised and betrayed fingers; she saw other fingers reach in front of her and turn the switch.

"Get in Bates and Brown, quick, and start their act!" she heard Mr. Gilbert Mead's stern voice command the announcer. She heard the door flung open and the announcer call, "Bates and Brown; hurry it!"

The two young men from the anteroom hastened in past Marian, as Mr. Gilbert Mead led her out, and the announcer began introducing, "Bates and Brown, the celebrated——"

The door behind Marian closed; she was alone with Mr. Gilbert Mead and the cellist and the plump woman.

"Well," demanded Mr. Mead, addressing her at last. "Well, what was all that?"

Marian faced him fairly. She had ceased to tremble. She had sent the message to save her husband, and Mr. Laban Shaler, if he heard it, must be setting out for her house. Nobody who heard could ignore a message like that.

"It's what I came to say, Mr. Mead," Marian confessed. "My husband, he's caught in the garage at home, a-dyin' from exhaust gases if he don't have help. I had to fetch him help."

"How in creation do you know he's dying in your garage in Michigan? Was he there when you left home?"

"Of cou'se not. But I know he's there now, dyin' if he don't have help."

"How do you know?"

"I know it."

"How?"

"I felt warnin'. He's been a-callin' to me. I heard him."

"Where?"

"I was in the theater, across the street, when I first felt it; ever since it's been growin'."

"LOOK here," commanded Mr. Gilbert Mead, "was your husband sick when you left home?"

"No, sir; he was never weller in his life."

"Did you get word—I mean by letter or telephone or telegraph—that he got sick since?"

"No; I didn't."

"So there was nothing about his taking medicine? No Doctor Shaler and no wrong prescription?"

Marian nodded.

"You merely got the idea that something was happening to your husband?"

Marian nodded again, and gulped.

"Well," said Mr. Mead, wryly, smiling to make the best of it, "you made a monkey of me. It's done. All right. I've learned something."

Marian recognized that this could be nothing but dismissal; and her triumph of the minute before failed her. She had sent the message once; but suppose Mr. Shaler hadn't heard it. Suppose at her minute—one minute out of so many in the evening—he hadn't been tuned to KHW.

"Mr. Mead," said Marian, "I got to repeat that to Mr. Shaler again."

"What?" demanded Mr. Mead, gaping.

A telephone bell interrupted, and, as it kept ringing, Mr. Mead answered it. "Yes," he said. "Yes; this is KHW. . . . Yes; we just permitted a Mrs. Carey to send a message to a neighbor to help her husband. . . . Yes; she is here in Chicago. . . . I don't know how she got the knowledge that he was under the car."

Mr. Mead hung up. Instantly the phone rang again.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mead. "Yes. . . . Yes; we will announce if there is any further development of the matter in Michigan."

Again he hung up, only to bend immediately to reply:

"Yes. . . . No; we have no more information."

For the third time he replaced the receiver, and for the fourth took it down. The phone kept on ringing and ringing; for lines in Chicago and vicinity remained in operation that evening; a couple of hundred thousand listeners had heard the voice of Marian Carey appealing to Laban Shaler in Michigan to save her husband from under his car; and Marian Carey, dismissed by the outraged and betrayed Mr. Gilbert Mead, gradually appreciated that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

She arrived at the doors to find the street a swirl of snow. "What direction is that?" she asked a doorman.

DODGE BROTHERS INC.

An

o u n c e

Important Improve-
ments and lower
prices for their
complete line of
motor vehicles

[WARNING
Continued from Page Nineteen]

the people who had heard her were helping her.

In the broadcasting room, the act of Bates and Brown was well launched; it was timed for twelve minutes; so the announcer, having heard through the panels the incessant ringing of the telephone bell, opened the heavy door and slipped into the anteroom.

"What's stirred up the fans all of a sudden?" he inquired of Gilbert Mead.

"Her," replied Mr. Mead, gazing toward Marian with no hint of dismissal now. Having just replaced the receiver, he lifted it upon the renewed ring to reply into the phone:

"Yes; we realize that Mr. Shaler, in Michigan, might not have heard that announcement; so it will be repeated."

"Oh!" cried Marian.

"Put her on," directed Mr. Mead to the announcer, "at the end of this act. She certainly started something tonight. It's a wonderful act tonight—hers. But if there's nothing back of it—I mean if nothing comes out of it to report to the people tomorrow," he added ominously and, more to Marian than to the announcer, "blooey!"

II.

LABAN SHALER, in his sitting room with his wife, had brought in Station KHW, Chicago, at nine o'clock, when Marian was still in the theater. For half an hour, during which interval his wife went to bed, he toyed with other stations. So he missed, completely, Marian's first appeal to him.

It was eight minutes before ten when he twirled the dials again to KHW wave length and suddenly sat up straight as he heard in a slow, distinct voice which immediately reminded him of the soft accents of the little Southern girl, his neighbor:

"He's bein' poisoned by exhaust gases. I ask you to go to my garage, Mr. Laban Shaler, and see after him. You'll maybe save his life. Go to my house, Mr. Shaler; this is Marian Carey askin' it of you."

Laban was staring and gaping at a silent loud speaker when his wife came from the bedroom, the door of which she had left open. "What was that, Laban?"

"Somebody speakin' to me."

"Who?"

"That little Southern girl, with the baby, sounded like. Didn't it to you?"

"Sounded like that to me."

"Besides," added Laban, "she spoke her name. Didn't you hear it?"

"I don't know," doubted Mrs. Shaler. "How could she? She ain't home."

"This wasn't coming from her home," observed Laban. "It was from Chicago."

"She might be in Chicago; she's been to Kentucky and due home tomorrow. What was she saying?"

"Seemed like she was asking me to go to her garage."

"Why?"

"To see after her husband."

"Why?"

Jazz moaned in the loud speaker, with the dials set as they had been when they had brought the soft, vibrant voice of Marian Carey. Laban tuned away and carefully tuned back, receiving only jazz again. He shook his head at his wife's repeated question and she went to the telephone upon the wall and tried it without response. The wires, as she well knew, were down. She returned to her husband before the radio and discussed the remarkable event. They did nothing about it, but Laban kept the dials set for KHW.

Accordingly, at five minutes after ten, he heard the voice again. For Mr. Gilbert Mead, heartened by almost incessant telephone calls, had decided to see the affair through. The fans were interested and, if there was anything back of the affair, he was going to have a big novelty to his credit tomorrow; if nothing was back of it, he was going to have something difficult to laugh off. He was in for one or the other; no halfway measures now. He would flop completely or uncover something.

The substance of appeal, which Laban and his wife heard at five minutes after ten, was practically the same as Marian's first message. It came in completely and clearly and it was perfectly definite; she was appealing to Laban Shaler to go to her garage and save her husband from poisoning by exhaust gases.

"How can she know he's being poisoned in the garage?" Mrs. Shaler objected. "Why couldn't the person who told her help him?"

Laban shook his head; there was no use asking questions of a radio receiving set. He lifted his sheepskin coat from a hook. The matter was perplexing, but his obligation was plain.

"No sense in your going to the Carey's," his wife still objected. "What can there be to it?"

"How can we know what there is to it?" asked Laban, and pocketed a flashlight to help him pick his way. "If we heard that, a couple of hundred thousand more heard; whatever there's to it, I got to go."

His wife altered her objections to cautions of the storm. The strangeness of the appeal, spoken in her home by a voice in Chicago, stirred in her a need to know more. She went with Laban to the door and held it open, watching him stride away through the snow.

Laban, following the line of the trees and with his torch to show him landmarks, had passed the two large, deserted houses between his own and the Careys'. He was a strong, clear-headed man, and the darkness and cold did not confuse him. The storm simply made his progress difficult and slow.

Now and then, when he stumbled in a deep drift, he called himself a fool for having left his warm house on this errand; then a feeling of awe, akin to that which brought his wife to the door, came over him, and he was more and more curious about the whole matter.

A GLOW of yellow light, blurred by the blowing snow, was the Carey's garage light, Laban thought, when he first saw it. He thrust on more quickly and saw it was not at the garage, but over the front door of the house. The garage was dark, but Laban plowed his way to its doors, which he found tight shut. He shook them and beat upon them, only to feel them firmly bolted. Listening, he heard no sound of an engine running.

He went to a window of the garage and the beam of his flashlight, through the pane, showed the car in place. No one was in sight on the floor of the garage or elsewhere. The engine was not going. The inside air was perfectly clear and Laban could see that the ignition switch was turned off, so that he knew the engine had not been running and been stopped by exhaustion of gasoline. There was no sign of anything amiss.

Laban felt himself very much hocused by that young Mrs. Carey.

The door light, burning, indicated that someone was up; there was a light in the living room, too. Laban went to the door and rang the bell. If he got Ethan Carey out of bed, Carey certainly had no grievance. Laban was very cold.

No one answered the bell, though it rang loudly. Laban pounded upon the door and then looked in the living room window.

Listening in the lulls of the wind, at last he heard response—a baby's cry. Laban pounded again and rang. The cry ceased; a light went on down the hallway. After another minute the old Negress, in a bathrobe, appeared.

"Who is yo' all outside?" she called. When Laban shouted his name, she opened the door, inviting, cordially: "Yo come right in, Mr. Shaler. Mighty evil evenin'. Yo' lost yo' way?"

Laban stepped in. "No; I've come to see Mr. Carey."

"Seems like he's gone to bed. I'll go see," Miranda offered, and shuffled down the hallway, returning after a few moments to report: "No; he ain't in bed."

"Was he in this evening?" asked Laban.

"Oh, yas, sah. He was at home. He was settin' right there readin' when Ah retired. Maybe he's bathin'," Miranda suggested, and was off on another exploration, from which she returned to comment: "He couldn't hardly have stepped out for a stroll this ev'nin'!"

"You mean he's not in the house?"

"No, sah; he is not."

Laban investigated the coat closet and, finding only a light coat, inquired, "Where's his heavy overcoat?"

"Ain't it dere?"

"No. . . . Show me the inside door to the garage," Laban ordered and, by way of it, he entered the garage and satisfied himself that no one was there.

HE was on his return to the front of the house, feeling far less hocused than previously, when he glanced into Carey's room and noticed an open box of cartridges upon the dressing table. It was revolver ammunition, from which a dozen rounds had been taken.

"Where does Mr. Carey keep his pistol?" Laban demanded of Miranda, who pulled open a little drawer and replied, "It ain't dere."

Laban, with rills of tingling blood warming him, went to the front door, where the light, left burning, assumed a new significance. Ethan Carey had left it to guide him back when he had gone out with a loaded pistol.

"When did you go to bed?" Laban questioned Miranda.

"Ah retired at nine o'clock."

Laban requisitioned a heavy stick. "Wait around," he ordered Miranda.

"Oh, yas, sah!"

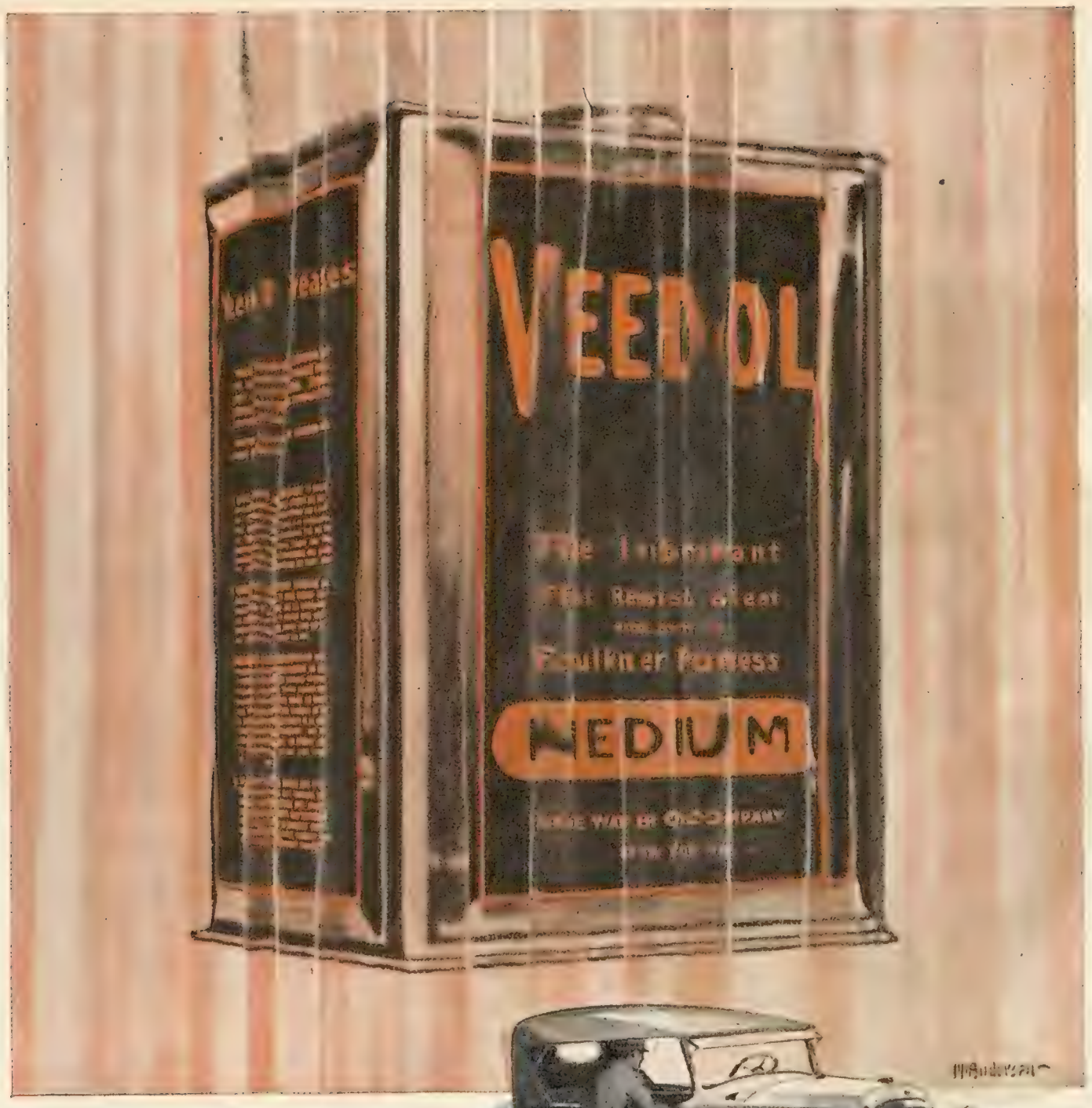
He went out, scrutinizing more critically the surface of the snow.

The furrows which he had made were barely discernible, so overblown were they by the snow drifting against the house. He could not trace the marks which must have been made by Carey, so he chose, at random, the direction of the lake and proceeded for fifty yards when he began circling, slowly, searching the snow. Still he found it smooth and free of footmarks until he had returned to the path of his own approach, which was clearly indented here in the open. Beyond, he came upon another furrow, not nearly so fresh, almost filled in with snow.

It paralleled his own path and, presuming that it was Carey's and led away from the house, Laban followed it in the direction of the dark, deserted dwelling of the Sanders.

He shot his flashlight forward and about; he switched off the light and stood in the dark, gazing for glint of other lights and listening. No glitter and no sound, except the wind. He

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]



VEEDOL MOTOR OIL forms a "film of protection" *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

The "FILM *of* PROTECTION"

thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel

Here is the Veedol "film of protection." Note how smooth, even and unbroken it is. The fact that Veedol resists deadly heat and friction has been proved *chemically* by scientists. It has been proved *practically* by hundreds of thousands of motorists. Veedol gives them more power, greater gasoline and oil mileage, less carbon and the greatest economy in operation.

The picture below shows how a film of ordinary oil breaks, curls up and burns. Metal to metal contact follows; destructive friction sets up. You pay the toll—lost power, carbon knocks, scored cylinders and pistons, burned-out bearings. 75% of all engine repair bills are caused by the failure of the ordinary oil-film to resist heat and friction.

The VEEDOL "Film of Protection"

your motor's most steadfast defender

A NEW understanding of the job that a motor oil must do is now convincing car owners that all motor oils are *not* alike. Car owners are learning to entrust the protection of expensive motors to the Veedol "film of protection" alone.

• • •

When oil goes into action, it forms a thin film over all the vital parts of your motor. A film that comes between all the whirling, sliding surfaces and prevents the chafe of metal against metal. The film must also seal the space between the pistons and piston-rings and the cylinder walls. Thus it prevents power from blowing past the pistons and wasting itself.

That film must be kept unbroken, in spite of the constant threat of grinding, tearing friction—the lash of searing, scorching heat.

TO LIBERTY READERS

With this page, Veedol Economy Motor Oils make their bow to the readers of Liberty. We believe that you, as a motorist, will be keenly interested in the story of the "film of protection" as it is told in this and later issues. This story will accomplish its purpose, if it persuades you to use Veedol Oil. For few car owners who have experienced the motoring economies that Veedol gives ever return to the haphazard methods of buying oil which are responsible for most of the unwarranted expense of driving a car.

Under that persistent punishment the film of ordinary oil soon breaks and burns. Through the broken, shattered film, hot metal is bared to friction. The power seal is gone. Power is wasted.

Tide Water engineers spent years studying the chemical and physical characteristics of oils and oil films. Experiment followed experiment, until they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction—an oil which maintains an unbroken "film of protection" *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

Thousands of motorists are daily proving that the Veedol "film of protection" means more power, greater gasoline and oil mileage and a new freedom from engine repairs.

Whenever you need oil, insist on the Veedol "film of protection." The Veedol Motor protection Guide at your dealer's is a lubrication chart that tells you which Veedol oil your car requires.

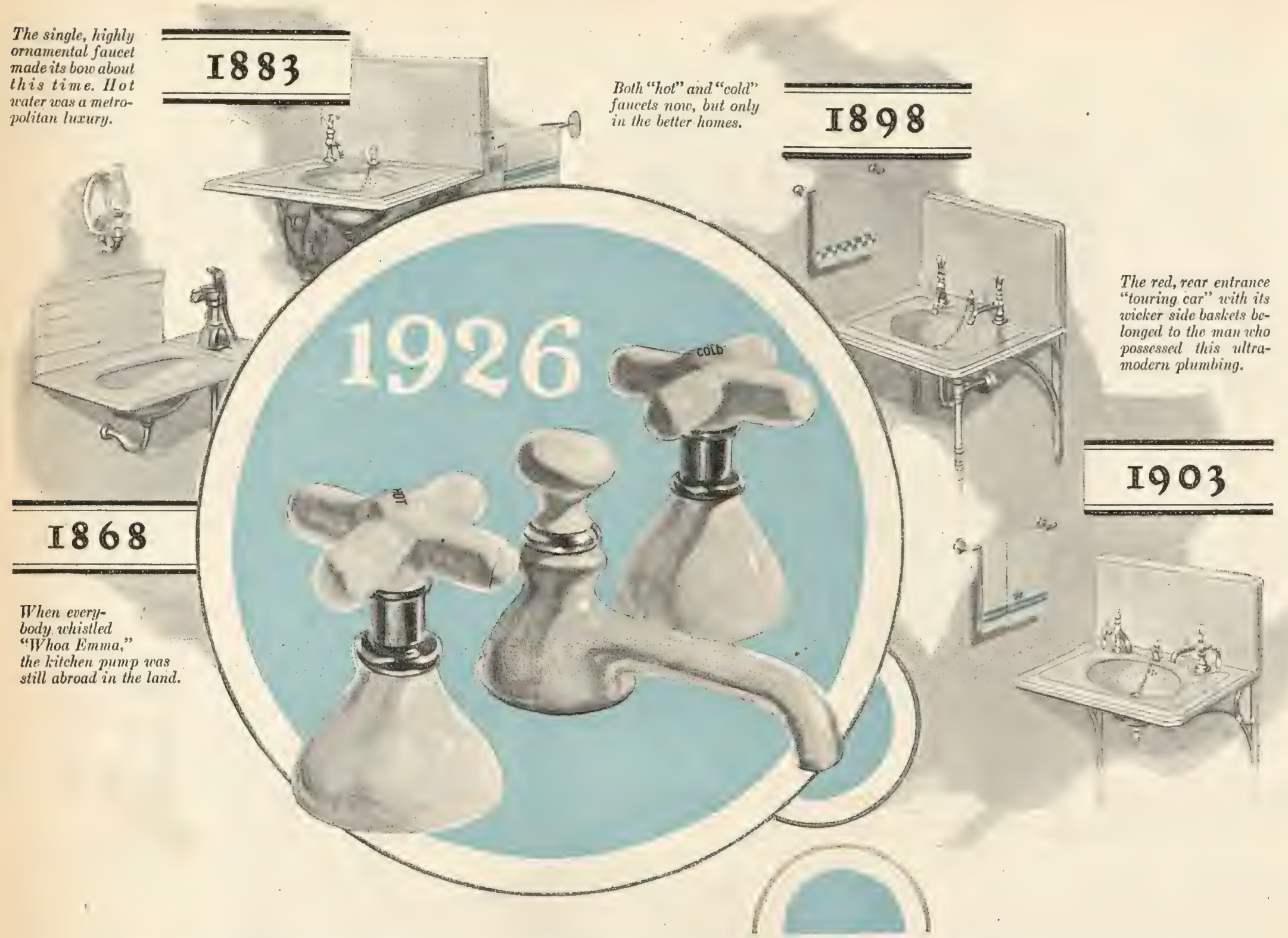
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

The single, highly ornamental faucet made its bow about this time. Hot water was a metropolitan luxury.

1883

Both "hot" and "cold" faucets now, but only in the better homes.

1898



The red, rear entrance "touring car" with its wicker side baskets belonged to the man who possessed this ultra-modern plumbing.

1903

1868

When everybody whistled "Whoa Emma," the kitchen pump was still abroad in the land.

Pictured above are a few of the many milestones in a great development. Not because faucets are great things in themselves, but because the history of their development is also the story of world-wide awakening to higher and higher standards of health and sanitation. In 1857, when Hieronymus Mueller first began the manufacture of brass goods, faucets were simply faucets. And for years they continued to be the slighted element of plumbing, although from the outset the Mueller organization regarded them as the **vital spots** *of plumbing. Experience gradually forced recognition of the Mueller conception. And it was this wide acceptance that caused the little 20 x 40 shop of 1857 to grow into the big, modern factory of today that covers five city blocks and has branched out into two other large plants.*

And this year the Vital Spots *will command still more respect*

If the faucets in your home or building have not kept step with progress it will pay you in convenience and reduced repairs to have them replaced with Mueller Faucets. There is a type for every need. For the lavatory, modern single-spout combinations, including the handsome design shown above; for the tub, equally beautiful combinations; for the kitchen sink, modern combination faucets with the convenient swinging spouts and the handy hose spray for rinsing dishes, preparing vegetables and many other uses.

You will find that the established *merchant* plumber in your community is glad to recommend and install Mueller Faucets because, as a skilled craftsman, he is fully in accord with the Mueller conception of uncompromising quality. If your plumber does not carry Mueller Faucets he can quickly get them, for there is a Mueller jobber located in every important distributing center of the United States.

MUELLER CO. (ESTABLISHED 1857) *Factories:* Decatur, Ill., Port Huron, Mich.
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia · *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

switched on his light and traced the furrow for twenty or thirty paces farther to a point where, suddenly, it doubled. Someone, coming from the other direction, had been met here, Laban realized; and three steps more told him something of the manner of the meeting.

III.

IN Chicago, Station KHW was signing off for the evening. It was eleven o'clock and Marian Donelson Carey realized that Mr. Laban Shaler would not be up later than that hour. Whether or not KHW continued to broadcast, Mr. Shaler would have gone to bed —if he had not heard her appeals to him. If he had, he must already have set out for her house. Which had happened, Marian had no way of knowing. She was more calm, but it was with the quiet of spent emotion.

Gratefully and repeatedly she thanked Mr. Mead, who, after his adventure of the last hours, was feeling decidedly let down. The telephone in the anteroom still was ringing and producing continuous evidence that this evening KHW, under the management of Gilbert Mead, had spread expectations among a couple of hundred thousand listeners who tomorrow were bound to feel tricked and betrayed; or so Mr. Gilbert Mead's reason told him. With somewhat poor grace, therefore, Mr. Mead acknowledged Marian's gratitude.

Gallantly, he waited for her to pack her bag and he saw her to the midnight train.

"I hope, Mrs. Carey, you'll find that none of your anxiety had any basis," he repeated, as they shook hands at parting.

Marian detected a certain hollowness in this hope and she understood it.

"There's been basis," she reassured him. "What's happened, besides the basis, I'll wire you the minute I learn."

"Do," urged Mr. Mead. "Good-by and good luck."

Marian lay awake in her berth most of the rest of the night. There was no chance for her to receive any news, she thought, until she actually reached home; not with the wires down beyond Muskegon; but she reckoned without the radio listeners in that city. Some of them, of course, also had heard her appeals and a newspaper man was at the station when Marian left the train.

"Are you Mrs. Ethan Carey of Graydon?" she was asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Marian, frightened. "What is it?"

"You've heard from your home?"

"No, sir. Please, what is it, sir? What's been a-happenin'?"

"It's all right," assured the newspaper man hastily. "I didn't mean to frighten you, Mrs. Carey. Your husband was found in the snow a couple of hundred yards from his house by Mr. Laban Shaler and carried in before he froze. He was stunned, that's all, and would have frozen, but, honestly, he's all right now."

"He is all right, honor bright?"

"Honor bright, Mrs. Carey."

"Stunned, you said; in the snow—he wasn't in the garage? He was—tell me, please, kindly, exactly what happened."

"He was reading about nine o'clock, after the servant had gone to bed, when he saw lights near the place next yours. He thought they must be thieves, so he took his pistol, but said nothing to the servant, who was asleep, and went out to investigate. One of the thieves must have seen him and lain in wait and knocked him out. They left him in the snow where Laban Shaler, coming to see if he was in the garage, found him."

"HE'S home now, you say?"

"I talked to him, myself. He wanted to come to meet you. He told me what train you'd be on. Now, what we want to know is how you happened, in Chicago——"

"Can I phone my husband, please? I'd like to talk to him."

"You can't yet; wires north are still down. Now, what we want to know is how you——"

"Excuse me, please; just one minute, kindly," Marian begged. "I made a promise I got to keep, you see. To Mr. Gilbert Mead at KHW, who let me do the talkin' last evenin'. He was a-botherin' about the basis of my worry, you see; he must be dispairin' mightily this mornin'. So I want to wire him, please. You see I sort-a had to trick him, at first, to let me do that talkin'. He was right provoked for a time. Now, maybe, I think he'll feel kindlier to'ard me."

THE END

His wife altered her objections to cautions of the storm. She went with Laban to the door and held it open, watching him stride away through the snow.

Her Stockings Cost $345,000,000

MISS SWEENEY and her girl friend will wear only chiffon hose in the nude shades, even if they have to use their lipsticks down to the bitter scarlet, and perform other heroic economies, such as going without luncheons. They have a tradition to uphold, a new responsibility. For the American girl is the best dressed on earth, and she pays a price for the title, as must all champions. How much does she pay?

I asked Miss Sweeney.

"On the level," I asked her, "what do you pay for silk stockings and how many pairs do you have to buy in a year?"

"I get a new pair every Saturday," she told me, "before I pay the rent. Usually they cost me a dollar and eighty-five cents, but sometimes at a sale I get them for a dollar forty-nine. It doesn't pay to buy cheap ones, though, because they won't last a week. I can't understand how they wear out so fast. Some of my girl friends buy six pairs a month and don't have enough, if you know what I mean, to keep their legs nice."

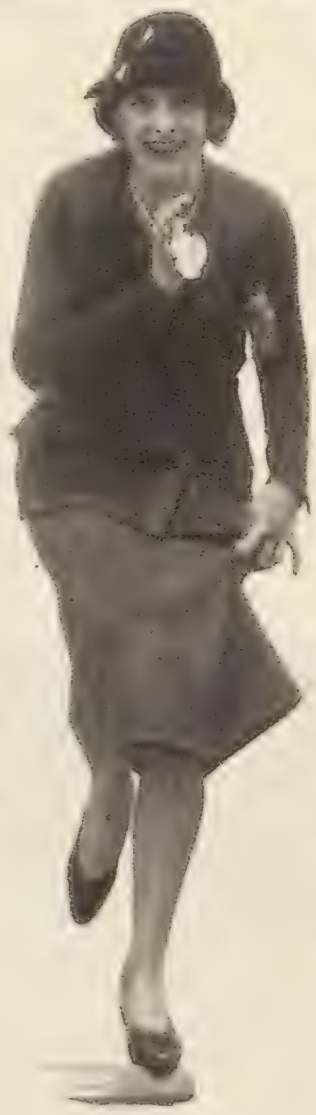
If you can take Miss Sweeney's word for it, she is paying not less than seventy-five dollars a year for silk stockings, which is more than three weeks' pay, for her wage is twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week. My disposition at first was to set Miss Sweeney down as a liar, but then I consulted with a manufacturer who owns one of the six hundred and ninety-eight establishments in the United States that are primarily engaged in the manufacture of hosiery.

His office is in lower Fifth Avenue; his mills are in Connecticut. He was muttering over a color chart when his secretary, wearing bois de rose chiffon (positively the latest whisper of fashion) on the sort of legs one might expect to discover attached to the private secretary of a manufacturer of silk hose, led me into his office.

"Here's the gem'pman you had an appointment with," said the secretary, before striding uncertainly away on perilously high-heeled tan kid slippers that matched her costume.

The silken pile of his Persian rugs almost tripped me. Silken hangings covered the walls in folds of luxury. An Italian walnut table, worm-eaten and glossy with a patina made by the fingers of the long dead Borgias who first had owned it, was ranged along the sunniest side of the room.

On it, toes pointing ceilingward with the precision of a Tiller-trained chorus, were arranged a row of waxen legs—perfectly molded reproductions of the limbs of who knows what haughty beauties. Each was encased in a chiffon stocking of a different shade. An Indian chieftain of Daniel Boone's time could have taken no better care of his scalp collection than did this incredibly rich silk stocking maker cherish his working assortment of legs.



P. & A. Photo

Beth Beri, dancer, demonstrating that the right sheen and fabric are as important for street attire as on the stage.

The manufacturer, a slightly pop-eyed man in a morning suit that fitted impeccably, was pointing the burning end of a thick-waisted cigar at each leg in turn, as he ran his right index finger down a color chart that lay before him on his teakwood desk, inlaid with mother of pearl push buttons.

"Atmosphere, champagne, moonlight, pearl," he sing-songed. "Cinnamon, sandalwood, Airedale, mouse, sauterne, nutmeg, nude, peach, mauve, gravel, stone gray, gunmetal, zinc."

Suddenly he became aware of my presence and looked up inquiringly.

"I want to know," I explained, "how much the average American girl is spending for silk stockings. Can you tell me?"

"Listen," he enjoined. "I know this: I know that if they should suddenly decide they were tired of flesh tones and wanted black silk stockings I'd be ruined. I'd be sunk——"

"But how much do they spend?"

"I can tell you that, all right. I have to know the market down to the last leg. In this country last year we manufactured 624,966,960 pairs of stockings for the 40,449,344 women in the United States who are ten years of age—and I don't mean mental—and up.

"Forty per cent of those stockings were all silk, or else silk with cotton tops. The sixty per cent that were cotton, or cotton and wool, or all wool, you can forget. They are bought by old women, by youngsters between ten and fifteen, and by that thirty per cent which lives in remote places, where it makes no difference what they have on their legs.

"We are talking about the girls of the cities and the small towns. All of them are wearing silk stockings. Your mother is wearing silk stockings; my mother is wearing silk stockings; so's your sister, so's mine, and you don't appear to be the sort of man who would have a girl who would wear cotton stockings.

"Well, sir, all those girls together are paying a stocking bill of about three hundred and forty-five million dollars over the retail counters of the United States every year. Just about two-thirds of that sum goes to the manufacturers, because selling and distributing costs are just as high for stockings as for any other commodity."

I told him about my conversation with Miss Sweeney.

"Only seventy-five dollars a year for silk stockings!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "What a girl! I'll bet you she'll make somebody a fine wife. She must be economical. She's the kind we used to call 'good managers' back in the days when I first went into the stocking business, when skirts were long and stockings were cotton."

He reached into a drawer of his desk and tenderly removed an old catalogue—one that had been printed in 1915.

"This," he said, slapping the booklet with a dramatic gesture, "contains a description and the price of every number we made in our mills during the third year of Woodrow Wilson's first term as President.

"Here are thirteen styles in black, white, and tan to sell at twelve and one-half cents and fifteen cents a pair. We made them because a lot of women wore them. Today we wouldn't know where to give them away.

"Twenty-five cents was the popular price in 1915. We made thirty-nine kinds of cotton hosiery that sold retail at twenty-five cents a pair in that year. That was our economy heavyweight cotton stocking with a linen heel and toe. We made forty-five styles that retailed at forty-five cents.

"The girls wore cotton stockings then because skirts were long. If a street car conductor saw a passenger's ankle he had something to talk about when he reached the barns.

"WE had one silk number then that sold for two dollars. Whenever a woman bought a pair of that kind, when I first went into the business behind a retail counter in 1905, we decided on one of two things. Either she was a spendthrift or else she was going to get married. We had grown a little more tolerant in 1915, but not much.

"In that year fashion lifted the hem of skirts a scant inch from the ground. By watching closely at the Flatiron Building in New York, or at the entrance of the Congress Hotel in Chicago, a rascal might be rewarded by a tantalizing glimpse of ankles—nothing more.

"Then skirts began to retreat. By 1920 I was giving considerably more attention to the knitting of silk hosiery. Since then—in the last five years—every woman you meet on the streets of American cities has been transformed into a wearer of silk stockings, and a great industry has been born. I suppose in classifying it you ought to place it with transportation.

"Vanity and a changing idea of modesty have done it. When the

P. & A. Photo

Mademoiselle Mistinguette's "million-dollar legs" and a pair of American stockings—a combination worth any dog's attention.

The Astonishing Fortune Which She Spends on Her Legs Annually Is One Reason Why the American Girl Is the Best Dressed in the World

By BRUCE CONCHNOWER

skirts were shortened the mode had to take account of the legs."

Chinese myths, one may learn, date the culture of silk back to 2640 B. C., but it was almost three thousand two hundred years afterward before its nature was understood in Europe.

Today almost every American school child knows that the moth, which is the real parent of a silk stocking, lays some three hundred and fifty eggs; that worms hatch from these eggs, and that after a period of ravenous feeding on the leaves of mulberry trees the worms wind themselves into cocoons.

WHEN the worms are ready to do their spinning today, just as four thousand five hundred years ago, the human workers who cultivate them place them on a trellis, generally overlain with rice straw. With commendable promptness the worm emits two silk filaments (in the form of a gummy liquid) from minute tubes in its lower jaw, fastening these filaments to a number of straws.

The worm doubles itself on its back in the form of a horseshoe, with its legs on the outside. Then, discharging the filmament from its jaws, it winds the delicate thread round and round its body with rapid circles of its head. It has been estimated by naturalists that the head of the silkworm describes about one ellipse a second, and repeats this motion about three hundred thousand times in making a cocoon.

To make a pound of raw silk requires from two thousand five hundred to three thousand cocoons, each cocoon furnishing a filament about six hundred yards in length.

It is a long, long way from those silkworms eating themselves sleepy on farms in Japan, China, Italy, and France, to the slim, slick legs of beige, blonde, peach blow and fairy sunburn, that dangle row on row from chairs all over America, or which stride proudly in the processions of display on Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, in Fountain Square, and Main Street. But if there were no silk worms skirts would be longer. Be sure of that.

Even the "bathing beauties" are going back to stockings. This is Miss Chicago in the national pageant at Atlantic City.

The richest American girls wear silk stockings woven from the same variety of silkworms as spin for the girls who work behind counters and in front of typewriters. That is democracy; but naturally the rich girl can get something a little finer. She indulges herself with hand-woven stockings.

There is a place on Fifth Avenue, New York, where you can pay five hundred dollars for a pair of stockings, with the conviction, if you know anything about handmade lace, that you are getting a bargain. The same store sells stockings that are priced at two hundred and fifty and one hundred dollars a pair, but their best "number" in the fashionable line costs fifteen dollars a pair.

W. H. Newell, who showed me some of those, has been selling stockings to Fifth Avenue shoppers since about the time Chester Arthur was President.

"You wouldn't believe me unless I showed you," said Mr. Newell, challengingly. "Here, look."

He showed an order slip for eight dozen pairs of stockings at eighteen dollars a pair—one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars. The same woman who bought these had purchased five hundred dollars worth of cheaper ones, costing about nine dollars a pair.

"Does it pay girls to mend these sheer stockings?" I asked him.

"They can't mend them," he retorted, "without destroying the whole effect of a silk stocking. They can mend the holes that come in the feet and they can fix the tops. But when there is a break in the chain of stitches in the leg it is nothing less than disaster. We keep three women busy mending these fifteen- and eighteen-dollar stockings. They are not ordinary sewing women. They reweave with fine fish hooks set in wooden handles instead of regular needles. They are paid a dollar an hour and sometimes at that rate they work all day repairing a run in a single stocking. We keep them as an accommodation for wealthy customers, charging them just what we pay the menders. But a business woman, even if she could master the knack of filling in a narrow run so as to make the repair invisible to all but expert scrutiny, could hardly afford the tedious expenditure of time. Besides, not many business women pay more than five or six dollars for their stockings.

"SOME of them think they are being economical when they buy a pair of stockings for a dollar and thirty-nine cents, only to have them go in holes after the second wearing. Pure dyed stockings do not go to pieces so easily. That is what happens to silk that has been loaded with metal."

"How can they tell that?"

"If they will deal with reliable merchants they won't have to, but there is only one test, and you do not have to be an expert to make it. Burn it. A loaded thread of silk leaves a gray ash when burned. Pure silk curls up and leaves a round, black, oily residue.

"The reason for 'loading' is to increase weight."

Mr. Newell's advice to his customers, many of whom are rich, as to the care of their silk stockings, if carefully followed, might enable Miss Mary Sweeney, who works in the basement of the ten cent store, to save perhaps a third of the money she now is forced to spend for silk stockings.

"Vanity and a changing idea of modesty have done it. When the skirts were shortened the mode had to take account of the legs."

This is his advice:

Never polish your shoes on the back of your legs. This tends to cause runs.

Keep your nails carefully trimmed.

Fasten the hose supporters through the double tops and at the sides of the stockings, rather than the front.

Buy sizes plenty large enough for comfort.

Roll your stockings on gently. Do not pull or tug at the delicate fabrics. Dry the feet and legs carefully and use talcum powder if the stockings tend to resist.

Keep rings, shoe buckles, and sharp nails away from the fabric.

See that your shoes fit snugly and that they do not rub at the heels.

If possible, wash your stockings yourself, being careful not to rub soap into them. A small amount of soap flakes should be mixed thoroughly in lukewarm water so as to form a good suds. Rinse thoroughly in cold water. Stretch them as nearly as possible into their original shape and then allow them to dry slowly. Don't put them near the baking heat of a stove or a steam radiator.

And be grateful you were not born in Queen Elizabeth's day, when silk stockings could not be bought for love or money.

THE END

Our Most Popular Crime

A Bird's-Eye View of the Great Wet Wave, Based Upon Impartial Reports from Ninety Cities and Towns, Where Half the People of the United States Reside

By JACK O'DONNELL

SECOND ARTICLE

SIX YEARS ago today when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect a vast majority of the American people believed that it would be only a matter of a few months until every State in the Union, with a few exceptions, would be dry.

Even the opponents of prohibition admitted that as soon as the Federal government got its enforcement machinery working smoothly booze would be doomed in New York, Illinois, and a few of the States bordering on the wet sections of Canada.

Liberty recently asked ninety of its correspondents in ninety centers of population to describe present-day conditions under the Eighteenth Amendment. Last week the unprejudiced reports of some of these correspondents in widely scattered States were presented. Now let us hear from some of the States on the coast lines and along the Canadian border.

MICHIGAN

With only the Detroit River between it and Canada, Michigan is the booze smuggler's paradise. The situation in Detroit, the fourth largest city in the United States, as reported by Liberty's correspondent, is as follows:

"Practically ninety per cent of the persons in Detroit who are financially able to do so are buying contraband liquor today. A large majority of the persons not financially able to do so also are buying. Ninety per cent may appear large, but it includes the persons who try to conceal the fact that they drink and who advocate a more drastic campaign against the bootleggers. These persons make up the group that feels liquor should be denied the laboring classes.

"Evidence of the amount of booze consumed in the business houses of Detroit is furnished every night when the charwomen of a certain large office building in the heart of the city begin to clean up. Every floor contributes from ten to twenty empty quart bottles bearing whisky labels.

"Before prohibition Detroit had approximately two thousand five hundred saloons, each of which paid a license fee of five hundred dollars per annum. Today, according to the city police, Detroit maintains between fifteen and twenty thousand blind pigs and saloons.

"The State police do not invade Detroit, but work throughout Wayne County and on the Detroit River. Every now and then a roadhouse is raided and liquor seized, but the amount thus confiscated is a small drop of the total amount run into Detroit each night.

"Disrespect for the law is rapidly increasing. Bandits, holdup men, and bank robbers are becoming bolder each day. Bank messengers are traveling in armored cars.

"The younger generation is drinking much more than it did before national prohibition. The juveniles are among the best patrons of the blind pigs, roadhouses, and cafes where liquor is sold.

"In Grand Rapids, Flint, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Saginaw, and other large cities of Michigan the general situation is similar to that existing in Detroit. In the smaller towns and the rural districts there is stricter enforcement.

"The business of 'running' liquor across Detroit River has become an industry in itself. Breweries and distilleries of other Provinces of Canada are shipping their output to the towns in Ontario for shipment to the States, and bootleggers in Detroit have distributors in Chicago, St. Louis, and other Western cities.

"It can be truthfully said that city, State, and Federal agents are 'taking the money.' This is open talk in the underworld circles. State policemen have been seen drunk on an island in the river where they were supposed to be on guard to block rum runners. The liquor was supplied by the runners."

P. & A. Photo

A glimpse of the war between the Coast Guards and the rum runners. Cadets at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut, unloading contraband cases of liquor from three captured boats.

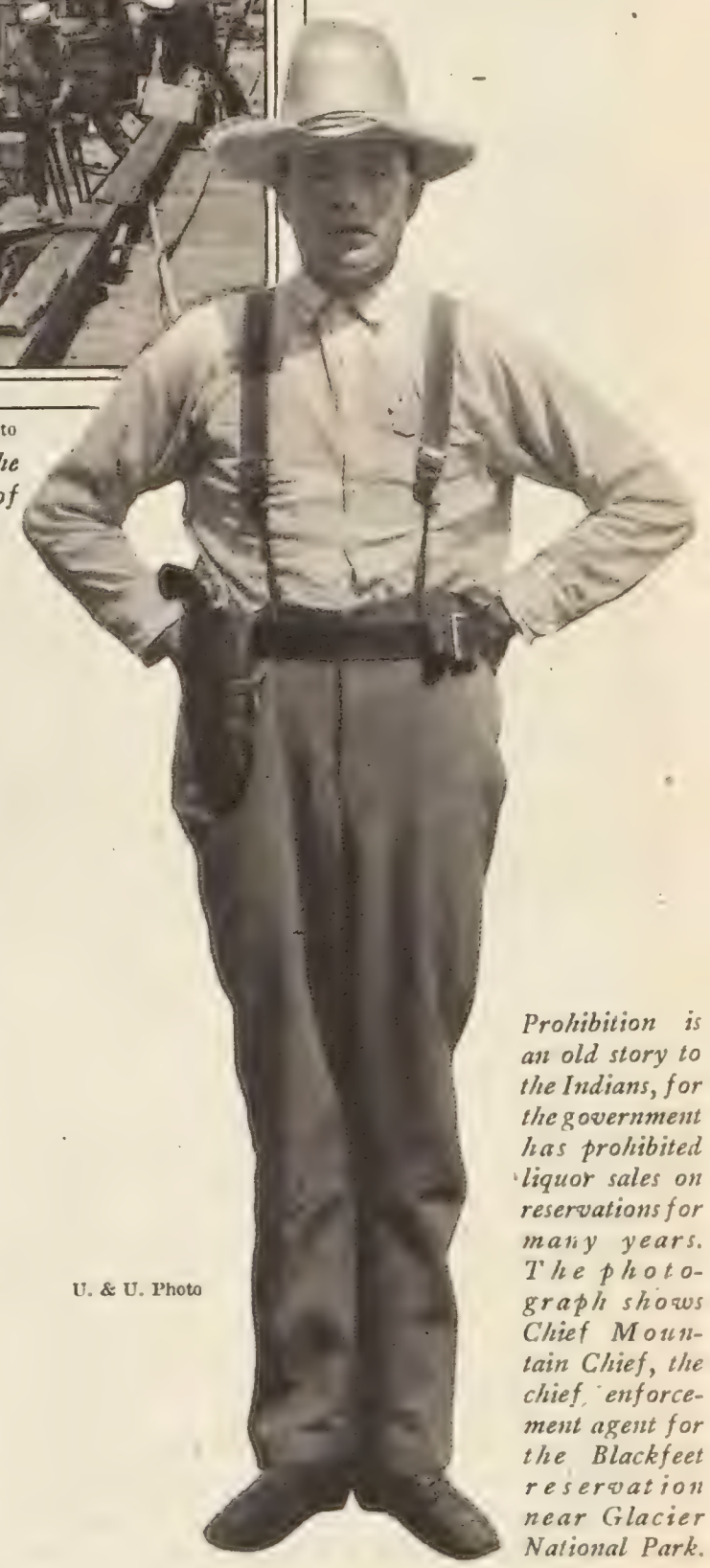
FLORIDA

Here is what one of Liberty's Florida correspondents at Miami has to say about conditions in America's new Klondike:

"Personally, I bother little about liquor, even though most of the persons with whom I'm thrown in contact are drinkers with generous quantities on hand or available.

"In making this survey for Liberty, however, I found liquor is obtainable in almost any quantity. This is true not only of bourbon and Scotch, not to mention moonshine, but also of real German beer from Hamburg and Munich. Miamians have no objection to paying one dollar and a quarter for this imported stuff.

"Miamians point with pride to the fact that the city never has had an epidemic of wood alcohol poisonings. Ever since prohibition first-class liquors, wines, rums, and gins have poured into this port in sufficient quantities to more than supply the



U. & U. Photo

Prohibition is an old story to the Indians, for the government has prohibited liquor sales on reservations for many years. The photograph shows Chief Mountain Chief, the chief enforcement agent for the Blackfeet reservation near Glacier National Park.

demand, hence it has been unnecessary, and would be unprofitable, to vend an inferior grade of booze.

"Moonshine, little of which is drunk here because of the ever-present supply of better liquor, is easily obtained. This brand of booze is consumed in large quantities by the blacks and the laboring classes.

"Bootleggers are as well organized as many other industries. One can get a bottle or a case of liquor delivered to one's home as easily and often more quickly than he can get an order of groceries.

"There are three enforcement bodies here—the Federal group, the county officers, and the city police. As a general rule, they act independently, but occasionally co-operate in their raids.

"But raids mean little in Miami. I have seen places open within two hours after the raiding parties cleaned out all the stuff in sight. The men caught in these raids think nothing of them. They consider them part of the game, and the expense is figured as part of their overhead.

"Hotel employees have found the Eighteenth Amendment a great aid in making big and easy money. I know a bell boy—that is, he was a bell boy three years ago—who cleaned up seventy-five thousand dollars in booze profits. He had the 'concession' in one hotel and, while he started in selling by the bottle, before he quit to go into the real estate business he would deliver anything from a bottle to a truckload. In fact, he did sell and deliver fifty cases of Scotch to a moving picture crowd who put on a big party here last season.

"Prohibition enforcement has broken down in this section of the State, and the men in control of the bootleg industry say that it will never be rebuilt so long as other parts of the world are wet."

Liberty's correspondent at Jacksonville finds booze coming in in increasing volume, more lawlessness, and ever-increasing disrespect for laws in general. Among other things, his report states:

"My observation over a period of twenty years is that Jacksonville and this section of Florida were fairly sober and reasonably law abiding up to the time the Volstead Act became effective. Since that time law violations and evasions have increased steadily. There is a steady and ever-increasing flow of liquor into the State from the West Indies and other places.

"The many seizures and scandals involving Federal, State, and city officials have ceased to create sensations. The majority of the people are convinced that the worst penalty of evading the law is being found out.

"Stills are raided, captured, brought to the county jails, later to be stolen from the county authorities and again put into commission. Some of these stills have been arrested two and three times.

"While the courts are doing their best to handle the many cases that are brought before them, there is much delay and many of the cases are thrown out because of the flimsy evidence obtained by arresting officers. Juries are prone to question the integrity of the prohibition agents because there have been many 'framed' cases in the courts."

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, famous for more than a century for its fizzes and cocktails, is undergoing no hardships because of the Eighteenth Amendment, according to Liberty's correspondent. He says: "The persistence with which enforcement officials have overlooked New Orleans in the national 'war on rum' has been an unpublished scandal, supporting the belief that the professional prohibitionists do not want the law enforced.

"Ideally situated for the conduct of smuggling ventures, New Orleans has been the center of activities for the operation of one of the largest groups engaged in the illicit liquor traffic.

"Local bootleggers pay very little for protection, being content to 'take the fall,' if and when caught by enforcement officers. The penalties for violation of the national prohibition act are relatively light, and under the State enforcement act—rarely invoked by local police—penalties are even less severe.

"A major portion of the liquor smuggled into the Gulf Coast is shipped or carried by runners to the interior. Prohibition officials of this district know of a single conspiracy by which fifty carloads of liquor were shipped from New Orleans and near-by ports to St. Louis, Chicago, and other Middle Western cities. These same enforcement officials frankly admit they do not know a tenth part of what has been going on.

"The indictment of Walter L. Cohen, a parish sheriff, the Negro customs comptroller, and others for alleged conspiracy to violate the prohibition act has caused the price of liquor to go up a bit, but it has not seriously curtailed the supply. Rum Row, in the Gulf, is tangible and definite, but surprisingly mobile. Outside the limit only the careless skipper gets caught.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Picture by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

"Rhode Island has a coast line of considerable extent. It is impossible to stem the tide of booze that rolls against our shores from abroad."

P. & A. Photo

A liquor raid in the nation's capital. Bystanders watching one of Police Superindent Sullivan's vans with a load of captured liquor.

"Keeping Pace *with the* Growth *of* Chicago"

THE NEW TOWER OF THE MORRISON HOTEL

Now Open to Guests

THE new section of the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, is the tallest hotel structure in the world. 46 stories high, and 637 feet from the sidewalk to the top of the flagpole. It offers one more illustration of the *intimately related growth of the city and the hotel.*

LOCATION. The Morrison stands closer than any other hotel to the grouped offices, theatres, stores and railroad depots of Chicago. Two blocks from the busiest corner in the world.

RATES. The Morrison offers more economical rates than any other leading hotel. Valuable store subleases pay all the ground rent, and the saving is passed on to the guests, so that rooms are rented for $3 to $5 that would cost $5 to $8 in any other hotel of premier standing.

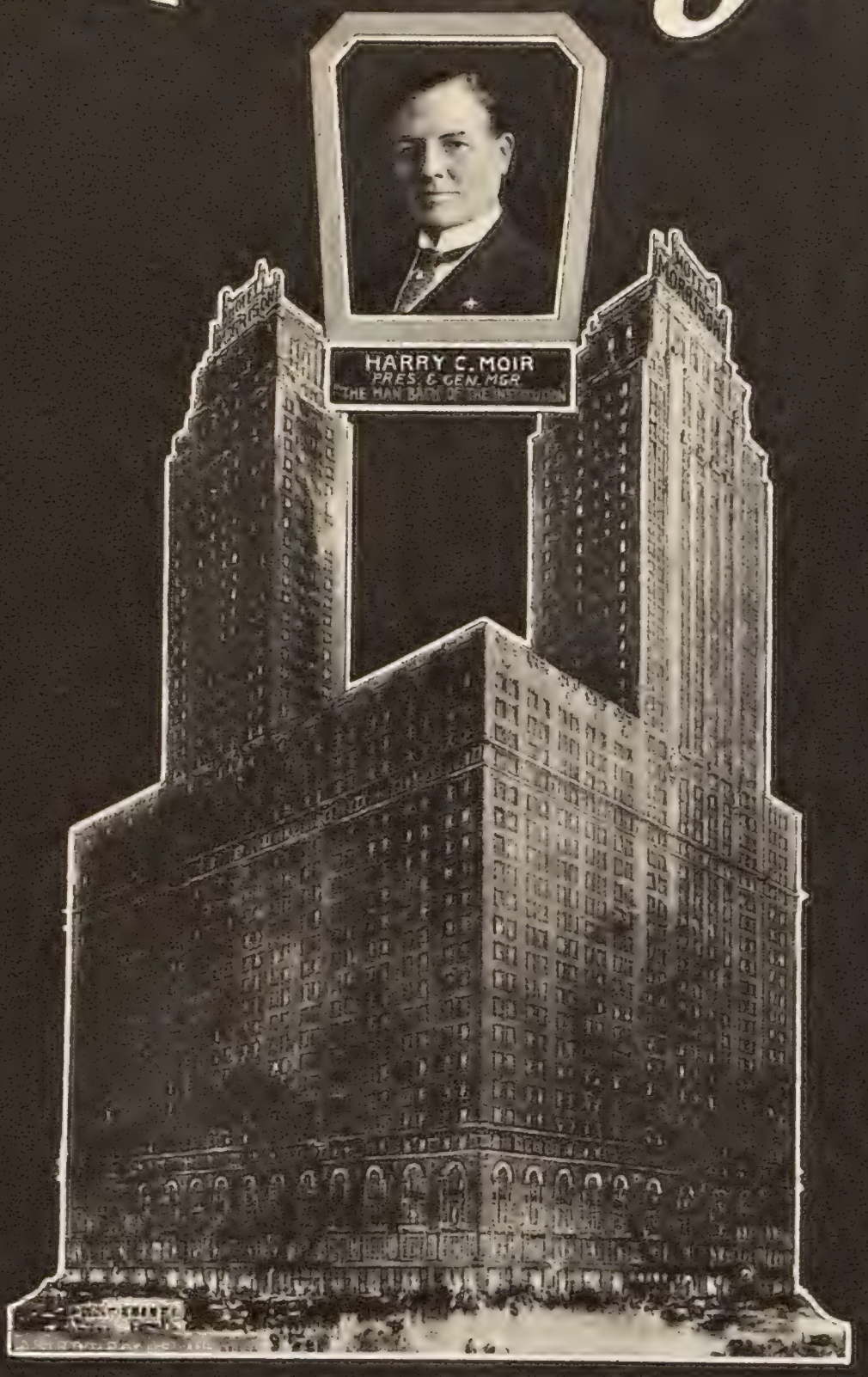
The Morrison contains 1,944 outside rooms, each with bath, running ice water, and Servidor, which furnishes added protection to guests with its "grille" feature. All patrons enjoy garage privileges. The enormous tower is served by "micro-drive" elevators, with a speed capacity of 800 feet a minute. In the upper rooms of the tower a guest enjoys the pure atmosphere of a suburban hotel.

The Ideal Convention Hotel

The banquet and ballroom facilities have made the Morrison a favorite hotel for conventions. The Cameo Room is in great demand; it has a seating capacity of over 2,000, without a single pillar or other obstruction to the view.

Another individual feature is the Terrace Garden, the Morrison's famous "dance-and-dine" restaurant, where tables arranged in tiers, or "terraces," give every guest a perfect view of the entertainers and the dance floor.

Write or Wire for Reservations



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE

and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

"IN THE HEART OF THE LOOP"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Inside, only a few small patrol boats give the smuggler much trouble.

"Approximately two thousand licensed saloons operated in New Orleans just prior to prohibition. Now practically the same number are doing a flourishing business without a license.

"Members of the younger generation laugh when a stranger suggests that it is too bad they didn't live when the New Orleans fizz was in its glory. Don't pity the younger generation on that score. It knows how to *mix* the fizz as well as it knows how to drink it, and that means that it mixes or concocts a wicked fizz.

"I attended a big dance recently at which the city government was well represented. There was an abundant supply of whisky and champagne on hand, and there was a wallop in the punch which would stagger a thirsty Dempsey. The barroom, for that is all that one of the anterooms could be called, was the most popular spot in the hall. The party wasn't rough, but a good time was had by all."

WASHINGTON

This far-Western State, bordered on the north by Canada and the west by the Pacific Ocean, almost lived up to the expectations of prohibition proponents. Here is what Liberty's correspondent at Spokane, the metropolis, has to say about that city:

"Under the whip of a police commissioner who was an ardent prohibitionist, Spokane, from June 1, 1921, to June 1, 1925, was under a vigorous and sincere dry regime. The law was strictly enforced, and the enforcement officers were encouraged by the leading newspaper of eastern Washington and Oregon. This paper has 'gone down the line' for the observance of the prohibition law just as it has for all other laws.

"But at the last spring election this dry commissioner was defeated and one who had promised a more liberal interpretation of the law elected in his place. This was the result of active participation in the campaign of a group of business men who contended that the city had suffered financially through loss of transient visitors. They declared Spokane could not remain bone dry unless other cities and towns in this territory did likewise. When the votes were counted it appeared that the public had taken the same view.

"While this slump in sentiment might indicate a moral slackening in the homes of the city, such is not the case. In fact, I know at least half a dozen heads of families who used to think that defiance of the prohibition laws was smart who now accept and live up to the letter and spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment. They no longer ask their guests to drink.

"Of course, booze can be procured in Spokane by those who can afford to pay ten dollars a gallon for moonshine or ten to fifteen dollars a quart for real liquor, but a vast majority of the people hold no traffic with bootleggers.

"The coming of prohibition closed one hundred and sixty-one saloons, which paid a tax of one thousand dollars each. Clubs and restaurants also paid a tax, the total income to the city in 1915 having been one hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-one dollars. During the first six months of 1925 the sheriff of this county reported twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars in liquor fines, forfeitures, and bonds collected, covering one hundred and sixty-seven arrests for violations of the prohibition laws. During the same period in 1924 the collections from the same sources were thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, covering one hundred and forty-five arrests.

These figures indicate that the county courts are demanding more bond money and inflicting more severe penalties.

"The people of this region do not consider prohibition a failure, but a very good thing. The saloon will not return to Spokane County."

P. & A. Photo

Only two quarts fit to drink! Chief Chemist J. W. Quillen of New York City, who analyzes seized liquor to determine the poison sold as real stuff, is holding the only two good bottles found among the thousands shown in this photograph. The others contained moonshine with counterfeit labels.

RHODE ISLAND

When the Eighteenth Amendment was being voted on by the various State Legislatures two States—Rhode Island and Connecticut—refused to ratify it. They held out because they believed their citizens did not want prohibition, and, judging from the report of Liberty's correspondent at Providence, they haven't got anything that approximates dryness. Says this survey:

"Contraband liquor is purchased freely in Providence and the greater part of Rhode Island by those having the desire for liquor and the money to pay for it. This does not mean that the poor man is altogether deprived, for liquor is comparatively cheap when bought by the case or even by the quart.

"Courts are not disposed to impose maximum penalties. Few bootleggers are jailed, and often offenders are not given the highest fine permitted by law. Under the State enforcement act, a jail sentence cannot be imposed until a person is brought into court as a third offender.

"It is debatable whether the present prohibition laws have caused either an increase or a decrease in general respect for laws in Rhode Island, but there is no doubt that respect for the prohibition laws is very low on the part of a considerable portion of the population.

"There is no evidence that the prohibition law is more generally observed in the rural sections than in the cities. The villages have their bootleggers and home brewers in about the same proportion as the cities.

"Rhode Island has a coast line of considerable extent. It is impossible to stem the tide of booze that rolls against our shores. The Coast Guard is getting some of it, but there is always plenty that has been shipped from abroad.

"Still another factor is the nearness of Rhode Island to the Canadian border. But the greatest factor contributing to the failure of prohibition here is the fact that the law was unpopular from the start."

CONNECTICUT

Liberty's correspondent at New Haven reports that bootlegging is prevalent in Connecticut and that those who can afford to buy liquor but who are not doing so are "deterred by fear of being made ill or killed by poisonous chemicals."

"The present enforcement," he says, "while better than in the average Eastern city I have visited recently, is rather lax. A police official told me the other day that while an honest effort is being made to enforce the law there are about fifty saloons doing business as restaurants, candy stores, or billiard parlors, and about three hundred houses where liquor may be purchased.

"Offenders are vigorously prosecuted in the local courts, although judges are not disposed to inflict maximum penalties. One city judge recently made the statement that out of sixty-four cases where jail sentences had been given fifty-seven offenders escaped sentence either by appealing to higher courts or by securing permission of the prosecutor to have their sentences suspended.

"Officials of Yale College declared war on the bootleggers, with the result that fewer sales are now made on the campus. The Yale *Daily News* recently conducted a poll which resulted in a demand for a change in prohibition laws.

"A majority of those queried emphatically stated that enforcement of the Volstead Act has been proved impossible.

"There is much more drinking at Yale social functions now than at any time in the memory of the oldest graduate. University officials have found it impossible to enforce the ban against liquor at class reunions, and some classes have defied university authorities, openly serving drinks."

These reports strongly indicate that the border and coastal States are becoming wetter and not drier, as the proponents of prohibition predicted.

Next week Liberty will present the results of surveys made by correspondents in the States which everybody believed would be bone dry within six months after the Eighteenth Amendment became effective.

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY——

FROM the other end Martin would give her time to throw a blanket over her shoulders, and cuddle up with the receiver to her ear, while he read aloud over the telephone.

MANNEQUIN

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By

FANNIE HURST

IT SEEMED to Orchid, as the fumes and hilarity mounted, that she must be walking through some sort of delirium. It was the kind of party expected of rich young bounders and a group of the town's picked mannequins. Through the long, tempestuous evening fear grew in her that this revelry in her room might leap its bounds.

It was the most humiliating moment in her seventeen years of life—years full of vicissitudes.

As a baby, Orchid, whose real name was Joan, had been the darling of her parents: John Lester Herrick, a gifted lawyer, and Selene, his beauty-loving wife.

Annie Pogany, the nurse Selene had engaged without knowing she had served a term in a reform school, had loved Joan with a devotion that grew to be almost a mania. Seizing a favorable moment, she had kidnaped the child and taken her to live in a slum of New York's East Side. While John and Selene Herrick searched vainly, Annie had changed Joan's name to Orchid and her own last name to Sargossa.

Where Chinatown joins Little Italy the child grew into lovely, sheltered girlhood. Though Annie took to drugs, she protected the beautiful girl from the vice about them.

One night Annie vanished without a trace, right out of Orchid's life. The girl got a position as a mannequin—a model wearing imported gowns—with the exclusive firm of Drecotte. While there, she met Martin Innesbrook, a young journalist. They fell in love. Martin was the nephew of Max Innesbrook, owner of a powerful group of newspapers, and was ambitious to work under his uncle.

At Drecotte's, Orchid felt a wall of hostility rising, for she refused to join the parties given by the five wise-eyed, lovely faced mannequins with whom she worked. To placate them, she invited them to her room one evening, together with their men friends. They came, bringing with them Terry Allen—wealthy and dissipated—who had seen Orchid at a fashion show.

Everyone but Orchid tried to get drunk as quickly as possible. The party became an orgy—lolling heads of girls, sprawling young men, the mounting of unrestrained laughter. It ended when Orchid's guests were ejected by Mrs. Snuggs, the landlady.

Orchid had never felt so close to Martin as when he called, next evening, and she confessed the shameful details of her never-to-be-repeated party. To divert her mind from the disagreeable topic, he read aloud to her the newspaper account of the recent freeing, by a jury, of a woman almost certainly guilty of murder. That led Orchid to suggest that Martin write a series of protest articles pointing out that, through the sentimentality of male juries, women could kill at will and go unpunished. Her idea was that women had no right to political equality unless they were willing to accept equality before the law and stand, as well as fall, by their new freedom.

CHAPTER SEVEN

IN THE circle of lamplight in Orchid's room Martin looked at her slowly, dawningly.

"Orchid, you've given me a million-dollar idea. Not in dollars, but in opportunity. When I walk into my editor tomorrow morning with this little idea up my sleeve he is going to be let in for the thrill that comes once in a lifetime."

Suddenly Martin had her by the hands, then was gripping them until his nails sprang white.

"No, he isn't. No, he isn't. This is the idea I am going to clap under my arm and carry to my Uncle Max. I'm going home and write it now! This is the bludgeon of an idea I'm going to crash into the Innesbrook pay roll with. My uncle is much too good a newspaper man not to see the value of this idea, even if it does come from me."

"Martin——"

"Or from you, I should say, you darling. Orchid," cried Martin and spun her to him suddenly, so that the dear split-end feel to his hair was in her face, "I can't wait any longer, now that it seems so sure. If these articles go through, as they are bound to, they will put me on easy street so far as we are concerned. We can marry, then. And I love you, Orchid. There is no use trying to hold it back any longer any more than you can hold back Niagara. I love you, Orchid. And I want to marry you so that, no matter which way I turn, no matter what comes, you'll be mine. You'll be mine. I'm pretty rotten as a Romeo, Orchid, but I—gee, I like you."

"Martin—dear—after all you know—about me—things—everything—Nana—me——"

"After all I know about you? You mean because of all I know about you. About your sweetness, your dearness, your darling untouchedness. Orchid, I love you."

Sometimes, the luxury of a telephone which Orchid had afforded to save the long narrow flight down to the slot machine in the public hallway outside Mrs. Snuggs' sleeping room, jangled as late as even eleven and twelve at night.

Invariably it was from Martin, bent on luring her out to a little coffee house frequented by journalists in the neighborhood of his hotel, to read aloud to her a just-completed article, or to discuss one a-borning.

Sometimes the call came even later, awakening her, and from the other end Martin would give her time to throw a blanket over her shoulders, get her feet into slippers and cuddle up with the receiver to her ear, while in his invariable and irrepressible enthusiasm for the just-completed job, he read it aloud over the telephone.

"Oh, Martin, that's excellent." Or: "Hadn't you better put the part about child labor first so as to be sure to arrest the readers' attention from the very start?"

"You darling. How right. You're the best little critic a fellow ever had. Pretty good stuff, eh Orchid?"

"Martin, it's one of your best."

"You darling! And sure you like the reference to old Judge Cleary? Not a bit too strong, eh?"

"Indeed, if anything, not strong enough."

"Now go back to bed, darling goose, and thanks for being a darling goose."

That was the way Martin loved to call her, out of bed into her cozy, snug coil at the other end of the receiver. Listening. And applauding, of course.

That was how he telephoned her this night at least four hours after he had left her, with the sting of his hair—the dear broken-end sting—against her face.

It was thrilling, just lifting the cretonne telephone doll before you raised the receiver. Knowing it was Martin.

"Orchid, sweetheart, I can't sleep."

"Neither can I, Martin."

"It's so wonderful having got it said."

"It's so wonderful having heard it said."

"I love you, Orchid."

"I love you, Martin."

"Dear silly."

"Dear silly."

"Orchid, I've the first article written and the second blocked out."

"Martin, not really!"

"Yes, couldn't wait to get at them. My uncle doesn't come to town on Fridays. I'll be out at Innesbrook with it by the time you're reporting for work tomorrow morning. I'll beard him in his gym. The story's just bristling with phrases of yours. You're my little collaborator, all right. My lifetime collaborator, all right."

"Martin, you're wonderful."

"If I am, you've made me that way. It was all your idea."

"You're wonderful."

"*You're* wonderful."

"Good-night, my dearest."

"Good-night, my dearest—dear."

Long after the receiver was up again and the cretonne doll replaced, there she sat on into a wee hour, loath to uncoil herself from the attitude that Martin's words, coming over the wire, had made into an attitude of ecstasy.

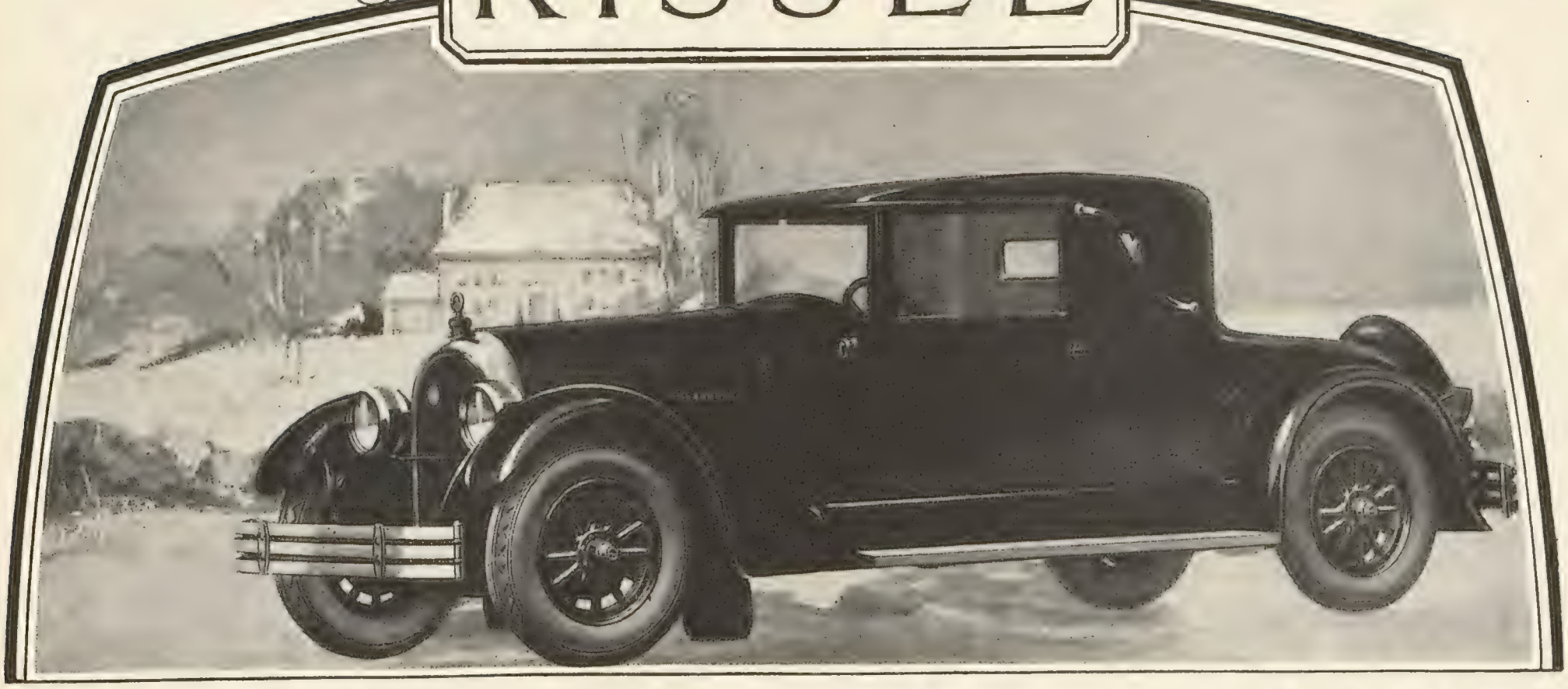
II.

THE beauty of Innesbrook was the beauty of dark green shade of oak and poplar, view of the Hudson where it widens out like a lake, and a Georgian house that was mostly width.

It was as if the house were a not-quite-precious jewel, magnificently mounted. Probably it was because, in contrast, there was a row of such renaissance, colonial, and Tudor magnificences perched along that particular

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

KISSEL



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Announcing the New Kissel All-Year Coupe Roadster

A combination open roadster for fine weather and closed coupe for cold days. A car with youth in its racy lines—power in its dashing speed! A car that means snug, cozy comfort in snow, rain and bitter weather; and the exhilaration of rushing open air on fine days. Not a makeshift conversion from closed to open car, but a handsome custom-built automobile. Glasses on the two side doors may be raised and used as a windshield when car is open roadster.

Nothing else like it! A personal car, exclusive and elegant, built to seat four comfortably. It is *two cars in one*, priced at far less than the former cost of an open roadster, and powered by the great Kissel Advanced Engineered Motor. The Six at $1695; the Straight Eight at $2095. What an ideal motor car for young people! What a practical car for doctors, salesmen, or business men wishing an extra car for personal use!

Here, indeed, is a striking example of Kissel leadership in smart style and sound engineering. It is destined to be one of the most popular roadsters of 1926. Complete information on request.

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis.

(200)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

part of Hudson frontage. The Rhincoop place. Negaard Wing's. The Italian Palace of the Judge.

Yet Martin loved in a way the inadequacy of the Georgian house set too low in the magnificence of Innesbrook. It took some of the edge off the granite grandeur that surrounded Max Innesbrook even when he sat in his mahogany and Maxfield Parrish offices in Park Row and pressed buttons.

The button-pressing Max Innesbrook. He punctuated his talk with pressure of buttons when a thought would invade his conversation that was relevant to something else.

THE pressing of buttons, releasing this and that dam of energy under his control.

The rather homey, indeed homely, house that Max Innesbrook was rich enough to dare. There was even a carpet hassock—the kind Martin remembered in his father's threadbare house on the campus at Northwestern University — under the dining room table for the limited reach of his Aunt Emma's funny stodgy legs that made her so much shorter from the waist down than from the waist up. Martin loved the persistence of that hassock through the impeccable kind of Tudor dining-room splendor. It gave him the reassurance that certain inadequacies of his Aunt Emma always gave him. The fact that her jabots would never stay on straight; the fact that she was always trailing something. A ball of wool. A ripped flounce. And there was something a little absurdly reassuring, as against the dreaded granite of his uncle, in the fact that all three of the Innesbrook girls had buck teeth. A rushing formation of long white ones peculiar to neither parents, but which thrust out the girls' upper lips like eaves.

The granite kind of power of Max Innesbrook. He was squint-eyed with it.

He never regarded young Innesbrook except with that squint at its tightest. Even when he came out week-ends and they met at table and at parchesi or in the gymnasium where Max Innesbrook took his exercise on a stationary bicycle enclosed in an electric bath cabinet.

And then there was always further in the way of any close contacts with this curious silent man behind the bulwarks of his press buttons such impediments as visiting Norwegian explorers, or British novelists, or foreign ambassadors, eminent scientists, poets, composers, capitalists.

There was no getting him alone, except sometimes in the gymnasium over the garage, with the great man's head swathed in wet Turkish towels emerging from the cabinet which contained the ludicrous boxed spectacle of bony austere legs riding the bicycle to nowhere.

Max Innesbrook loathed exercise. It bored him. He needed diversion the while. There were always books, magazines, newspapers, budgets, schedules, itineraries propped up on top of the cabinet to be read as he pedaled himself to nowhere. Martin had long ago figured out that the best place to beard his uncle was in the den of his gymnasium.

The only talks they ever had, in fact, took place there.

Max Innesbrook, like a Roman senator with a Turkish towel for toga, squinting at his nephew perched in an enviable straddle of youth across a leather "horse."

Egoist! Egoist! Opinionated young simpleton. Vacillating as his father. Conceited young carp. Never seen one thing he's done or written would make me want to hire him. Uplift stuff with more ego than sincerity. Full of bombast. I started out on a rival sheet when my father ran the best newspaper in Janey County. Got by on my own guts. Let him show me his.

The morning that Martin arrived at Innesbrook for the week-end, with a first article entitled The Blameless Sex and the beginning of a second in his briefcase, he paid his respects to his aunt and the girls and the wife of a visiting Spanish painter out taking snapshots of each other on the hydrangea border which divided their garden from the superb sunken gardens of the Judge's. Then he made a bee-line for what he knew was his uncle's morning performance in the gymnasium.

"MORNING, Uncle. I'm out bright and early to sell you a million-dollar idea for the price of a city-desk job."

"Umph. Tell that black nigger to turn off a few of those lamps. There's a noise down there around the pedals like I'm frying."

"You have the right idea on that MacClasky case, Uncle. Now, my idea of the force of an editorial like—yours this morning——"

"Will never set the world on fire. A few of those lamps, George, I said. Not all. Turn on the upper row around my waistband. That's where I can do with a little concentrated electricity."

"As a matter of fact, I suppose those in the know, Uncle, realize that the entire decision in the MacClasky case rested on you."

"Umph. Press that third button, there, second row. Halsey, wire Cleveland MacGowen will take up the matter of the new presses with the Pittsburgh office."

"Now, if I had your power——"

"Idle speculation."

"Not a bit of it. The reason you think I've the making of a rotten journalist is because an above-the-average brain doesn't mean much of anything to you, Uncle. You surround yourself with them at fifty thousand per. You buy brains. Picked brains, like mine. Heretofore I've just presented you with the fifty-thousand-per brand of clear thinking. That's all the articles of mine you've read can boast of. Clear thinking."

"I've never read one worthy of a boast. In fact, don't know that I've ever read any at all."

"Delighted to hear you're in some doubt on the subject. Well, this time, Uncle, I haven't only brought you brains. I've brought you something you cannot buy so easily as brains. Originality."

"Hang that nigger! Where is he? Hey, off with those lights around my waistline, I'm not competing with Madame Polairi."

"Now, my idea is this . . ."

"Press that third button. Halsey, put a note on Mrs. Innesbrook's table. There is a new gardener coming today at noon."

"Now, my idea——"

"YOU were wrong in your conclusions about the MacClasky editorial. Good journalism. But bad logic."

"Uncle, what will you bet that before you leave this gymnasium you are going to hear a suggestion for good journalism based on good logic? What will you bet that you are not only going to give me an assignment to do a series of articles but a desk editorial job will be mine before I leave this gymnasium?"

"Tell that black scalawag to let me out of here before he incinerates me."

"It's your chance, Uncle, before I give a brilliant scoop to the Tattler and the whole bunch of Cavannagh papers."

"Umph."

"Now, my idea is this——"

"Call that nig——"

"Just a minute, Uncle—let me. I'll turn them off. No. No. Don't get out now. It's great to relax in the cabinet after all the lights are off. There is the most crying sociological outrage taking place day by day in this country. Felt by everyone; articulated by no one."

"Dull, involved way of introducing a subject. Press that third——"

"You're right! But, hang it, you fidget so. Well, then, listen to this. Straight from the shoulder. Bang. Bang. It is impossible to convict a woman of murder in this country. Know that? Ever occur to you? Judges build up screen barricades around pretty ankles of fair prisoners before the bar in their vain efforts to get sex justice. Directly on top of emancipation for women comes the greatest murder wave among women in the history of this country and not a male jury will convict one. Look at the Scott case. The Elldridge. Trentini. The Murphy. The Idiola

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILLIAMS stays *moist* longer . . soaks the beard *soft* quicker

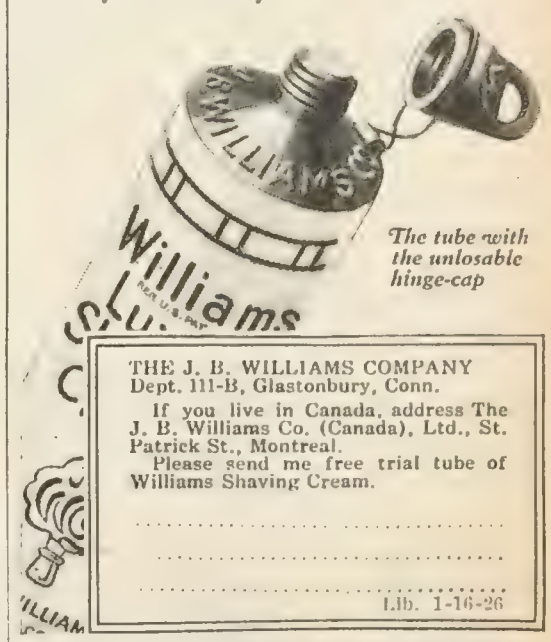
WHEN you work up the quick, rich, *saturated* lather of Williams Shaving Cream—here's what it does:

First, the mild, pure soap lifts the water-resisting oil film from the tough bristles of your beard—

This lets the abundant moisture of Williams lather soak into each bristle—saturate it with moisture.

That softens the beard so that the razor just glides through. The same principle softens the skin—keeps it smooth and comfortable.

Try Williams at our expense—the coupon below will give you a week's trial tube free. The large-size tube of Williams is 35c. Or 50c for the double-size tube containing twice as much—the most economical tube you can buy!



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[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

case. Guilty as the devil, every one of them. In this country today women can literally get away with murder. Sexless Justice. Blameless Sex. Those are the first titles of the series I intend to write for you. Two of them already here in my briefcase. They'll sweep the country. Everybody is thinking it, but nobody has articulated it."

"Call that nigger," said Max Innesbrook. "Turn on my shower, George. And hey, you, Martin. Press that third button. Halsey, come stand on the outside of the rubber curtain while I take my shower—and take a letter. Give it to Mr. Innesbrook as he goes out. And you, Martin, take that letter and give it to Robinson tomorrow morning at nine. Report to him for an office editorial job. The dead line for the first four articles on your Sex Justice is tomorrow night, May first, at midnight. Series to run to Thursday. First release Sunday morning."

That was the news that, the next time Orchid lifted the cretonne telephone doll off the telephone, Martin was almost strangling at the other end to pass on to her.

MAY DAY came on a Saturday. May Days seemed to have a habit of being auspicious for Orchid. There was the memory of a dim and sooty May Day in Mulberry Street. Nana with her lye-bitten hands at the pink tissue paper dress. Nana. Water under bridges at night. Barges that sink, keel up. Orchid could never pass a wharf at night or the silhouette of women who scrub floors or lurk in doorways without that gnarled image crossing her memory. Nana, whom she had called mother. Sometimes in the personal columns of the daily papers Orchid's eyes scanned the lists of missing persons. Nana. Memory of her lay in the heart like a clod. Martin, at Orchid's behest, had once browsed in among some of the records of the morgue . . . Nana . . .

Yes, May Days had a habit of being auspicious for Orchid. It was on a May Day she had been called to take the place of Delancy Delancy up in the French Room of the Titanic.

And now this May Day was the most gala of all the May Days. The Franco-American Costumers' Convention was on. There had been a really superb fashion show at the Belvedere in Philadelphia and at the Copley in Boston to which she had been sent.

Picked mannequins from picked importing firms.

Martin had teased her at all the rotogravures of Orchid in the illustrated Sunday sections, along with the ostrich mother of ostrich triplets at the zoo, Mrs. Hamilton Stuyvesant on the links at Lennox, and an Australian diver in his two-room-and-kitchenette helmet.

May Day was the wind-up of the International Convention in the form of the season's most important show at the Ritz.

The plums had fallen to Orchid. The Frisby Soeurs and Coreen models which she wore particularly well and some of the sports togs from Cleo and Du Barrie that should have fallen to Cyd.

Orchid tried to placate Cyd with lunch at Henri's. Indeed, would gladly have foregone the sports togs entirely, but Cyd would not be placated. Nor, for that matter, Toto nor Denise.

Orchid was the only model exhibiting for Drecotte that day. As a matter of fact, there was only one mannequin from each firm, and selection was entirely a matter beyond the control of anyone except Sam Mandel himself. But that fact seemed to have no mitigating effect. The lips of Cyd were as bitter and as twisted as if they had been wrung.

It bothered and depressed Orchid. She had even volunteered to Sam Mandel, who would have none of the arrangement, to alternate with the girls.

But once on the platform and down the runway in the fabrics that lay to the flesh like petals, it was sweet, even with the background of envy and bitterness. There was no suppressing the resiliency of youth. . . .

Soft little rush of summer furs. A canary-colored shadow lace frock named Topaz.

"Ohs" and "ahs" went up when she came out, and the pleasant turmoil of applause.

SHE stood on the runway. She held out her arms with the gesture of a giant imperator moth trying its wings. She revolved with the slow statuesque sense of shimmering sheath of body between those wings. Beauty. One could not help but feel the thrill of it.

Martin liked best the last frock. And so, judging from the swell of applause, did the audience that jammed the ballroom. "Ariel" from Suzette Longchamps. "Ariel" probably because it was the pale pink of flesh and so sheer that the underslip of faint blue chiffon embroidered in mignonette came through it in minutest design, like frost tracery on a windowpane. It was so outrageously *bouffé* and frivolous in the way the French can be *bouffé* and frivolous. There was a garden hat, too, with a band of the shell-pink chiffon that came down and half veiled the eyes, and then, in the same *bouffant* mood, a toreador cape of the pinky web, paradoxically edged in a deep border of blue fox and fastened on the left shoulder with a jeweled dagger of gilt filigree heavily studded in rose quartz.

"Ariel. Garden costume. Suzette Longchamps," said the catalogue. And there was a curtain drop of it, too. Of clipped hedge. Gleam of statuary. Curve of fountain.

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Martin, immediately after the show, and regarding her with his bright eyes as if he could not leave off looking, and his hair with the furrows

"HALSEY; take a letter. And you, Martin, take that letter and give it to Robinson tomorrow morning. Report to him for an editorial job."

through it down in the damp little peak she loved. "Tell you what! Shame not to have a real garden party and wear that outfit this day of garden parties. Come on! On my prospects of fame after tomorrow's Sunday morning edition, I'll hire a car and take you out to Innesbrook. I was going out on the train. It's May Day Fete up in Westchester and there's a four-in-one fete at Innesbrook, and the three adjoining places all thrown open for the garden party. Annual performance. All the social Choctaws and their squaws."

"Martin. The May Day Fete at Marblestone! Me. Why——"

Impulsive Martin. It was amusing to see the beet red of wanting to recall his words flow into his face. One of those impulsive jams he was forever getting himself into. Hang it, that wasn't the way he wanted Orchid to dawn upon his relatives. Hang it, hang it, that wasn't the way he wanted her to dawn

upon anyone. Togs. Togs. Glad when the day came she would never have to see another one of them. Hang that tongue of his.

Then there was the last article of his series to be finished by midnight. Of course, it was practically blocked out. But more fun, anyway, to stay in town and have a bite of dinner with Orchid at the Antique—and then home to finish that last article. Explanations, taking her out his way. Too soon to spring Orchid on the family. Probably a row, anyway. Martin standing there, chewing his lips as if he would bite them for having betrayed him into the impulsive outburst, and Orchid, so eager there, in the garden party dress that was lovely mist around her.

"Oh, Martin——"

"You want to go, Orchid?"

"Do I? I've never been anywhere really beautiful, Martin. If Mr. Mandel here doesn't care if—if you and Mr. Mandel."

"'If Mr. Mandel.' Say, believe me, it's worth the price of the outfit you should show yourself in something from Drecotte's on such an occasion like the Marblestone Fete. Just to show you how all right it is with me, I'll send you out in my car."

"Mr. Mandel——"

Poor Martin. His damp lock of hair making him look all the helplessness he felt. Of course, if Orchid wanted to go. Poor little thing, of course—natural she would want to—blamed impulsive thing for him to have blurted out—could not disappoint her now—last year's fete a beastly bore—doubtless the same this year. Of course, if Orchid really wanted to go . . .

"I guess I shouldn't, but oh, Martin, I do want to go . . . if it's all right that I should—if you really mean it. . . ."

"Surely I do. Thank you, Mr. Mandel, for the car. We'll be back before seven. Don't mind having to return early, do you, Orchid? I've my article to get in, you know. Midnight dead line. We'll just hike out for a look in and right back."

"Martin—you're a darling."

III.

IT was the first time, on the ride to Innesbrook that day of blue sky, pink cloudlet, and lush taste of spring, that Martin and Orchid ever dared to plan.

It was the May wine of air, strawberry-colored clouds, and the whiff of sachet in the loveliness of chiffon that must have made them a little heady. The two of them. Martin, who did not even know what his check envelope would contain the end of the first week of the new desk job; off on his first half-day holiday as if the afternoon were eternity and eternity were spring. The two of them full of delicious scare there on the edge of a precipice. The precipice of the success of Martin's articles. Tomorrow morning's success!

Martin, dear silliness, counting his eggs before even the first of them was hatched.

Martin, dear silliness, wanted a house with a gabled roof that tied under its chin like an old witch's cap, and Dutch blue hearth tiles and a laundry chute. He wasn't quite sure about the chute because the house was to be a one-story bungalow. But all his life, declared Martin, he had wanted a laundry chute. Not that he ever had seen one, but somehow, willy-nilly, Martin wanted a laundry chute.

Suddenly, in the key of being absolutely irresponsible, Orchid wanted that laundry chute, too. The laundry chute in her and Martin's house that tied under its chin. The end of the week would tell the tale. Orchid was so sure. Martin was so sure. If Martin's envelope contained as little as fifty dollars, they were going to take the leap. Over the precipice. Into the garden of the house that tied under its chin. On less than that if need be. At least Orchid was willing to leap on less than that. Finally she beat him down to forty. If Martin's envelope contained as little as forty dollars, they were going to leap.

What did it matter that Orchid's original ideas had nothing to do with exactly gable roofs? Just Martin wanting it, somewhere within commuting distance to Park Row, and on a slope with a double terrace, and the darling laundry chute, made it suddenly seem so desirable.

More desirable than her own dream An old

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"How should I wash clothes made of Rayon?" women ask us

One woman writes: "Last week I purchased two lovely rayon undervests at a very attractive price. Now I want to know how to wash them since I have heard that rayon is hard to launder. Won't you please tell me if it is safe in Lux?"

RAYON is a new kind of textile fibre, the first man has succeeded in creating. It is entirely different from silk or wool or cotton. *And more sensitive to laundering than any one of these three!*

To help women avoid unfortunate experiences with washing rayon, the largest soap manufacturers in the world—the makers of Lux—experimented in their laboratories till they found what they believe is the safest way of all to care for it.

When rayon is wet it loses a great deal of its strength (some grades more than others.) This strength comes back as soon as the fabric dries. Any treatment but the gentlest, most careful, seriously affects the delicate fibres.

Never wring, never twist, never rub rayon. *Rubbing with cake soap may ruin it completely!* For when wet the fibres are too weak to resist the pressure from rubbing—they break apart—and before you know it your lovely vests and knickers may be ruined!

The safest, gentlest way to wash rayon is in sparkling, bubbling Lux suds! With Lux there is no rubbing to harm delicate fibres. Its tissue-thin flakes dissolve immediately, making a bowlful of wonderfully cleansing, gentle suds. You know from using Lux for your dainty silks and perishable woolens that it won't harm the most fragile thing that water alone won't injure.

Cut out the washing directions in the panel on this page—follow them carefully when you next wash rayon—they tell you the safest way. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

NEVER were underthings more exquisite, more delicate in colorings than this season! Many of the new vests and knickers are of rayon, the artificial silk which has grown so enormously popular. Many of the new stockings, too, are made of rayon. Launder them the safest, gentlest way of all—the Lux way!

The Safest Way to Wash Rayon

Cut out these directions —follow them next time

WHIP up a tablespoonful of Lux in lukewarm water. Take off your rings—they might tear the wet fibres. A rough fingernail, too, may catch in the fabric and cause damage.

Plunge your underthings into these fluffy bubbling, *pure* Lux suds. Swirl them about, gently pressing the suds through the fabric. *Never* rub with a cake of soap! Then *squeeze* out the suds—never *wring*—and rinse several times in lukewarm water.

To dry, wrap the garment in a towel and squeeze out as much water as possible, do not twist. Then spread on a towel and pull into shape or hang the garment lengthwise over a clothes line or rack. Never use clothes pins. Never dry in excessive heat. For rayon garments which require pressing, iron across the weave with a warm, not hot, iron.

Now the big convenient package, too

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

dream. There was a handsome book of prints in the architectural room at the public library where, sometimes, she escaped from lunch hour in the crowded room with Toto and Cyd and Myrrh. Reproductions of Old World beauty spots of art and architecture. Highly glazed interior view of the home of the Duke d'Abruzzi, seventeenth century, Florence, Italy. Prince Valhombrossa's summer palace at Venice. Late sixteenth century. Facade of Uffizi Palace, Florence. Mellow old beauty of credenzas. Savonarola chairs in gold fringe and red velvet. Cryptics with medieval Madonnas fading into the wood. Refectory tables. Bench and beam and Gothic arch. Those had been part of her dream until Martin upset it with his whimsical one of the house like an old woman with her cap tied under her chin.

OLD mellownesses. Fabrics made lustrous with the mysterious laying on of the hands of time. Often, Saturday afternoons, puttering around antique and second-hand shops and sometimes the showrooms of auction parlors, she could finger for hours among old bits of Spanish and Venetian brocades, just for the luster of the feel of them.

But dear Martin and his adorable boyish nonsense of the house that tied under the chin. His and your house—together.

"But cripes, Orchid, what frightens me is that you're such a stickler for everything snooty. It's right that you should be, of course. But you ought to have picked out some fellow with a million dollars' spending money in his pocket. Nobody but you could sit there in that rig and look the literally dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-glass, hothouse orchid that you do and not deserve to be snooty. That's why the forty bucks a week frightens me. . . ."

"Martin, you talk as if my entire life has been anything else except a struggle against the darkest kind of poverty."

"That's just it. I want your married life to atone for the odds you've——"

"But, Martin, dear, with you there are no odds. How little you know me. Why, Martin, I've a genius for eking out something out of nothing. If I can't have the Italian palace I've in the back of my brain sometimes when I get the sillies and start seeing things, I'll make our witch's house daintier than anything you ever imagined. And on your forty a week—*our* forty a week."

"Dearest dear, I love you for saying that. Only why the devil am I bringing you up here to see all the things we won't be able to afford? Once I show you the Judge's place, that'll knock our witch's house higher than a cocked hat. Only mark my word, Orchid, I've got enough of my uncle in me to make me his kind of success, plus. My way. The way not merely of big journalism, but of idealistic, forward looking journalism. Bet on me, Orchid?"

"I wouldn't bet on a sure thing, Martin."

"You've a capacity for saying just the right thing to make you the dearest ever."

"That's what you are, Martin, the dearest ever."

Hand in Martin's, there in the gliding rush of Sam Mandel's mauve limousine, the May wine of spring was against her lips, and so, with one eye stealthily on the chauffeur, were Martin's dear lips against them, too.

And then, when they turned down an aisle of trees that met over a gravel path that seemed to lead nowhere except into an ocean of hydrangeas, stage fright set in. Two limp legs under the exquisiteness of the Longchamps gown, like dolls', with the sawdust run out.

"Martin, have him turn back. Please. I—can't face it—I—I—shouldn't have let you bring me. You had the good sense to want to renig at the start. I should have had, too. I—I'm out of my depth here, dear. Please."

"Now, Orchid——"

"What's that? Music? They must be dancing. I can't dance, Martin. I've never in my life even been on a dance floor. Please, Martin; I forced you to bring me—you must finish your article tonight by twelve, anyway. I was a pig to even let you come. Please, Martin, let's go back."

"Nothing like that, my pretty lady. Miss Adrienne, my aunt's secretary, has already seen us. Look fine turning back now, wouldn't it? You wanted to come, and now that I've got you here I don't intend to be cheated out of the thrill of arriving with the only girl I've ever seen in my life who really looked like Queen of the May."

"MARTIN, is that—is that your uncle's house—there through the trees? . . ."

"No; that's the Herrick place. I'll take you over there later, and to Wings' place, too. All the adjoining estates are thrown open today. But the Herricks' is really the show place of Westchester. Davanzatti Palace to the life, they say. I've been in Florence, but I can't even remember the look of the original; that's how wise I am on period stuff. But you ought to enjoy it, Orchid. Your kind of thing. Ever heard of Judge Herrick? Of course you have. Well, he's the one gave me some priceless data on my sex equality articles."

"What figure is that, Martin? There, against that heavenly semicircle of hedge?"

"That's Eros, my darling. As if we needed anyone to shoot a love dart at us."

Eros. Orchid made a mental note of that for the library reference room.

"And Martin, those flaming lovely things?"

"Dahlias. Mrs. Herrick goes in for them."

"Oh! Ah! Ah!"

"Now we're on my uncle's place. See that house with the tower on one end like a swollen jaw?"

"Martin, I'm frightened. Those tables spread under the trees—punch—tea—cakes—are we supposed to eat—drink? Martin, oh, look, over near the Herricks'. It can't be. Martin, a white peacock! I—Martin, it can't be real. A green terrace, and white marble steps, and a lily pond, and—and white peacocks."

"THAT'S nothing. Wait until you see the Herrick Roman gardens and on down below their place, the Wing gardens. My uncle's place is not so much on poppycock architecture, but look—pretty nice gardens, aren't they?—and that's his gym up there over the garage—that's where I beard the old lion in his den."

"Martin, I never dreamed such beauty really could—I—Martin—please let us drive back to town. To the Antique for dinner. Martin, I'm frightened."

"Too late. Here we are. Stick by me. My favorite role at these shindigs is to hover lovingly on the edge of the chicken salad and the Roman punch and then do a fade-out."

There was music, remotely pleasant Hawaiian pluckings from a group of natives in yellow paper necklaces and in the slanting light of afternoon, the gayety of figures against green lawns. Men in flannels and women in colored splashes of frocks and parasols.

"Martin," whispered Orchid and dug with her nails in his arm, "don't leave me, for an instant!"

"Hi, there, Aunt Em! Hi—wait a minute—it's me. Martin. Want you to meet my friend, Miss Sargossa. Orchid. My aunt. My cousins."

Martin! For the life of him he could not keep his pride down. Pride of possession. Pride in the little gasp and little stare of his cousins and aunt and of the pausings, already, and the more stares around the little group they formed there. The pausings and the little gasps over the loveliness of Orchid. The loveliness that belonged to him.

The garden party turns to a glittering triumph for Orchid. But it leads directly to the tragedy which destiny holds in store for her. No more gripping crisis could impend over an unsuspecting girl. Follow this quick turn of fortune in next week's issue.

A welcome addition to any home

LIKE the new arrival, the ARCOLA is a most welcome and important addition, which changes the house into a home, and warms and gladdens the entire family! In the days of creeping childhood and athletic youth, reliable, Ideal ARCOLA warmth guards all floors, nooks and corners.

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Death *Is Their* Pacemaker

The True Story of Automobile Racing with Its Tragedies and Miraculous Escapes, Its Heroism and Comedy, Told by a Man Who Knows the Great Game from the Inside

By William F. Sturm

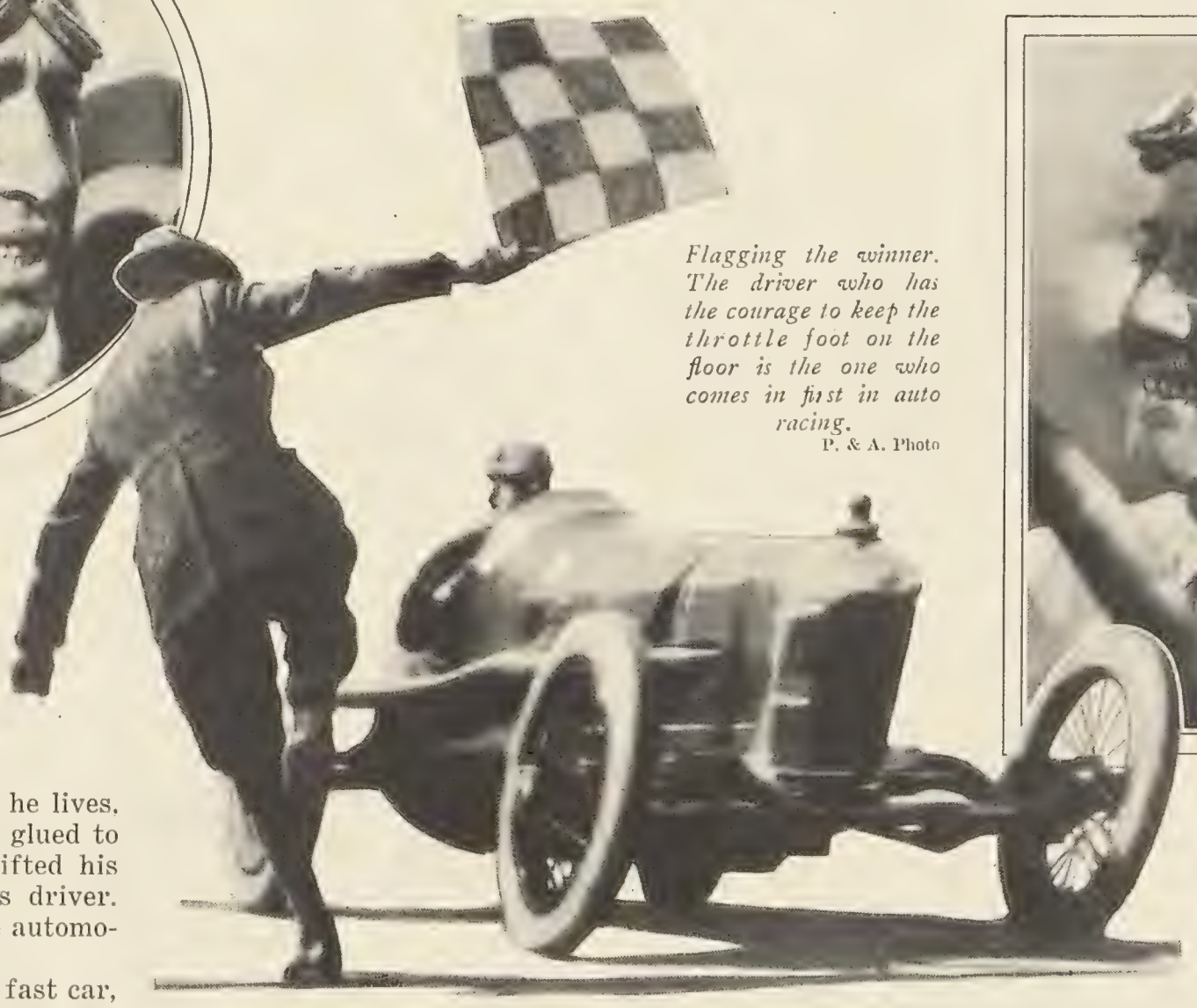
WILLIAM F. STURM is recognized as one of the country's leading authorities on automobile racing, which he has followed, in person, since its infancy. He knows motor manufacture, motor driving, and motor drivers. He organized and participated in four record-breaking cross-country runs and never misses one of the great speedway races. After falling off a couple of bridges in his machine and indulging in several other accidents he is now a bitter enemy of automobile speeding—except on race tracks.

FOUR automobile race drivers come hurtling down the stretch at one hundred and twenty miles an hour and nose into the turn. There is not room on the curve for four abreast. If only one will raise his throttle foot and slacken pace, however slightly, all will speed on safely—but with the others in the lead.

Death flashes its danger signal. Someone must weaken or the toll will not be known until the crunching crash of the motors is silenced and the cloud of wreckage has settled to the track.

Int. Photo

Jimmy Murphy, said to have been the greatest driver that ever put hand to a steering wheel, who was killed at Syracuse, New York, September, 1924.



Flagging the winner. The driver who has the courage to keep the throttle foot on the floor is the one who comes in first in auto racing.

P. & A. Photo

Int. Photo

Roscoe Sarles, who was burned to death before aid could reach him, when his car went over the top of the track.

The winner of the race, if he lives, is the man who kept his foot glued to the floor. The fellow who lifted his foot is just a good, cautious driver. He wins no first prizes on the automobile race track.

First prizes are taken by a fast car, well put together, some racing luck, iron nerve, and the courage to keep that throttle foot on the floor.

Some drivers who race on the big league circuit—those seven speedways under the control of the American Automobile Association—are content to finish in second or third place. Others feel repaid if they take fourth money. These men are never winners. They get tremors in that throttle foot and—perhaps—have too much sense to correct those tremors.

Winning drivers are fatalists. If they consider at all the possibility of death on the track they dismiss it with the observation, "Well, it's got to come sometime," and they keep their feet on that throttle.

There is Ralph De Palma, one of the most popular and successful of drivers. He started racing in 1908. In the 1912 Grand Prize race at Milwaukee De Palma's car collided with that of Caleb Bragg and De Palma lay at the point of death for weeks. Since then he has been in a score of smashes. Yet his nerve is as strong as ever.

DE PALMA earned fame in the 1912 Indianapolis race. He led up to the last lap, when a faulty engine caused his Mercedes to die at the head of the homestretch.

Joe Dawson, in a National, who had been running second, won the race. De Palma and his mechanician pushed the dead Mercedes a mile in the hot sun to the finish wire. Even then the plucky driver was deprived of a place, since the rules provide that a car must finish under its own power. Instead of tearing his hair at this decision, De Palma smiled, and that smile has lived in the hearts of racing fans to this day. He drives always to win, but loses as gracefully and gamely as any man on the track.

Bob Burman and his mechanician, Harry Goetz, turned turtle in a big race. They were lucky to get out alive. Harry crawled from under the wreckage, turned to Burman, and said, "Look, Bob; didn't hurt my wrist watch a bit; it's running!" He held up his arm to prove it.

Louis Wagner, hero of many a big road race in Europe, invaded America a few years ago. In a race on the Indianapolis track something went wrong with his Ballot car. He smashed through the cement safety wall and shot down a twenty-foot bank, turning over three or four times. When a guard came to his assistance and helped him separate himself from the mass of twisted steel the great Wagner merely exclaimed, "Where's my cap?"

Jimmy Murphy, killed at Syracuse, New York, in September, 1924, undoubtedly the greatest driver that ever put hand to a steering wheel, got a tire puncture on the Kansas City track at the inaugural race in September of 1922. His car skidded down the bank. As he was straightening it out Joe Thomas came thundering around the bend at one hundred and twenty miles an hour and hit Murphy's car square in the middle, completely wrecking it. Murphy and his mechanician, Olson, while thrown out, were not seriously hurt.

"Certainly broke us square in two!" was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

A *discovery* hidden in a pie!

The recipe below, be sure, is a marvelously fine one. That dash of orange juice is a flash of inspiration.

But the *discovery* you will make is that Carnation Milk *delightfully surpasses* the richest bottled milk for cooking—in pumpkin pie, and also in soups, cocoa, ice cream, candies, puddings, and just lots of other dishes.

You will discover a richer flavor, a finer texture, as if you had used expensive pure cream. For Carnation is rich, unsweetened full-cream milk evaporated to double richness—

With its double helping of cream *blended in*, giving to even the tiniest last drop the smooth, rich consistency which, as domestic science authorities have demonstrated, *adds new perfections to milk dishes.*

Discover Carnation Milk! You'll never again be without it.

Carnation Pumpkin Pie

1¼ cups steamed pumpkin, ⅞ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ginger, 2 tbsp. orange juice, ½ tsp. salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ cup water.

Mix materials in order given and pour into unbaked pastry shell. Place in 450°F oven to set crust; after 10 minutes reduce temperature to 250°F. This low temperature is necessary to produce proper consistency in a filling composed principally of milk and eggs. High temperatures curdle or whey such fillings and give them a "liver-y" appearance. Bake about one hour.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—This unusual little cook book, by Mrs. Mary Blake, is free. Write for it.

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Improved

Now Chevrolet engineers reveal the results of many months' work in the Chevrolet Engineering Department, in the General Motors Laboratories, and on the hills and straightaways at the General Motors Proving Ground.

Now they offer you the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history—a car so smooth, so effortless, so powerful that its performance can be compared only with that of much higher priced cars.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Chevrolet

A TYPE of performance never before approached in any low cost car—that's what you get in the improved Chevrolet!

To the world-famous power and economy of the Chevrolet valve-in-head motor have been added new elements of smoothness, flexibility, and acceleration. The result is nothing short of a revelation—not alone to veteran Chevrolet owners but to men accustomed to driving much costlier cars.

You may doubt that any car of this type can flash from 5 to 25 miles an hour in less than eight seconds—*but the improved Chevrolet does it!*

You may question the ability of such a car to idle in silence at 7 miles an hour and to speed along at 40—45—50 without the slightest trace of labor or effort—*but the improved Chevrolet does that!*

You may assume from past experience that no low-cost car can combine these brilliant power qualities with Pullman car comfort over roads of every sort—*but that's what the improved Chevrolet offers!*

In addition, it provides an operating quality that borders on the sensational: going at top speed, you can lift your foot from the accelerator—and the car instantly floats into a smooth, free-running noiseless coast, whether on a down grade or level road.

The blunt truth is that the improved Chevrolet introduces into the low-priced field exactly the type of performance that until now has been the chief attraction of owning higher priced cars.

Remarkable as these improvements are, they have been achieved without any vital changes in Chevrolet's time-proved design.

A new, flexible, 3-point motor suspension makes a notable contribution to smoother, quieter operation. Lighter pistons and pins, accurately balanced, give a quickness of throttle response that cannot fail to delight you.

A redesigned motor head with larger cooling areas around the valves is responsible for even greater motor efficiency.

The generator is now driven by an endless V-shaped, silent belt; the oil pump is located in the crankcase so as to insure positive, noiseless motor lubrication under all conditions. For convenient removal, the valve cover has been changed to a one-piece steel stamping.

Springs of new design on all models, combined with balloon tires, provide pillowy comfort on rutty roads and make long tours a source of genuine pleasure and bodily relaxation.

Striking new colors in Duco finish lend a new beauty to all enclosed models: the Coach in Bloomfield Gray, the Coupe in Arizona Gray, the Sedan in a rich Algerian Blue. The new Chevrolet model, a modish, aristocratic, smartly appointed Landau Sedan, is finished in Arizona Gray Duco.

* * * * *

The improved Chevrolet is now being displayed by Chevrolet dealers everywhere. Visit the nearest salesroom. Ask for a ride.

Subject the car to the most rigorous test that you can devise. Loaf through traffic. Skim over country roads. Plow through mud and sand. Rush up hills that balk bigger and higher priced cars.

Whether you spend one hour or five at the wheel we make this emphatic prediction: *you will step from the car having undergone an experience the like of which you never dreamed possible in any car of this class, regardless of size, weight, wheel base or price!*

Long the world's largest builder of automobiles with modern 3-speed transmission, Chevrolet now bids for continued success with the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history!

And the time to see it and drive it is now.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY . DETROIT . MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Make Calumet Muffins *for* Breakfast Tomorrow

In the morning—that's when muffins taste the best—when they are piping hot—direct from the oven. Put a piece of golden butter on every bite.

Calumet Baking Powder is the one leavener that never disappoints you when you bake. It has withstood every conceivable test by millions of housewives for over a third of a century.

CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

costs less per baking than many other brands because you use less—one spoonful does the work of two spoonfuls of many other leaveners.

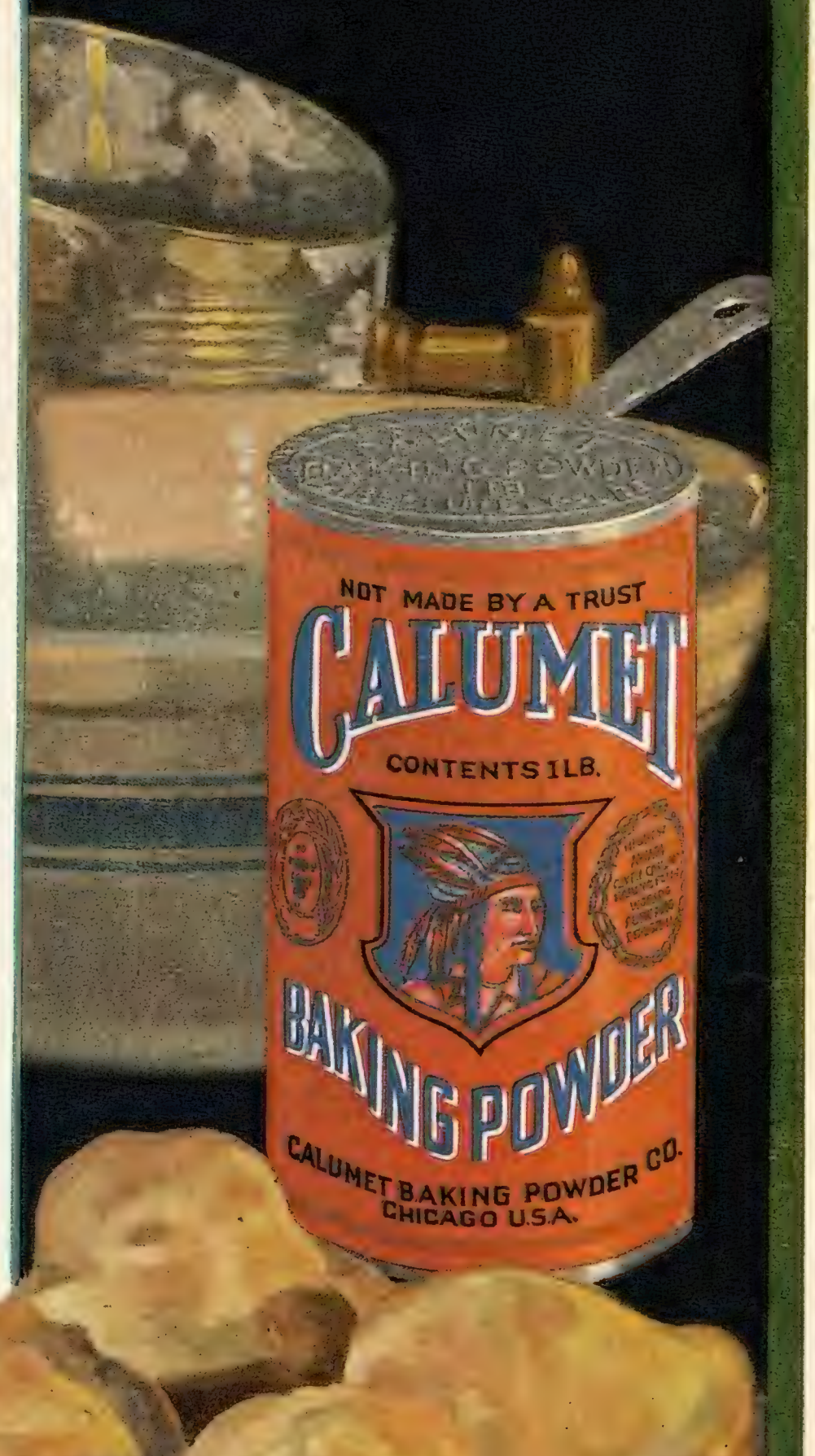
Follow this recipe—do it in the morning. Be sure and use Calumet.

CALUMET MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour — ½ level teaspoonful salt
2 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder — 1 egg
¼ tablespoon sugar — 1 cup sweet milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift together thoroughly flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add gradually egg, well beaten, milk and shortening. Beat well. Bake in hot greased muffin pans, twenty-five minutes in hot oven, at 350-400F. This recipe will make muffins for a family of five. Double the ingredients for larger family.

EVERY INGREDIENT USED OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY U. S. FOOD AUTHORITIES.



NORMAN HALL

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

Jimmy's only remark, accompanied by that famous Murphy smile.

It was in this same race that Eddie Hearne and his mechanician, Eddie Heffernan, broke a steering connection. The car turned at right angles and rolled over and over down the course. The front end twisted around, caught in a rough spot in the track, and the rear rose straight in the air. The car remained poised for a moment and then toppled over. Those who rushed to their aid had little hope, yet Hearne's injuries consisted of a broken finger, while Heffernan had a sprained wrist.

P. & A. Photo

Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace of aces in the Air Service during the World War, received his baptism of fire on the speed paths.

One man's good luck often means another's dire misfortune in automobile racing as in life.

Clif Durant, millionaire driver, had flown a plane to the same race. His racing car had come by express. Roscoe Sarles, an expert racer, was anxious to get into the contest, but had no car. Durant had a rash of some sort on his face, and Roscoe told him that he was sure it was erysipelas and that Clif had better not drive, but put himself under the care of a doctor.

Durant let Sarles drive his car. During the race the car failed in some vital part, and both car and its two passengers went over the top of the track at its highest point, falling to the ground below. The mechanician, Pickup, was thrown clear of the car as it fell. Sarles, pinned down by a huge sliver from the upper rail of the track, burned to death before aid could reach him. Pickup, thirty feet away, with a broken thigh, dragged himself over to the burning car in an effort to rescue Sarles.

Little things cause race accidents—things that the ordinary driver never has to think about. A racing car traveling at one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour down the straightaway tends to "lift" so that its wheels little more than brush the ground. In this condition it is at the mercy of the crosswinds. A zephyr blowing onto the track between two grand stands may set a car over as much as two or three feet when the car passes the opening.

Probably the most notable instance of racing under extreme difficulties is furnished by Harry Hartz. He got his early racing training as a riding mechanician with Eddie Hearne and drove his first race at Indianapolis in May, 1922, finishing second. Since then he has been a consistent place winner. In the three and a half years he has been racing he has accumulated three racing cars and a big bank account.

Harry went to Indianapolis last year determined to win first place. Placing second in 1922 and 1923, and fourth in 1924, he was ready for the big prize. At the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile post he was trailing the leader by a scant fifty yards. He had decided to attempt to hold this position until the time came to make his drive for first place.

A tire punctured. The sudden list of the car caused it to crash into the cement safety wall inside of the track, turn once around, and hit the wall again. After this smash at one hundred and eighteen miles an hour, Hartz got under way and went to his pit for repairs.

P. & A. Photo

Harry Hartz, who, despite more than his share of racing difficulties, has been a consistent place winner.

Int. Photo

Clif Durant, millionaire driver who, due to a rash on his face, was saved from being the pilot on his death car.

The delay had cost valuable time. For the last half of the race he had to fight his car as one has to fight a truck wheel. He finished in fourth place, six minutes and forty-two and twelve one-hundredths seconds behind the winner. The frame of his car was sprung out of line, the front axle was bent, the steering post had been torn loose from its bracket on the transmission housing, carrying a section of the housing with it. This permitted a film of oil to spray out of the transmission case directly into his face for the last half of the race. The average passenger car owner would not have driven that car around the block at twenty miles an hour.

There are mascots aplenty on the racing circuits, and many omens among the drivers. Among those whose pet superstition is well known is Pete de Paolo, diminutive American-born Italian, who is married and has a son, Tomaso, two years old. Never a race does Pete drive without little Tomaso's first shoes to keep him company. They are wired, one on each of his car's front springs.

Int. Photo

Peter de Paolo, diminutive driver, with his wife and son, Tomaso. Pete never races without his boy's first shoes to keep him company.

There must be good medicine in Tomaso's shoes, for Pete won the one hundred and fifty mile race at Fresno, the five hundred mile race at Indianapolis, the two hundred and fifty mile event at Altoona, and the two hundred and fifty mile race at Laurel, Maryland. One thing is sure: no other baby shoes have traveled at such terrific speed.

While the thrills of the racing game go to the drivers and the spectators, the less spectacular business of making speedways popular and solvent is handled by a thoroughly competent body—the American Automobile Association.

This organization requires of promoters that they put up one hundred dollars of prize money for each mile of racing. Under this ruling the five hundred mile race must have a total of fifty thousand dollars in prizes, the two hundred and fifty mile race twenty-five thousand dollars, etc. Should one driver win all the first places in the various races during the year his income would be approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; should one win all the second places his income would approach sixty thousand dollars; the third places would bring twenty-eight

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[DEATH IS THEIR PACEMAKER]
Continued from Page Forty-five

thousand dollars; the fourth places about nineteen thousand dollars.

In addition to the speedway prizes there are various special prizes awarded by accessory concerns. Indianapolis has a citizens' lap prize fund, one hundred dollars going to the leader of each of the two hundred laps that go to make up the five-hundred-mile race. Pete de Paolo not only finished his Duesenberg Special first on May 30, 1925, but he led for eighty-eight of the two hundred laps. His lap prizes thus amounted to eight thousand eight hundred dollars.

A tire company paid him four thousand dollars because his car was equipped with its product. An ignition maker paid him a first place prize of two thousand five hundred dollars for using his product. A spark plug company increased Pete's winnings by seven hundred and fifty dollars. The accessory company which had the broadcasting concession paid Pete one hundred dollars for telling the world he was glad he won.

Charles M. Schwab, who is much interested in racing, gave Pete a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gold watch for leading the race at two hundred and fifty miles. Pete made thirty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty dollars on the race, at the rate of something over seven thousand dollars an hour. Not bad for going to work at 10 A. M. and quitting at 2:56:39.47 P. M. Yes, the figures are forty-seven one-hundredths of a second, for that is the way the electrical timer measures.

IT isn't every driver who can accumulate enough money to buy a good racing car, which costs from ten to twelve thousand dollars. This may include a few spare parts. To get all necessary equipment to start the first racing season will take perhaps fourteen thousand dollars.

In addition to the cost of the car, there is the expense of a mechanician. The scale for these varies, but an average would be twenty-six hundred dollars a year and train fare, with perhaps a percentage of the purses won, usually not over five per cent. Put the mechanician's railroad fare at a thousand dollars a year. The driver's personal expenses will run close to five thousand a year. Car shipping expenses will use up another two thousand dollars a year. Tires—for every driver pays for his rubber—may mean another three thousand dollars.

Roughly, then, one might say that to buy a new racing car and campaign it for the first year costs twenty-five thousand dollars. After the first year the cost of the car does not enter in the expense column. But the life of a big league racing car is only about three years. After that time the owner

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tower

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New Diaphragm

PATENTS PENDING

ONLY Tower Speakers are equipped with the wonderful new Diaphragm—the greatest single contribution to sound reproduction since Bell invented the telephone receiver.

Composed of two different materials—metal and special impregnated parchment—of varying thicknesses scientifically spaced, the new Diaphragm reproduces *both* high and low notes with a clarity and roundness of tone that simply cannot be equalled.

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TOWER MFG CORPORATION
BOSTON, MASS.

Only Tower Speakers equipped with the New Diaphragm

WORLD'S GREATEST SPEAKER VALUES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

may dispose of it to one of the ten thousand-odd boys who furnish the thrills on the half-mile and the mile dirt ovals of the country. But the selling price won't be over half its original cost, even if the seller should make a good deal.

It is a problem with some of the drivers whether to buy their own cars or drive for someone else. Driving for another means that the driver may be able to make an arrangement whereby all his expenses will be paid and he will receive from forty to sixty per cent of all purses won.

Insurance against accident or damage to life and property on the race track comes high. Car insurance may be obtained, but I know of no driver who carries this sort of insurance. In discussing the matter with a representative of an insurance company, before the Indianapolis race this year, the rate quoted was one hundred and fifty dollars' premium on twelve thousand dollars for each race.

Racing cars are stripped down to the barest essentials. The motor of a racing car is not essentially different from that of the passenger car. The changes involved are those that make excessive speed possible. Racing motors are practically hand-built and, thus, much more finely balanced than motors turned out by the thousands in factory production.

Balance is a primary requisite for high speed. Without every part in perfect balance, the motors would tend to break apart when running wide open.

Racing cars have no use for fenders, and nothing else finds a place except the necessities. The cars are so built that there is not a single sharp angle to catch the wind. The bodies are eighteen to nineteen inches wide at the seat.

Gone forever are the days when a big league racing car may be pictured with two begoggled figures—driver and mechanician—tearing through space, with the mechanician pumping furiously to keep the air pressure on the gasoline tank. The mechanician watches the race from the pit today, for the cars have been single-seaters since May, 1923, and highly developed mechanism now keeps up the gasoline pressure.

The wheelbase of racing cars is approximately one hundred inches, the tread fifty-two inches, and the highest point of the car from the ground something under forty inches. The gasoline carrying capacity is from twenty-eight to thirty gallons, with room for eight gallons of oil. This fuel and lubrication adds a total weight of about two hundred and fifty pounds besides the driver. A racing car will average from ten to fourteen miles on a gallon of gasoline during a race.

Tires on a racing car are subjected to the severest of tests. In addition to the abrasive action of the track, the intense speed and the kneading of the tread cause considerable internal heat. The tires have, however, kept pace with the mechanical perfecting of the cars. Balloon tires five and one-quarter inches in diameter are regular racing equipment.

Int. Photo

Bob Burman (at the wheel) and his mechanician turned turtle in a big race and were lucky to get out alive, but they crawled from the wreckage in joking mood.

Int. Photo

Eddie Hearne, whose car turned over and over in a Kansas City race. He escaped with nothing worse than a broken finger.

WHEN the five-hundred-mile-race was inaugurated at Indianapolis, in 1911, the piston-displacement limit was put at six hundred cubic inches. Piston displacement is the size of the space through which the pistons move from the bottom of their stroke to the top. As the years went by, the speedway management and the American Automobile Association, in their endeavor to develop American motors, have reduced the limit gradually, until for the last three years it has been one hundred and twenty-two cubic inches, or two-thirds the size of a Ford engine.

This year will usher in the era of vest-pocket racing motors, the displacement being limited to ninety-one and one-half cubic inches—half the size of a Ford engine and but little larger than some motorcycle engines of today.

The motors still will be of eight-cylinder construction, and will develop, in spite of their small size, approximately one hundred and twenty-five horse power.

The smaller the motor the faster it must "turn over" to deliver sufficient power for its purpose. In the early racing days, when the motors were much larger than now, eighteen hundred revolutions a minute was considered high speed. At eighteen hundred revolutions a minute a present-day motor would not drive the car fast enough "to pull your hat off," to quote a trite racing expression. As a result, while racing motors of 1925's vintage "wind up" to fifty-two hundred revolutions a minute, the 1926 motors probably will hit their maximum at near six thousand.

Big league automobile racing shows its wares on seven specially constructed speedways which draw crowds ranging from forty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand. There is a two-and-a-half mile four-cornered brick track at Indianapolis; mile-and-a-quarter board ovals at Culver City, California; Altoona, Pennsylvania; Charlotte, North Carolina; and Salem, New Hampshire; a mile-and-an-eighth board oval at Laurel, Maryland, and a mile board saucer at Fresno, California. Other speedways are under construction or discussion at Fulford-by-the-Sea, Florida; St. Petersburg, Florida; and at Dallas, Texas.

The board tracks are in some instances banked as much as forty-five to forty-nine degrees on the turns, the Indianapolis track not nearly so much—between thirty-six and thirty-seven degrees on the corners.

The term "big league" is used to differentiate the big speedways from the hundreds of half-mile and mile dirt tracks over the country which are used for auto racing.

Int. Photo

Tommy Milton, who won two of the Indianapolis racing classics. He was spilled several times without serious injury.

The American Automobile Association sanctions the races, registers the drivers and mechanicians, and sees that the promoters make their tracks as safe as possible and that they pay the prize money promptly.

Automobile racing is a good training for certain types of men. Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker, commander of the Ninety-fourth Pursuit Squadron, United States Air Service, in the World War, and America's ace of aces, got his baptism of motor fire on American speedways.

Rickenbacker was one of the most fearless of all the clan that dueled on the speed paths of America. He went to the World War as General Pershing's chauffeur, using this position as an avenue to the Air Service. As a war pilot "Eddie," or "Rick," as he is known to the racing boys, plunged into conflict with the seasoned flyers of Germany and accounted for twenty-six enemy aircraft—and came through without a scratch.

THE END

P. & A. Photo

How an airplane can fight a whole detachment of tanks. An incident of a sham battle on Miller Field, Long Island, New York, in which an airplane scored a direct hit with a smoke bomb. In actual war the tank struck would have been annihilated and the others disabled.

What Airplanes Will Do in the Next War

Torpedoes Dropped from the Air and Guided by Radio Can Now Spread Death a Hundred Miles Away—and That's Only the Beginning, Says the Stormy Colonel in This Startling Article

By

Col. William Mitchell

WHEN we start to build up our air power we must provide a system for obtaining the best airplanes possible. It is not enough to say that our airplanes must be as good as those of other nations—they ought to be much better. We Americans, who are able to make the best airplanes and engines in the world, should not be deprived of them when our people are entirely willing to foot the bills for an air force and to let those in whom they have confidence spend such funds to the best possible advantage.

Our people always have hesitated in time of peace to put much money into the Army or Navy, because it was impossible to convince the average American, on account of his good, hard common sense, that we needed great establishments of that kind.

With aviation, however, the case is different. The people realize that it can be used advantageously in time of peace for all sorts of civil and commercial pursuits. It comes much closer to their daily lives than armies or navies—it is among them to a great extent. Aviators themselves have a different point of view from Army and Navy officers—they associate and mix with the civilian population to a much greater extent. When an airplane flies over a locality everyone for miles around goes out and looks at it. They realize the dangers and difficulties that have to be encountered by the pilot, and this, combined with the newness of the whole thing, awakens their sympathy, their interest, and their appreciation. They desire that American flyers shall have the best equipment obtainable; and if they do not get it they want to know the reason why.

P. & A. Photo

Naval observer obtaining data concerning the wind at various altitudes. With this information aviators know exactly what conditions they will encounter.

Without good airplanes air power cannot be developed.

Important as is the question of equipment, it must be secondary to that of personnel, because without properly trained men good airplanes cannot be developed.

Further, without good airplanes the best pilots in the world are of little use. A very good man and a very poor man in a poor airplane are more or less equal; but a very good man in a good airplane is infinitely superior to a very inferior man in a good airplane.

The different types of airplanes required for accomplishing a specific object are many, and the instruments, equipment, and accessories necessary can be counted almost by the thousands.

Seventy-five trades enter into the operation and upkeep of these machines. Nearly anyone can devise a complicated airplane, but it takes a remarkable man to develop simple and effective airplanes and their accessories.

In viewing the whole problem, the construction of airplanes falls into two categories: strictly military machines and commercial machines.

In the military type we have to obtain certain requirements, irrespective of what they cost and, in a measure, of how hazardous they may be, because if we have a ma-

chine that can inflict five or six times the damage to the enemy that it sustains itself, even if it is a dangerous one, it pays us to construct it.

On the other hand, a commercial machine must show that it is safe, can hold to a regular schedule, and is economical in operation—that is, it must show a profit in dollars and cents to its owners. All commercial airplanes are 70 per cent efficient for war—they can do everything that military aircraft can, except work in the actual presence of the enemy. They can transport goods, act as carriers and training machines. The same airways that they use in time of peace can be used by military machines in time of war. All their pilots are about ninety per cent efficient for some duty in war, and all their mechanics are one hundred per cent efficient. The relation of commercial aviation, therefore, to military aviation is very close—much closer, really, than is the merchant marine to the Navy.

Similarly, military personnel and machines fit into civil and commercial work just as easily in time of peace.

Looking at the United States from an aeronautical military standpoint, we see that our first duty is to defend the coasts and frontiers. Along the coasts themselves it is sufficient to be able to keep hostile shipping out of range of the shore, either by gunfire or aircraft. This is a comparatively easy matter, especially as far as the shipping is concerned.

To keep aircraft completely out of the air over the country is a much more difficult problem, because this would presuppose that they acted from land bases established either by a succession of jumps from Europe or Asia or by the voyage of airships acting as airplane carriers across the seas.

First, in military aviation, we have to provide airplanes that can clear the air of the enemy. If we have equipment good enough to catch him wherever he may be, shoot him down and destroy him, then we will be safe from attack; so a country's first consideration is her pursuit airplanes. These constitute the line of the air force, just as infantry is the line of the army on the ground and battleships were heretofore the line of the navy.

WE should have two types of pursuit airplanes—one to take the offensive—that is, to go as far away from our coasts and frontiers as is necessary to meet the enemy—and another to defend a locality, such as New York. With the former we need great horizontal speed, the ability to dive at high velocity, so as to attack and get away, and a large gas capacity, so as to cover long distances.

In the defending plane we need great climbing ability, so as to meet the enemy quickly when he approaches the place we wish to defend. These have to be constructed differently from the offensive plane. They have to maneuver very rapidly — "dog-fight," as we call it—that is, stay in one place and fight instead of attacking and leaving their enemy and then attacking again.

Some of our pursuit airplanes will have to go up to thirty-five thousand feet or even higher in future contests, because height is the greatest concealment for airplanes. Whenever air forces going from one place to another wish to proceed secretly they go up as high as possible.

The ordinary gasoline engine begins to give out pretty badly around twenty thousand feet. There is not enough oxygen in the air to mix with the gasoline and give it sufficient combustion to keep up its power, so an artificial system of delivering oxygen has to be resorted to. This is accomplished by what we call a turbo-compressor or supercharger, having an air compressor or air pump attached to it. This pump would deliver compressed air to the carburetor. The degree of compression of the air could be varied so as to give as much oxygen in a certain volume as is found in ordinary air at sea level. In this way the power of engines can be kept constant at any ordinary altitude. In fact, we have been able to go higher with our supercharged motors than we can sustain life.

A person needs to be given an additional supply of oxygen at about the same time the engine has to be aided. It is comparatively easy to test a person, to ascertain at what height he will require more oxygen. This can be done on the ground by exhausting the air in a chamber in which the pilot sits. As the density of the air for various altitudes is known, the air in the chamber can be varied accordingly. Some persons can support a more rarefied atmosphere than others, hence can go higher. The effects of altitude manifest themselves by a slowing up of the faculties, mental and physical. The mental processes become slower, reactions are not instantaneous, the movements of arms and head become more sluggish.

About five years ago I tried to have a chamber built in which the pilot could sit, with windows and electrical controls for steering the airplane and manipulating the elevators and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is what happened when an eleven-hundred-pound bomb, dropped from the air, hit the old U. S. Battleship Virginia. Wide World Photo

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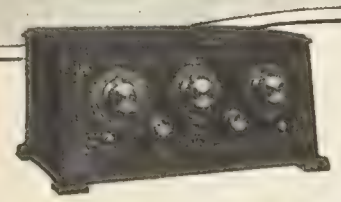

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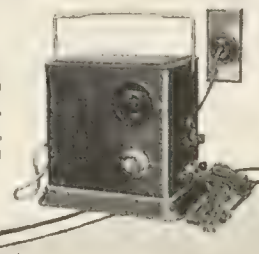

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[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

ailerons. The interior was to be constantly supplied with air of the same oxygen content as that obtaining near sea level. It looked as though we had a satisfactory solution of the problem, when we were held up on our development by one of the many causes that have arrested us during the last three or four years. These have been:

The gradual curtailment of our appropriations.

The loss of many excellent technical engineers.

The resignation of Air Service officers.

The development that is stopped sometimes is entirely lost and has almost to be rediscovered and built up again from the bottom.

Our second great branch of aviation is bombardment, which is the branch designed to attack objects on water or on land with missiles powerful enough to destroy them. Bombardment aviation has a wide choice of weapons. First, it can use the ordinary dropped bomb. This has been very highly improved since the war.

It may seem strange, but if a round cannon ball is dropped out of an airplane at a considerable height it does not drop straight, but takes a sort of zigzag course. That is because a big vacuum is created behind it and the suction of the air diverts its path.

A STREAMLINE body, however, shaped something like a pear, does not allow a vacuum to form behind it and, therefore, it falls in a straight line. All sorts of shapes for bombs are experimented with to see which will be the best, and moving pictures of them are taken during the whole course of their fall from heights of eight thousand to ten thousand feet, so that we know exactly the time required for their descent, the amount of forward motion they will have in accordance with the speed of the airplane, and the effect of wind. All these things are taken into consideration in the airplane bombardment sight—in fact, a modern bombardment sight is almost automatic in its nature.

The altimeter, or height indicator, worked by the pressure of the air, sets the altitude element on our sight, and the speed indicator sets another element. While we look at the object we wish to attack with a telescope, keeping it trained on the target, a lever attached to the telescope sets the drift, or how much the airplane is moving sideways. All these factors are so arranged that when the telescope, dipping down to a smaller and smaller angle as the object is approached, reaches the proper angle of sight an electrical connection releases the bomb and lets it fall. The accuracy of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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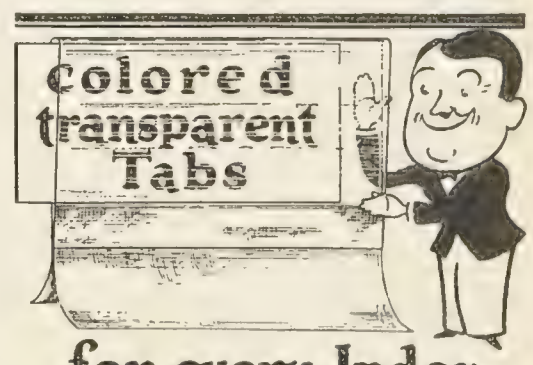

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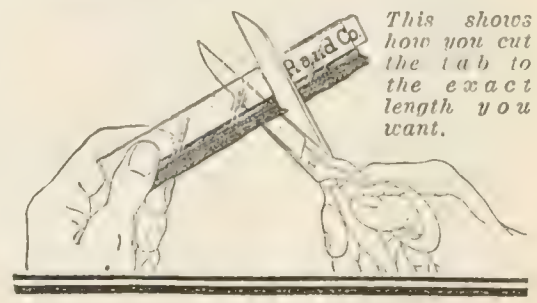


This shows how you cut the tab to the exact length you want.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

dropped bomb today is probably greater at battle ranges than that of any other missile-throwing weapon — cannon, guns, or other devices. These sights are being improved constantly by all nations.

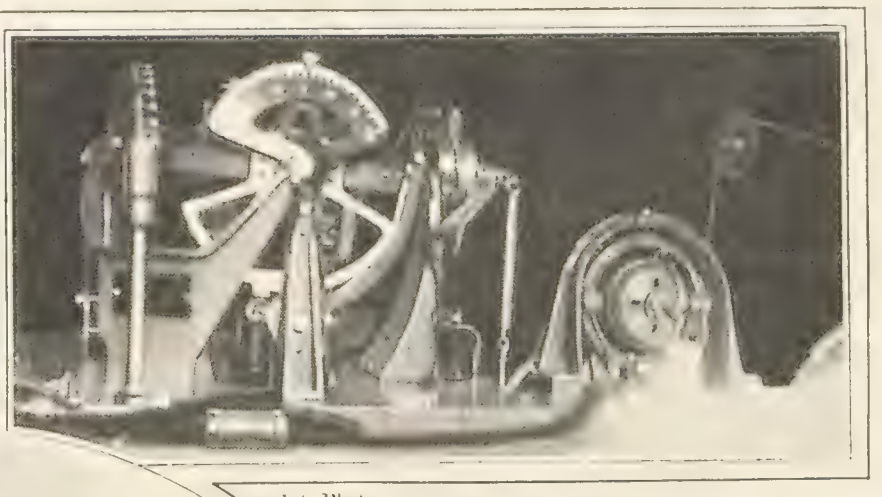
The bombing airplanes that carry them are comparatively large, lumbering machines. They are capable of carrying from one to four tons of bombs and of flying from eight hundred to fifteen hundred miles. The ordinary air attack of the future will be made at a height of fifteen thousand feet—that is, the great bombers will move from one place to another at about that altitude, three miles up in the air. Their attack will be delivered at the most convenient height. They may, under some conditions, come down very close to the ground.

In addition to the bombs, these great airplanes can use the water torpedo such as is used in navies. They can use the aerial torpedo, which really is a small airplane with its explosive or chemical charge on board, which is guided by gyroscopes, so that its course can be set in the bomber. It can then be fired, and will stick to its direction. These aerial torpedoes can also be guided by radio telegraphy. Very good practice has been made with them at over a hundred miles, and the range or course can be increased, depending only on the gasoline capacity of their engines.

GLIDING bombs also are being developed. These are much like the ordinary bomb, except that they are equipped with wings. Their rudders are also governed by gyroscopes. When these are dropped they fall a sufficient distance to get up enough speed to glide and then are able to cover about a mile horizontally to each thousand feet dropped.

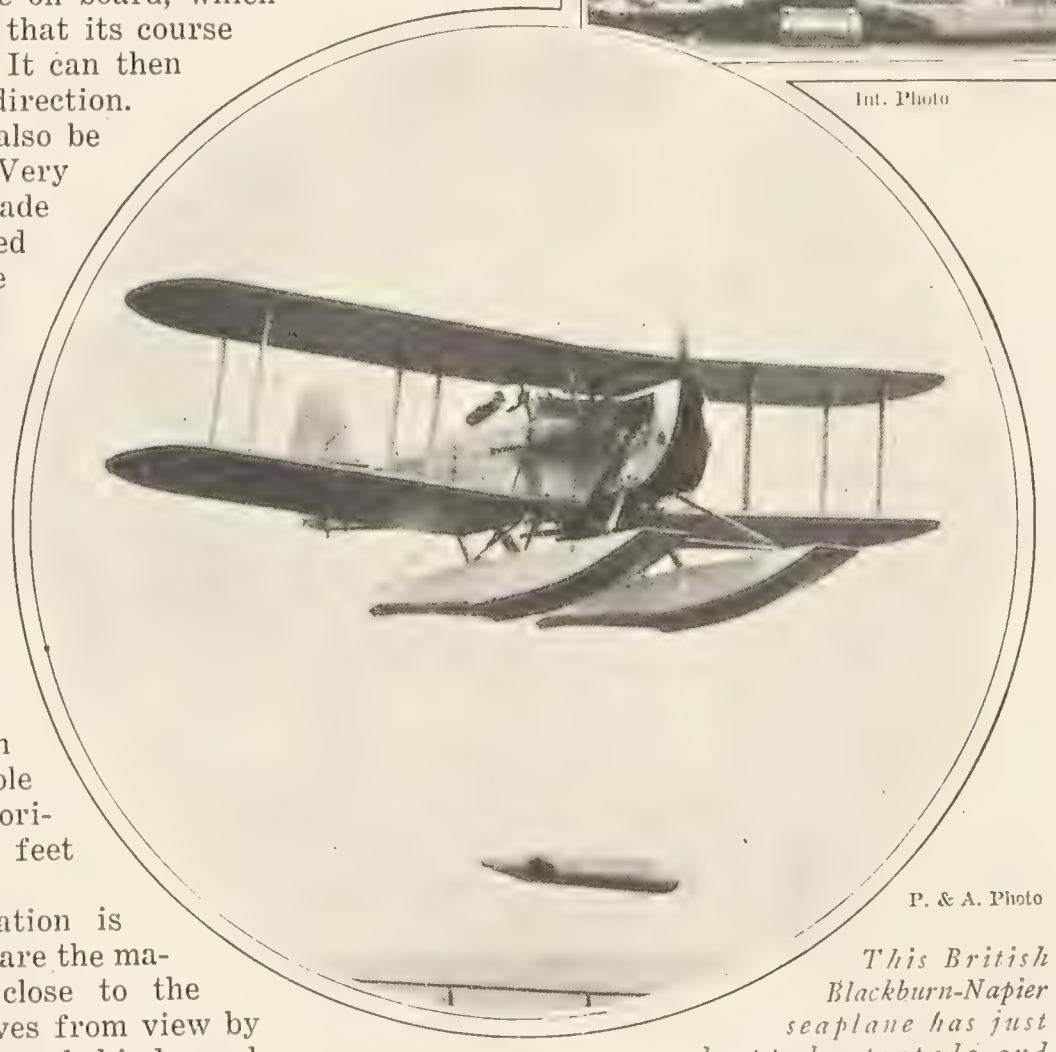
Our third class of aviation is what we call attack. These are the machines that operate very close to the ground and protect themselves from view by approaching their target from behind woods, hills, or mountains, or even buildings. They use small cannon and machine guns and comparatively small bombs. Their attack with machine guns at ranges of a mile or over is remarkably accurate. From the tests I have seen made within the last few months I believe that their fire is more accurate than is that from machine guns on the ground. This class of aviation is used to attack railroad trains, both passenger and freight. They are particularly good against trains composed of oil and gasoline tank cars. They can break up river communications, as their small bombs, cannon, and machine guns can destroy the shipping easily. For work against transports, torpedo boat destroyers, or light cruisers, they are most valuable. These types of vessels are quite vulnerable, because their sides are thin and projectiles can go through them into the engine rooms; in the case of destroyers especially, because there are great charges of explosives in the torpedoes on their decks, while toward the sterns are lines of mines equally dangerous. Attack aviation can also use chemical weapons, lay smoke or gas screens, and may be applied in an infinite number of ways.

Both bombardment and attack aviation need pursuit aviation to protect them. In battle practice the usual ratio is about two pursuit planes to one attack or bombardment plane. This does not mean that you can send out one bombardment or attack airplane with two pursuit planes and expect it to be protected. It means that with every one hundred attack or bombardment planes there should be two hundred pursuit planes, and if the enemy is especially strong in pursuit this proportion might have to be increased. The pursuit, bombardment, and attack work together and travel together. If we desire to send a part of our air force from the Atlantic to the Pacific the bombardment airplanes would carry the extra mechanics and equipment, in lieu of their bomb loads, for the pursuit ships that accompanied them.



Int. Photo

The Sperry gyroscopic stabilizer, as mounted on an airplane.



P. & A. Photo

This British Blackburn-Napier seaplane has just dropped a torpedo and turned away at right angles. The torpedo continues in the original direction toward its target.

The airways over which they fly need special equipment. They need marks and indications on the ground—the names of cities along the route painted on prominent buildings, so as to be plainly visible. They need a well-organized weather system, so as to tell whether any storms or fogs lie ahead. They need good radio communication. They need night lights and beacons.

The airdromes or landing fields themselves must be equipped with a rapid means of refueling the airplanes. When several hundred airplanes land on a field and each requires to be given from two hundred to three hundred gallons of gasoline the problem is a difficult one. With good equipment, three hundred gallons of gasoline can be put in an airplane in about ten or fifteen minutes, but it is evident if this had to be repeated with each airplane in, we might say, a wing of 300 ships it would take so long to fill them all that they would never get to their destination together; so all of them have to be refueled at the same time. This may be provided for by laying pipes the length of the field and having spigots every so often, so that the airplanes can taxi up to them and tap on. Another method is to have pipes laid out from tank cars or tank trucks.

Commercial airplanes stand in need of development along different lines. Our air mail service in the United States has shown how dependable and safe an air service like this can become. To be efficient commercially, airplanes must be capable of flying both day and night. They must be comfortable and safe.

Travel by air is much more pleasant than on railways or steamships. There is no dirt, little vibration, and the speed is from four to ten times greater than on land or water.

Heretofore noise has been an unpleasant factor. This has been due to several conditions; it was thought that the power of the engine was cut down by muffling, but mufflers have been devised which cut down the power very little. Then it was noted that the propellers made almost as much noise as the exhaust from the engine. This was due to the fact that they were so small and rotated with such speed that a hum always accompanied them. The speed was due to the fact that in order to reduce the weight per horse power we ran up the speed of revolution. This gave us more dynamic horse power, but in running up the speed we had to use smaller propellers, because the material from which our propellers were constructed was not strong enough to resist the terrific strain if they were too large. The ends of some of our propellers traveled at a speed of six hundred miles per hour.

IT was discovered that we obtained less efficiency from our small propellers because they could not get hold of the air away from the body of the airplane. Recently we have obtained gears, similar to automobile gears, that enable us to reduce the speed of our propellers to one-half or one-third of that of the engine. Consequently, we can use very much larger propellers that move slowly and give us a practically noiseless airplane.

We have all sorts of instruments in development for making airplanes safer. The largest contributing factor in the causes of airplane falls is what we call " stalling "—that is, losing speed. This is due to climbing at too sharp an angle, where the power of the engine is not enough to keep the airplane moving at the speed required to sustain it.

We now have gyroscopic instruments which give us the safe angles at which airplanes can climb or glide, and this, combined with our speed indicator, which shows us how fast we are going, will in the future enable us to eliminate most of the stalls incident to operating commercial aircraft.

If we strike a fog we are now able to navigate through it. We have gyroscopic instruments that will show us our true direction. We are no longer entirely dependent on a magnetic compass. We now have compasses that utilize the magnetic induction of the earth for a guide,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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. . . . with a Mendel "Dust-Proof" Wardrobe Trunk. Safely carries your wardrobe to the journey's end and provides instant use. Your maid at home could serve you no better.

Not a speck of dust or smear of soot to mar the enjoyment of your trip. The *interlocking* tongue-and-groove steel frame around the two halves makes the trunk absolutely "Dust-Proof," a protective feature to be had only in a Mendel. And this same steel frame makes your Mendel warp-proof—*rigid* and *durable*—good for years and years of service.

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DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE Continued from Page Fifty-one]

instead of a needle such as the ordinary magnetic compass uses. The latter is almost worthless for us.

In addition to our compass as a direction instrument, we now have the radio, which enables us to fly toward a point with great exactness.

Our great trouble heretofore has been that our altitude instruments were not exact enough to tell us whether we were ten feet or two hundred feet from the ground, so that in attempting to make a landing we were just as apt to smash into the ground and destroy ourselves as to make a normal landing. Now, however, with our newest device, a capacity altimeter, we can tell within ten to thirty feet our distance from the ground.

P. & A. Photo

The new radio compass which permits air pilots to guide their planes without using visible landmarks.

THE landing gear of airplanes has been so improved that now they can hit the ground at very high speeds without smashing up. There are many devices to take up the shock. Among the best of them are what are called oleo landing gears—very much like the recoil mechanism on cannon, or like hydraulic shock absorbers on automobiles. With these we can hit the ground at a speed something like one hundred miles an hour and get away with it.

We hear a great deal about long distance airplanes. These indeed are being developed constantly. We have an airplane now in the United States service that can carry about sixty hours of fuel and cover from four to five thousand miles without landing. One of the best aeronautical engineers of Europe showed me some of his plans the other day for an airplane which will go four thousand miles without landing, will be able to rise either from the land or water, will carry fifty passengers in very comfortable quarters, and will be handled by a crew of eighteen, including navigating personnel, cooks, cabin boys, and stewards. This ship is perfectly practicable to build and undoubtedly would work.

Development of equipment is not confined to heavier-than-air machines or airplanes alone. The dirigible airship has many interesting characteristics. Had the Germans been able to continue their development of airships at the end of the war it is probable that they would have had air lines all over the world by this time.

An airship of ten million cubic feet capacity—that is, about four times the size of the ill-fated Shenandoah—could have a cruising range of about nine thousand miles and could carry about eighteen airplanes, with enough fuel for about ten hours for each airplane, and a thousand pounds of ammunition.

Landing on an airship by an airplane is not at all difficult. A sort of trapeze arrangement is attached to the bottom of the airship, securely braced so that it can stand considerable shock without hurting the frame of the airship. Any number of these trapezes can be placed along underneath the keel, depending, of course, on the size and lifting capacity of the ship.

AN airplane wishing to land flies up under the airship, reduces its speed until it is almost that of the airship (which makes from forty to sixty miles per hour), and hooks on to a trapeze with an attachment provided in the upper wing. We have landed on the small blimps without any trouble whatever, and the air planes have flown away from these airships.

Airships also can carry aerial torpedoes or gliding bombs and can stand off one hundred miles from a city and direct their aerial torpedoes, containing explosives or chemical weapons, toward their target with accuracy.

Our effort to build an adequate air service, however, has been arrested, principally by the Army and Navy, and we will never realize our aims unless we get a Department of the Air, specifically charged with handling this tremendously important matter. The amount of money involved in proportion to that required for navies or armies is small, but the results that will be obtained will pass the comprehension of any person living today.

The concluding article by Colonel Mitchell will appear in an early issue of Liberty. He will tell about the efforts of the airmen to build up an efficient force for national defense—efforts which, he says, were consistently blocked by the Army and Navy chiefs.

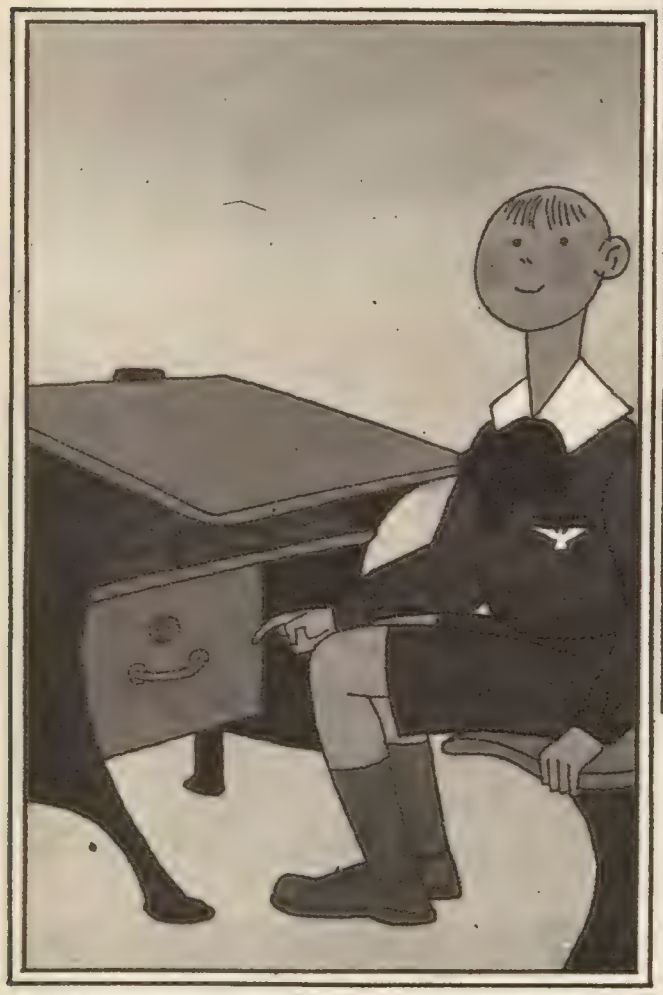
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

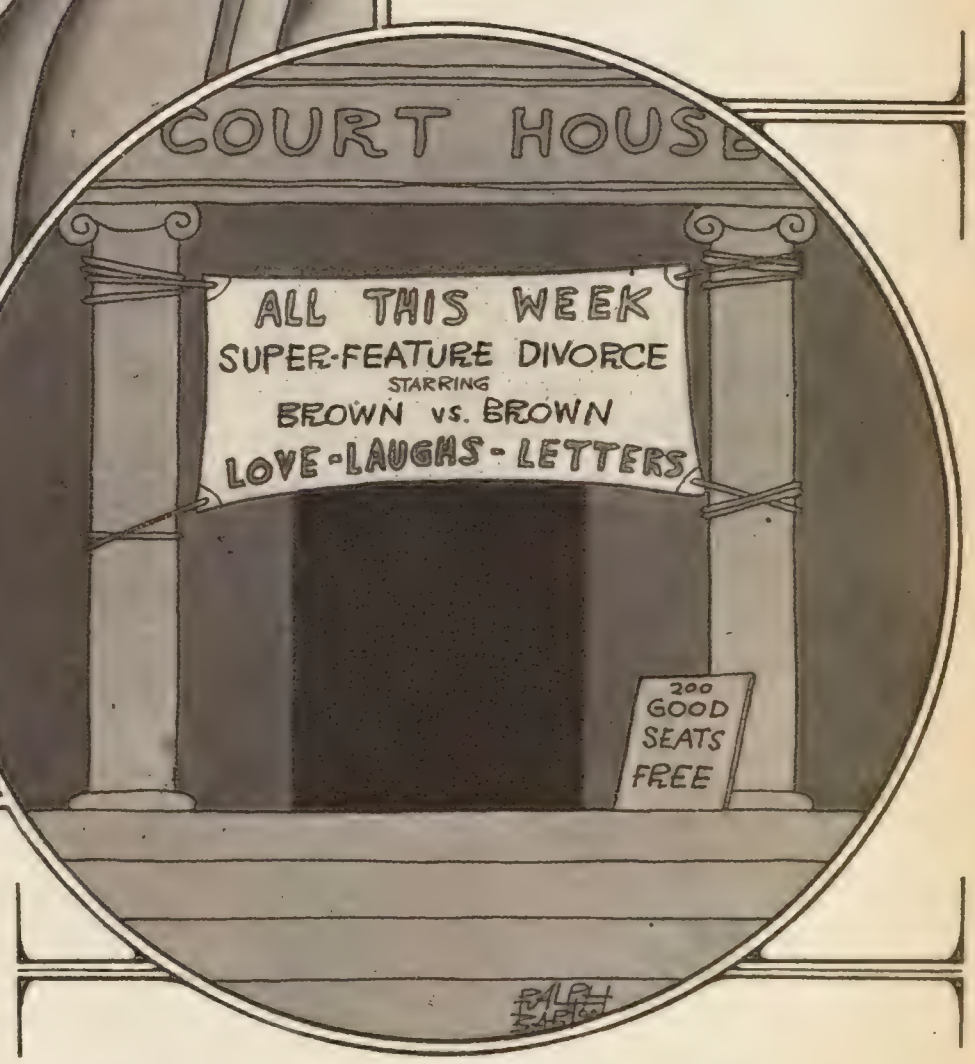
PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY BETWEEN FAMOUS ITALIAN SHEIKS? Benito Mussolini, Italy's Premier and leading news-reel actor, caught off his guard by our camera man as he views a poster announcing Rudolph Valentino in a motion picture. A boycott was shortly afterwards proclaimed on Valentino pictures.

STERN DEVOTION TO DUTY shown by members of the newly organized American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance as they visit the night clubs to gather evidence. William H. Anderson, the Alliance's founder, was not present when this photo was made, being in hospital with a badly sprained eye.



OMAHA SCHOOLS ACT TO REMEDY ONE OF THE EVILS of Volstead rule. Individual liquor lockers placed in the desks in the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades in an effort to discourage flask toting among the school children and keep them sober during class.

HOWEVER THE LOCARNO TREATY AND THE WORLD COURT work in actual practice, the United States War Department has made sure of the doughboy's comfort by substituting the roll collar for the old stiff uniform collar. Private Schwartz's smiling face in the above test made under war conditions is ample evidence of the boon that this innovation carries.



WHY THE ROAD BUSINESS IS RUINED. One of the photographs made by representatives of the Actors' Equity Association in a recent tour of the country to find out why theaters are not patronized in the provinces. President John Emerson of the Equity issued a statement apologizing to the radio and the motion pictures, which had hitherto been blamed.

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First prize	$ 5,000
Second prize	1,000
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Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next eighty prizes ($25 each)	2,000
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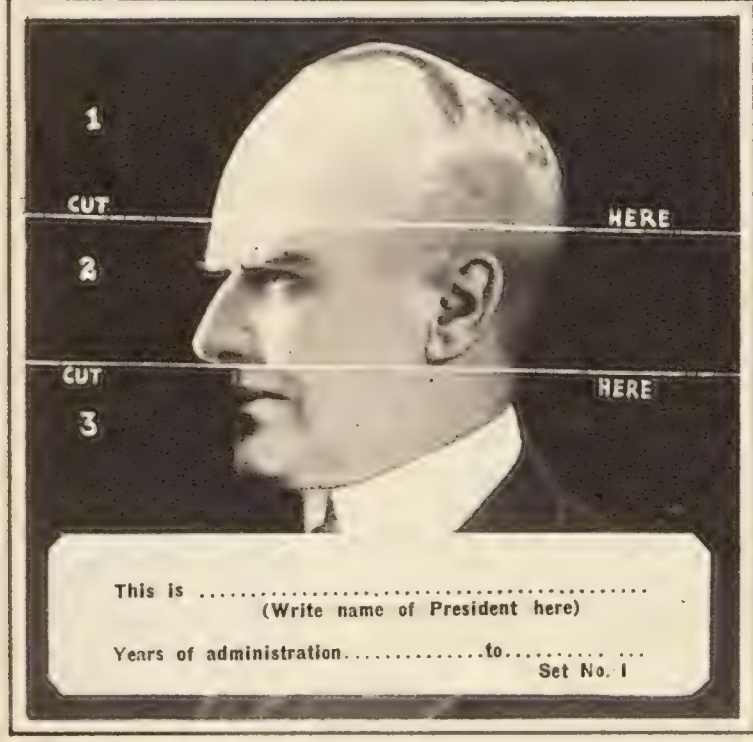
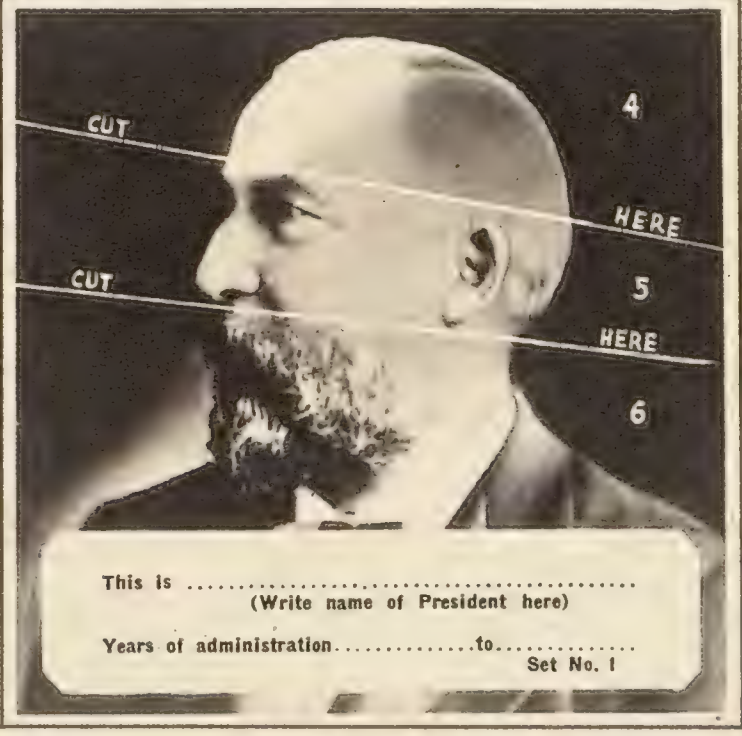
TOTAL (1,450 prizes)	*$25,000*

Who Are These Presidents?

Can you arrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead is that of a President whose son was a Federal administrator; the eyes, nose, and ear of one who had been an army officer; the mouth and chin of one during whose term a war was ended by Congressional resolution.



The forehead is that of a President who had no children; the eyes, nose, and ear of one who was "keynoter" in the convention before that which nominated him; the mouth and chin of one who defeated a candidate in convention on the third term issue.

The forehead is that of a President who defeated an army officer for nomination; the eye, nose, and ear of one who died in New Jersey; the mouth and chin of one who sent American troops to quell a rebellion in the Orient.

STARTING in this week's issue of Liberty is presented one of the most novel contests ever conducted—the Patriotic Game of Presidents. Educational! Entertaining! It is open to men, women, boys, and girls everywhere. **Twenty-five Thousand Dollars** in Cash Prizes will be paid for the best answers.

It Costs Nothing!

Every week for ten weeks Liberty will print a page of Composite Pictures of the Presidents of the United States.

Each page contains a set of three pictures which, when put together properly, will make three complete portraits. All you have to do is put them together right and name them. Clews will be given to help you.

Note the first set of pictures above. Can you put them together right and name them?

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

It costs nothing. Everyone has an equal opportunity to win a big Cash Prize.

Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

Remember, the Patriotic Game of Presidents is open to everyone—boys, girls, men, and women. It does not matter who you are or where you live.

The $25,000 in Cash Prizes will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of Pictures.

Begin at once! Set No. 1 is printed above. Do you know these Presidents? Set No. 2 will be printed in the next issue of Liberty! *Save all pictures until you have the ten sets—then send them in.*

To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest the children in this educational game. We want them to consult with their parents and their teachers as to the identities of the Presidents.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500 to teachers. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

The Three Presidents in Set No. 1 Are Among These

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks Liberty will print a page of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

2—Fourteen hundred and fifty Cash Prizes will be paid as follows:

First prize		$ 5,000
Second prize		1,000
Third prize		500
Fourth prize		250
Fifth prize		200
Next eighty prizes	@ $ 25	2,000
Next 1,355 prizes	@ 10	13,550
Ten prizes to teachers	@ 250	2,500
1,450 prizes, totaling		$25,000

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—You pay nothing. Just prove your skill!

5—The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

6—In all, twenty-nine pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of twenty-nine. Then send them to PRESIDENTS, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. But no elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

9—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

10—The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

For the Next Ten Weeks

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA

Directed by Herbert Brenon — Paramount Picture
Based on Sir James M. Barrie's Play

THE CAST:

Cinderella.....*Betty Bronson*
Policeman.....*Tom Moore*
Fairy Godmother.....*Esther Ralston*
Richard Bobie.....*Henry Vibart*
Queen.....*Dorothy Cumming*
Mr. Cutaway.....*Ivan Simpson*
Second Customer.....*Flora Finch*
AND CHILDREN

IF YOU threw your hat in the air after seeing Betty Bronson act Peter Pan, your shirt and waistcoat will go when you have witnessed this same exquisite baby star in A Kiss for Cinderella. Mr. Herbert Brenon, who directed the former Barrie fantasy, has taken plenty of time and much of the same cast of principals which acted Peter, and has provided another Famous Players-Lasky special picture play which will go into the list of the season's ten best compiled by any person, critic or otherwise, with good sense. It is a little beyond the fondest of the correspondent's hopes that he can convey anything much of the gossamer beauty of the picture by a mere sketch review. But, after all, what more need be said than that Mr. Brenon and Betty Bronson have surpassed their fine efforts in Peter Pan.

Betty Bronson

Miss Bronson, as the pinched, dreamy-eyed, forlorn English slavey before her dream, is seen in a most lovable characterization, but it does seem to me that in those later episodes wherein she experiences the things which always before have been mere hopes, she achieves really inspired heights of pantomimic beauty. After the policeman has left her huddled in a dark doorway, and the snow swoops down upon her, and she falls into slumber, Mr. Brenon has pictured her in all the whimsical loveliness of the Barrie yarn and the legend upon which it is builded.

Those views showing the transformation of the pumpkin and mice into a coach and four white horses by which Cinderella is carried away through the clouds to the prince's ball, are done with fine mechanical manipulation. And the ensuing episodes, in which a burlesque king, hanging upon subway straps which are suspended before his throne, urges his royal son to choose from among the assembled beauties his life partner, are as amusing as they are spectacular. Of course, Cinderella, with her tiny feet, wins the heart of the young nobleman, who is, indeed, none other than Tom Moore, and shortly thereafter she awakens. The policeman, who also is Tom Moore, returns to the dark doorway and finds the disillusioned little lady. And before the story has ended he holds her in his big arms and promises to watch over her forever.

Tom Moore

A delightful picture play, one of the best of this season of good picture plays. It would be a pity if you missed it.

IRISH LUCK

Directed by Victor Heerman — Paramount Picture
Written by Thomas Geraghty

THE CAST:

Tom Donahue and Lord Fitzhugh.....*Thomas Meighan*
Lady Gwendolyn.....*Lois Wilson*
Douglas.....*Cecil Humphreys*
Solicitor.....*Claude King*
Earl.....*Ernest Lawford*
Doctor.....*Charles Hammond*
Aunt.....*Louise Grafton*
Uncle.....*S. B. Carrickson*
Denis MacSwiney.....*Charles McDonald*

THE lakes of Killarney and the Blarney Stone are cofeatured in this latest of the Thomas Meighan picture plays, the result being one of the best exhibits starring the amiable and energetic Mr. Meighan in many seasons. All Irish will delight in it, and probably the average, everyday citizen will find in it interest and amusement far in excess of the tame and stereotyped stories which this gentleman has had foisted upon him of recent months.

Thomas Meighan

Lois Wilson

To make the background of his yarn the more attractive, and at the same time faithful, Mr. Meighan, together with his staff, journeyed last summer to Ireland, there causing a mild sensation wherever he appeared, meeting the President, kissing the Blarney Stone and generally placing himself in a position to be written about by the newspaper correspondents who have access to the cables.

Along the trip the cameraman lost little time and so in the completed story, as it is seen on the screen, much of the finest and most picturesque scenery of the Emerald Isle is placed on view.

This is fortunate, since it does seem to me that a distinctly second-grade romance has been concocted and called a scenario.

Mr. Meighan first appears as a New York traffic policeman who has won a popularity contest, the reward of which is a trip to Ireland. Overseas he finds he is the double, in appearance, of a certain Lord Fitzhugh. On this skeleton, throwing in, of course, a beautiful sister of the Irish nobleman, the story is based. Mr. Meighan acts naturally and pleasingly every moment of the time, he playing the dual role, that of the copper and also that of the Lord, with perhaps just the right amount of variation. Mr. Meighan, however, would play these parts well. I have not seen him in all his career play a part badly, no matter how hammy that part might be.

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE

Directed by Maurice Tourneur — Sam Rork Production
From a Novel by Holman Day

THE CAST:

Tremble-at-Evil Tidd.....*Leon Errol*
Dame Betsy Tidd.....*Dorothy Gish*
Madame La Tour.....*Nita Naldi*
Scute the Baker.....*Tully Marshall*
Lieutenant Cavendish.....*James Rennie*
Nancy Downs.....*Edna Murphy*
Dixie Bull.....*Walter Law*
Pirate Ship's Mate.....*George Marion*

MR. LEON ERROL is a middle-aged, bald-headed man who for years has been playing the funny fellow in musical comedies, principally on Broadway, his chief claim to comic honors lying in the fact that he is the possessor of a game leg which, according to his own exasperated exclamations, he has got to get fixed. If he ever gets it fixed his act immediately and automatically will become a matter of considerably added difficulty, and for this reason it is only reasonable to suspect that he will let it remain in its present deplorable condition for several seasons to come.

Dorothy Gish

Mr. Errol's leg performs for him at will, and seldom makes its contribution to the play without the accompaniment of loud guffaws from the gentlemen and ladies seated in the audience. Mr. Errol will be, for example, sampling some fresh, dark beer at the bar. For Mr. Errol is, in the drama, a steady drinker. Suddenly he will stare dazedly, frightenedly, into the faces of his auditors. He will begin sinking slowly. He will grasp his left knee. It will be seen to turn slightly. Still Mr. Errol descends.

"I've got to get that fixed," the afflicted drinker will gasp. At the same time collapsing, crumpling, flopping to the floor on one ear. It is then time for the bellowing laughter from out front. And I never have seen it fail to register.

At other times Mr. Errol finds it possible to control the bad leg long enough for him to circle the room once, or possibly twice, before the crash. But always he falls. In Clothes Make the Pirate he falls, if I counted correctly, sixty-seven times. Each time there was a roar of mirth. These sixty-seven outbursts, added to murmurs and giggles induced by Mr. Errol's eighteenth century Boston costuming and his consuming willingness to be kicked in the seat of the pants by his eighteenth century Boston wife (who is Dorothy Gish) make for an hour and a half of comedy (or is it burlesque?) much above the average in what we call in the movies "hilarity." It is a pretty good picture.

Leon Errol

Clothes Make the Pirate is adapted from a novel by Holman Day, a book which has had much backslapping by the reviewers.

James Rennie is in it, but that means practically nothing. And Nita Naldi is seen here more beautiful than I ever have seen her, reduced marvelously, and costumed with great good taste.

SOMETHING WORTH WORKING FOR

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

Claire Windsor and her son Billy (above). Evidently Billy keeps his mother amused with the funny things he hears come in over the radio.

Harold Dean Carsey Photo

Lovely Leatrice Joy and her baby, Leatrice Joy II. Miss Joy has been appearing to better advantage lately under the watchful eye of Cecil de Mille, who quickly realized the value of this star.

Like father is right. He—the baby—seems to have as good a face for comedy as his father, George K. Arthur (above), the new English comedian.

Jackie Coogan and his younger brother, Robert Anthony, of whom he seems to be quite proud. Needless to say that Robert Anthony is pleased to pose for this picture with his millionaire brother.

This group is composed of Loris, the three-year-old daughter of Fred Niblo, Buddha, her pet chow, and Mr. Niblo, director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mrs. Niblo is Enid Bennett.

Melbourne Spurr Photo

I've always liked Barbara Bedford's work (Mrs. Allan Roscoe). She is one of the prettiest of the heroines, but somehow or other, I think the baby is every bit as pretty—and I haven't seen her before.

Serviceable Clothes *in* Newest Patterns

By PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

DELIGHTFUL new versions of the season's smartest models are designed for velvets, the popular mannish fabrics, or soft crepe satin. Then, too, you'll want a frock of lovely silk crepe in modernistic design. It's the newest idea from Paris. Best of all, it's so practical. Every fashionable woman will want one.

The straight, slender silhouette is most favored for sports and street wear. Of special interest is style No. 2461, with its deep French V front, tiny tucks over the bust, and tiny tucks at the waist, which combine to give a slender line by distributing the fullness properly. Inverted side plaits add width to the hemline. Rust-colored velveteen, tweed in a tan and brown combination, navy blue flat crepe, or soft black crepe satin is excellent for this tailored style. Cuts in sizes 36 to 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material with ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

For the young miss design No. 2577 illustrates a smart woolen plaid dress in a tan, brown, and yellow combination. The turnover boyish collar is cute. Dark green tweed mixture, navy blue balbriggan, or sapphire blue velveteen is also effective for its development. Cuts in sizes 8 to 16 years. The 8-year size takes 2⅛ yards of 32-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A tapering jabot of beige chiffon is the only trimming on the charming frock of silk crepe in modernistic design expressed in style No. 2582. The coloring is shaded orange and red on a beige ground. Fullness is introduced at the sides by cleverly designed godets. The long, tight-tailored sleeves are smart. A dress of this character will give unending wear, and is appropriate for all-occasion daytime wear yet it is lovely enough for informal evening parties. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4 yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Like many of the latest grown-up styles, design No. 2316 has a vestee and the popular convertible collar—it buttons up. Cluster plaits at sides allow freedom of movement. For classroom wear it is practical made of jersey, serge, woolen plaid, flannel, or gingham. For "best," made of jade green crepe Roma, dark blue flat silk, or wine red velveteen, it will look like a little imported dress. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A simple frock of dark blue charmeen, featuring a scarf collar of soft crepe satin in same shade, is seen in design No. 2588. The applied front band, which ends in a kick plait, is interesting, as it affords many opportunities for trimming contrast. Pencil blue crepe Elizabeth, with scarf collar and applied band of crepe silk in same shade and embroidered in metal thread and blue silk is stunning. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3 yards of 54-inch material with 1⅛ yards of 4-inch ribbon.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Four All-Season Frocks Sure *to* Stay *in* Style

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

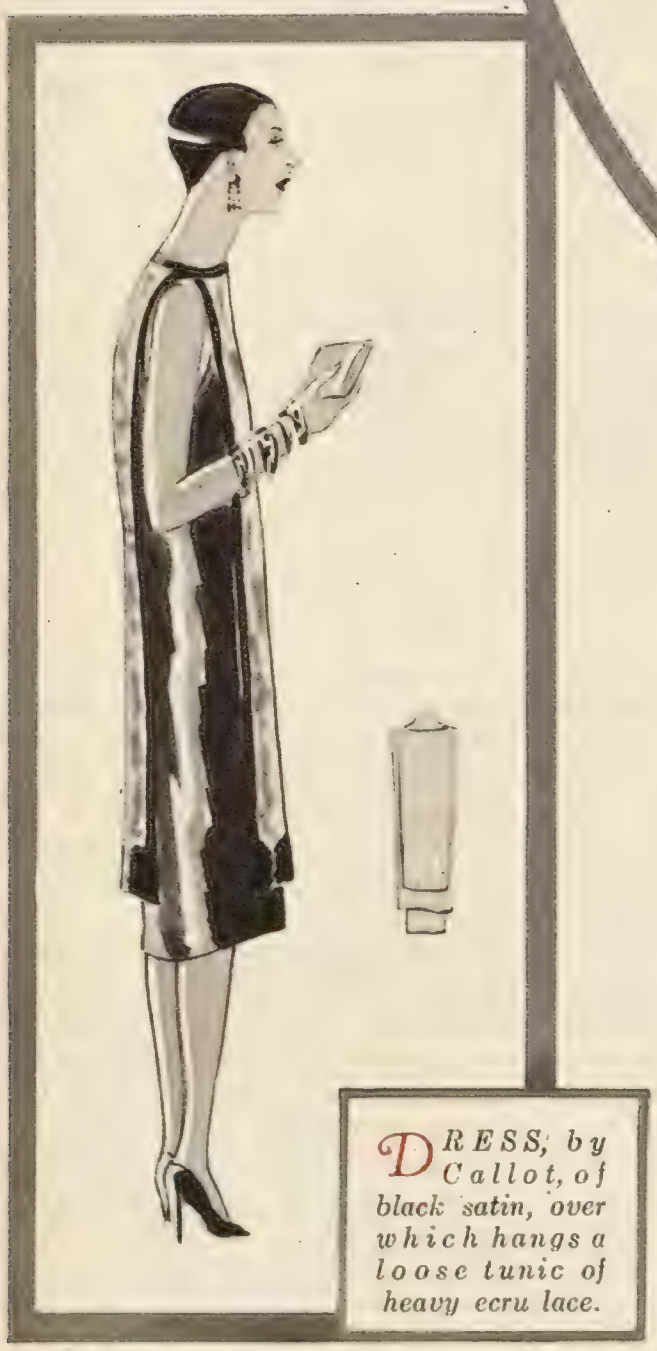
YOU will think it isn't much to describe —the fourth model, made after one by Vionnet. A little conceit in henna crepe de Chine, featuring, what shall we say by way of being most sensational, a godet on the blouse or a fichu on the skirt? It is really featuring the handkerchief movement which is the sign and the insignia of Vionnet. Don't you remember when she had little ones, of the same black material as the dress, hanging down pointed and in tiers round droopy skirts?

Those handkerchiefs and Moroccan crepe are what made Vionnet famous. But this is a big man's handkerchief in effect, or two of them, done to represent fichus; and after all why hasn't a skirt as good a right to a fichu as a bodice?

You cannot say much of tendencies and influences and movements when you talk about Vionnet, for she is an institution complete in herself, knowing no laws, or at least not observing them. And yet that is not quite true. She knows them so well and observes them so easily that she has plenty of time with which to occupy herself with creative designing of things above all laws. Nobody can make dresses with *chic* and beauty who doesn't pay attention to getting the seams and the lines in the right places to an inch.

AT the left, an evening dress of pale blue crepe de Chine trimmed in silver ribbon bordering the ruffles. By Groult. The dress at the right is of light green crepe de Chine in which a darker green panel is set in the front of the skirt. By Lenief.

DRESS of henna crepe de Chine featuring two fichus, one on the blouse and one on the skirt. The only other trimming is hemstitching. By Vionnet.



DRESS, by Callot, of black satin, over which hangs a loose tunic of heavy ecru lace.

Note how she observes the dictates of the moment for having things in two pieces, and that dividing line not quite even. She observes the style for having the waistline draw up in front. A bit of slinky material and a little hemstitching: in her mood of the moment, that is Vionnet.

In some models the fichu folds round the neck and lies softly like the white piece the old lady used to wear over her black dress. Only of course this is of the material, and when made professionally is a part of the dress, although it can be set on extra without spoiling the style.

As this model is of interest for showing how simple a French dress can look and yet have a smart appearance, another shows how complex they can make a frock. The ruffle is said to be in one piece, starting at the middle of the front and circling the hips to the point at which it started, whence it falls to the hemline and circles the skirt again.

Maybe you think the first model isn't practical for everyday use, but I do—for every evening. That is, it is the simplest of all the models that carry with them the stamp of the house of Callot. Pay attention to that all important matter of calculating the inches just right, of getting that neckline exactly where it belongs and the place where it passes round the shoulders neither too high nor too low; see to it that the long, bolster case length of a slip looks straight but really isn't across the small of the back—that is, if you have even the slightest of figures. Then let the tunic effect hang over it some handsome material.

The elegance of the gown (outside of that matter of getting the few simple lines where they belong) depends on the selection of the material. In this case the slip is of black satin and someone, at every showing, remarks that the overdress is put on in sandwich-board effect. The sandwich board this time is of ecru lace bound in black satin. It is a model very dear to the hearts of the Callot sisters, and they run it in one form or another every season.

The thing I like about all these dresses is that they are good in any clime and any season, and they would never have to be thrown away because out of style.

A LETTER TO LIBERTY READERS

By Ethel Somers

Liberty Experimental Kitchen,
Tribune Tower, Tribune Square,
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR READER:

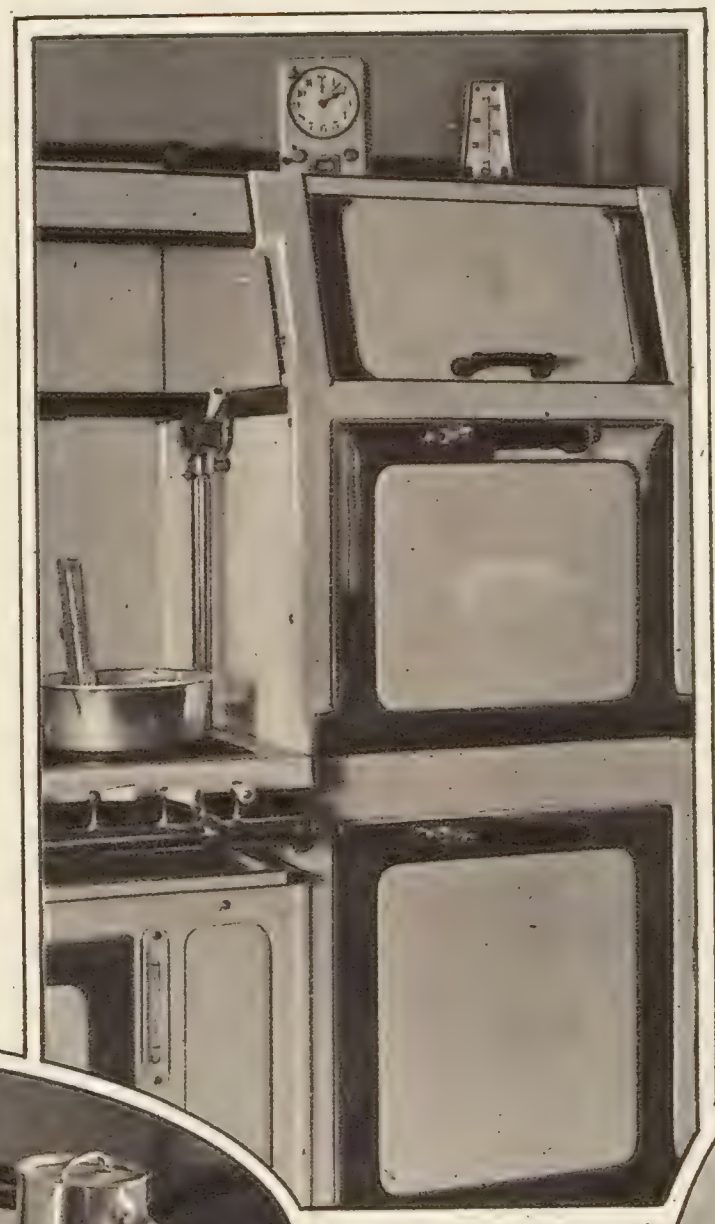
FOR more than a year unsolicited testimonials have been received daily vouching for our readers' success with Liberty recipes. Many correspondents are surprised at their own achievements.

"Being now a confirmed and constant user of Liberty recipes," writes Mrs. J. M. D., "I am no longer subject to spells of surprised relief when a product comes out right—I'm sure of it! I follow a Liberty recipe carefully and know results are certain."

Of course, a lot depends upon that word "carefully," but the surprise of so many that the recipes work out successfully makes us feel that perhaps the department should do a little "crowing," that its readers may know what facilities are at their disposal.

First and foremost, I might say Liberty has never printed a recipe that has not been tested in the Liberty Kitchen and found satisfactory.

Prior to this year the Liberty Kitchen was a *real* home kitchen, but it has outgrown its original shell and has been moved to new quarters, Room 602, Tribune Tower, Chicago. Here is established the Liberty Experimental Kitchen, where a staff of university-trained home economics graduates is working out sure-fire solutions to the many problems sent in by readers and radio fans.



These electrical units of service turn kitchen drudgery into a real delight. Note Liberty's electric stove, waffle iron, egg beater, and the like.

Time and temperature measurements "in action," in Liberty's kitchen.

It is hoped you will feel this kitchen is yours and that you will benefit by it. Send your problems in for solution. Visit our kitchen in action when you call to visit the Tribune Tower.

In equipping the new kitchen it occurred to us that well-chosen equipment was, perhaps, the logical solution of the greatest of all problems confronting the housewife. We looked for the best of quality, durability, mechanical perfection, easy cleaning, convenience in usage, adaptability, that the tools selected might justify their storage space.

Our ice box was selected for its insulation and ability to maintain a forty degree Fahrenheit temperature for safe food preservation. Our cupboards for their storage space and convenience. Our work cabinet for its useful patent features. Our stove for its reliability and excellent baking qualities. Our knives for their keen, stainless cutting blades and comfortably balanced handles. Our cooking pans for their tightly fitting lids, sanitary beadings, and efficiency as heat utilizers. Our patent cookers for their time-saving features and ease of operation. Our thermometers for their accuracy and ease of cleaning.

Perhaps you will say such a kitchen is impossible for you. Maybe so, with *all* of its advantages. But we have tried to provide for all the problems of every kitchen. Regardless of the number of conveniences every housewife, if her work is to be a continuous pleasure, is entitled to some of these right tools for the right use. Too many aspiring Scout sons are fully equipped for the occasional camping trip, with the regulation four-blade knife and camping tools, while mother blunders along three times a day with a dull, blunt-edged veteran that balks at every task.

Having selected ideal equipment, the kitchen may still be easily spoiled by improper usage. Witness the delicate chisel suffering in the hands of the apprentice. With each and every utensil, if you insist upon it, you can get a printed circular describing its use.

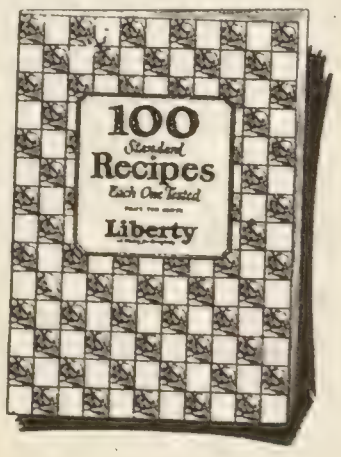
The third important feature in equipping the kitchen is that of routing. Every piece of equipment brought into your kitchen should have a place, and that place should be where the tool is used oftenest. Plan thus to save yourself steps.

Now that the new Liberty Experimental Kitchen is equipped and in full swing, we invite you to use it, visit it, and enjoy it with us. Trusting that the Liberty Experimental Kitchen may always help to remove that factor of doubt from your cookery, we are, as ever,

Sincerely at your service,
LIBERTY KITCHEN STAFF,
Ethel Somers, Editor.

A tool for every need and every tool in its place speeds up Liberty's kitchen operations, as this worker bears witness.

Get Your Cook Book Now



100 TESTED RECIPES
FOR 10 CENTS

When you made your New Year resolutions did you include one to abolish kitchen drudgery? If not, it's not too late now. And Liberty's new cook book, written expressly to save time and worry for the busy housewife, will help you realize on that resolution.

Thousands of housewives are already using One Hundred Standard Recipes. They're enthusiastic over it, and you will be, too. Send in your coupon and ten cents (in stamps or coin) TODAY!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your new cook book, One Hundred Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

1-16-26

CANNON BALL BAKER
PLUNGING through snow, sleet, ice, blizzards, mud and sand for over 1200 miles on McKays, Cannon Ball Baker beats the fastest limited train time from New York to Los Angeles —another test of McKay Tire Chains—*the chains that cost no more and last!*
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TIRE CHAINS
The Better Black Chains in the Red Band
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Use McKay Tire Chains and you'll use McKay Red Bead Bumpers. That's what the "show me" motorists say.
UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO.
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NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW
Grand Central Palace: Spaces C-76-77-78
January 9th-16th
CHICAGO AUTOMOBILE SHOW
Coliseum: Spaces 115 and 116
January 30th-February 6th

Stanley Ketchel

The MICHIGAN ASSASSIN

PART ONE

TREES cast longer shadows as the sun goes down. Memory exalts the past and disparages the present. So the exploits of yesteryear become, in the telling, heroisms beyond the capacities of today's performers.

A seat at any ringside attests this belief: that nothing modern can possibly compare favorably with what has gone before.

"Champ, eh!" one hears the oldster sneer. "Say, if that palooka was meetin' the Orig'nal Nonprel tonight he'd get chilled in a punch. Can you 'magine these tramps today tossed in there with old John L., or Fitz, or Griffo, or the Saginaw Kid, or Ike Weir, or the Old Master, or Mysterious Billy Smith, or the Barbados Demon? Say, brother, this stuff you get today in these no-decision, chummy-referee, weight-squawkin', safety-first bouts ain't fightin'—and I'll lay a ten-spot to a toe nail these champeens today would croak o' heart failure if Rickard asked 'em to sign up for a forty-five-round go with any of them old-timers for a five-thousand-dollar purse."

Well, that wail isn't altogether the scornful reminiscence of a graybeard. Every legend has a basic fact. And there comes to mind one pugilist of the recent past who far surpassed any boxer of today, a lad whose mighty punching power has no equal now; whose passionate love for boxing shames the money-clawing demands of the present boxer and manager; whose indifference to an opponent's weight is a startling contrast to the pound-paring, forfeit-grabbing scrappers of this day; whose eagerness to fight anybody, at any time, anywhere, and for any amount is not duplicated by any modern prize fighter.

What recollections are stirred by the name of Stanley Ketchel! What other fighter of any period stands higher in the esteem of the sporting public, or of any public that admires the ultimate in valor, the last word in sheer fighting prowess, the final chapter in a wild, reckless nature that endears itself to the common citizen by its daredevil disregard for the conventions that bind most of us to the prosaic routine of life?

In his brief span, less than seven years, during which he emerged from the obscurity of a dance hall in Butte, Montana, smashed his way to the summit of his violent profession, laughed his scorn for humdrum codes, and died in the way his dramatic career seemed to demand—shot to death in a quarrel over a woman—the Michigan Assassin, as he was called in pugilistic circles, became one of the most popular pugilists that ever lived.

This, then, is the story of the youth who, before he was twenty, won the welterweight championship of the world in the most savage ring battle of all time, who stopped the best middleweights the game ever knew, and who, with a poundage of one hundred and fifty-five, came within a fraction of winning the heavyweight title by knocking out Jack Johnson, who

The Ring Photo

Stanley Ketchel (left) as he looked when he was starting his ring career at the age of eighteen. The other man in the picture is his manager, Willy Britt.

scaled two hundred and twenty that afternoon of October 16, 1909.

In the little town of Pozroniski, Poland, about the year 1882, dissatisfaction with his sodden peasant estate tugged at the heart-strings of one Thomas Klecal. Questions were asked and answered, pennies saved until they became steerage fare, and early in 1883 Klecal, aged twenty-six, emigrated to this country and worked his way to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Thither, on the west side, came the following year a young girl whose enormous shoulders and arms and hands and feet speedily earned for Julia Oblinski, likewise a Polish immigrant, the reputation of being the strongest woman in that Tower of Babel.

With nature seeking always to maintain its average, little Thomas Klecal, then laboring in a furniture factory and waging a gallant and losing struggle with the English language, was fascinated by the powerful fifteen-year-old Julia. The story resembles that of John L. Sullivan's parents—the mighty woman mothering and marrying the smallish day laborer from her own country.

And from that union there came presently the infant who, like Sullivan, was born with his fists clenched. In a two-story frame dwelling in Grand Rapids the mother began to rear her brood. Klecal, merely a biographical incident in the narrative, appears to have imparted nothing to his first born save provender and a roof against the west Michigan elements.

But Julia of the thick shoulders—what a woman she was, and is to this day, four decades removed from her youth. Hair straight and flaxen; forehead as broad and rugged and knotted as a lumberjack's palm; cheekbones prominent above a huge, aquiline nose and heavy cheeks that descend onto jawbones as sweeping as a bulldog's; a mouth that is two thin lips drawn down like a bow over great teeth and jutting chin.

And astonishing eyes. Julia's eyes are a light hazel. They protrude almost insolently, and yet so obtrusive are her frontal bones that the tawny eyeballs seem to lurk in the shadow of a cave.

And gazing at her, you vaguely catch something of nature's scheme, fashioning such a mother for such an eaglet as her first turned out to be.

They named him Stanislaus, a few weeks after his birth on September 14, 1886. The giantess held him in her arms while he was baptized in St. Adelbert's Polish Cathedral. Mark that church's name. When the child then christened had stalked across the world and flung his laugh at human foes and fate, the circle ended where it began, in St. Adelbert's.

John came next, in 1888; then Ollie, in 1891. Three years later Leon was born, and after a decade, in 1904, Ardys. All male, mind you, for such dams bring forth man children only. A marvelous woman, a fine woman; a matron such as Sparta's kings might pray for, recruiting armies and leaving to lesser dames the procreation of girl babies. And withal a kindly woman, mellowed by the years, is Mrs. Julia Klecal, *née* Oblinski, alias Ketchel.

A WORD anent the present fortunes of the family. John is a farmer, running the two-hundred-and-sixty-six-acre place his elder brother purchased at the edge of Pine Island Lake, in Belmont Township, eight miles north of Grand Rapids.

Ollie conducts Ketchel's Pavilion, a summer resort his mother built on the lip of the lake a few years ago. There is a four-acre island, covered with pine and fir and balsam; and there is a fine little beach and numerous cottages, an auto tourist camp, and a large dance hall.

Leon is assistant freight traffic manager of a shipping company in New York City, a holding corporation controlling a dozen smaller lines with some sixty steamships.

Ardys has just finished high school, and his future is uncertain. He helps about the place

The Story of One of the Bravest and Most Reckless Fighters Who Ever Entered a Prize Ring and How He Battled and Laughed His Way to a Champion's Crown

By SID SUTHERLAND

and talks a bit of invading New York in quest of ring fame.

Old Thomas, now sixty-eight and rescued years ago from his bench in the furniture factory, stands by while Julia pilots the family craft. He spends his time experiencing surprise at the fact that he doesn't have to work and in lamenting the murder of his oldest son, whom he loved with fierce Polish fervor.

"Oh, how could anybody wish to kill Stanislaus!" he quavers, with an accent this writer's vocabulary cannot bridge, his gray eyes wet. He sometimes dons the high silk hat Stanley bought him eighteen years ago.

"My son," he had said, after Ketchel asked him what he wanted most of all in all the world, "my son, I'd like a silk hat to wear on saints' days and in parades."

Albert Davis Collection Photo

Ketchel in battle array when he was welterweight champion of the world.

Jack Johnson going down under a Ketchel right swing in the twelfth round of their San Francisco battle in 1909. Ketchel is seen jumping over Johnson's legs. A few seconds after this picture was taken Jack got up and knocked Ketchel out.

Stanley smiled and purchased the shining hat which the old man brushes with his palm as he shows it to you today, and proudly perches it on his head.

The West Side Grammar School looked up indifferently on an autumn morning in 1898 when Stanislaus Klecal was enrolled. But the twelve-year-old lad was not born to the indifference of his fellows. 'Tis the old story of every champion—fearless and fierce and irresistible in his boyish onslaughts. The tardy years slid by, and the records of the old school show him adept at nothing save fighting and geography. They tell how he used to pore over his maps, tracing with eager finger the towns and countries his restless eyes yearned to behold.

When he was fifteen he dropped his classes and occupied himself with odd chores around the numerous saloons of Grand Rapids' old West Side. Charlie Thomas' buffet was his favorite hangout when he was not playing with boxing gloves in W. B. Smith's gymnasium. Smith is now sheriff of Kent County. Two years went by and the lad became a family problem. Not that he was unruly or addicted to drink but because he was drifting nowhere.

"What are you going to do, son?" Julia asked.

"Don't know yet, mamma. It'll come to me," replied the fast growing boy who so greatly resembled his mother.

Stanislaus never headed a gang, and the gangs never molested him. He was a gang in himself, as the denizens of that tough, polyglot community quickly learned when he became enraged. And standing alone at the end of Thomas' long bar and drinking his snit of beer, he was wont to smile at the often futile efforts of the bartenders to quiet some huge alien who had drunk himself crazy.

Here it was that Stanislaus had probably the hardest battle of his career, an epic struggle Tex Rickard would gladly pay a million dollars to stage. Then sixteen years of age, he had reached his full height, five feet nine and three-quarters inches, and weighed one hundred and forty pounds. But so wide was he of shoulder and so tremendous were his arms that one must needs know the slimness of flank and leg to appraise his poundage at less than one hundred and seventy-five.

A towering brute of a Pole, name unknown but reputation still green in the memory of the district, reached across the bar one night and pulled the man on duty toward him, held him with his left, and dashed his right fist into his features. Charlie Thomas ran from his office at the outcry in time to see the Klecal boy tap the giant on the shoulder.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WM. ROGERS

You Can't Smoke History

A fellow from Carolina wants to know *where* I get the idea that "Bull" Durham and George Washington come from the same state. He says, "Why don't you write and give the people the real History of 'Bull' Durham in its native State, South Carolina, that people would appreciate that more than these Bull Legends of yours."

Now thanks, Sir, for your good-natured suggestion. If I knew History I wouldn't be able to write "Bull" Durham Ads. I would be a College Professor, get everything right, and get nothing for it. Everything you suggested me telling the Public about when and where "Bull" Durham originated, has been told for 66 years by typical Advertising writers. That's the only thing the Company asked of me was "please don't tell again where it came from, or how." You see you didn't read their Ads, but you *did* read mine and remembered it, because it was wrong.

Writing Ads that will be remembered is a queer game. This is an Ad, not a History. I selected Ads over History on account of the pay. (American Tobacco Company's pay is as good as its tobacco.) Where "Bull" Durham comes from or where it goes to is left for the starving Historian.

Will Rogers

P. S. You notice I named in this article the WRONG Carolina. That's so North Carolina will get sore because I named South Carolina, and South Carolina will get sore because I didn't name North Carolina. A true Southerner never forgets.

P. P. S. There will be another piece in this paper soon. Watch for it.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

[STANLEY KETCHEL
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

"Cut it," he said sharply in Polish.

The rum-mad giant turned with an oath. He glared insanely down at the interloper, cursed, and swung. Stanley's few lessons at Smith's gym fortified his fighting genius. He turned his head, let the blow swish by, and drove with his right fist.

The throng made an eager ring about the pair, as men have encircled fighting males since the dawn of time. The battle raged from the swinging doors to the slot machines in the rear and from the counter to the booths across the room. The crowd ran to and fro, climbing on the bar and partitions, and yelling.

Back and forth went the fighters, first the Pole cornering the boy and driving terrific blows to midriff and swollen, bleeding features; then Klecal, the light-hazel eyes of his mother flaming, planting his huge knuckles in the Goliath's pulpy countenance.

Five furious minutes went by; then ten, and twenty. Presently the destiny that was beckoning him to the topmost niche of prize ring history smiled at the youngster, and the merely rough-and-tumble artist began to wilt under the savage skill and superfighting heart of young Klecal. He worked the groggy foreigner into an angle formed by the lunch counter and the washroom, and there he let him have it. As the other's weary arms dropped, Stanislaus braced him upright with his left and pitilessly drove with his right fist time after time until the bully's knees buckled and he collapsed on the sawdust, insensible.

"GREAT God! What a fight! What a fight!" breathed Charlie Thomas, wiping his forehead. "Kid," he continued, after the other had been pitched into the gutter, "kid, you say you don't know what you're going to do. I'll tell you what you're cut out for—you'll make the greatest prize fighter the world ever saw for your pounds and inches. Hop to it!"

A week or two later—it was in the early summer of 1903—Stanislaus Klecal made his decision.

"Mamma," he said, stroking the massive hand of the big woman, "I'm going to leave home. There's nothing here. I'm going out West; as far as I can until I find the thing I'm looking for. I'll ride box cars and do anything. Sometime, somewhere, I'll find it. And listen, mamma: whatever it is I'll be the best, whether it's digging ditches, or mining, or fighting.

"Keep papa going, and take care of the kids; and when I come back your working days are over."

The tigress pressed her lips to the cub's forehead and turned to her household tasks.

That night Stanislaus crept through the freight yards of the Michigan Central Railway, climbed into an empty box car, and went to sleep, his coat for a pillow, two dollars in his pocket, and a smile on his lips.

The name of the cheap restaurant on the South Side of Chicago where Stanislaus Klecal, five months less than seventeen years of age, washed dishes for several weeks in May of 1903 is not of record. Nor are all the incidents of his slow pilgrimage to St. Paul, via box car and blind baggage, a matter of moment.

Suffice to narrate that he was often kicked off the trains into the right of way, and that at every hobo campfire he listened with eager ears to the lurid tales the men of the open road told of the feverish life in the great copper country around Butte, Montana, then wide open and unrestrained.

"I'LL make Butte," the young wanderer whispered to himself, hazel eyes aglow as he listened to stories of saloons without keys, gambling houses without limit, dance halls without shame, and men without conscience—a frontier without equal in all the days of the old-time West.

"It's a tough spot, that Butte," a veteran vagabond told Stanislaus as they stood before the sidewalk posters of an employment agency in St. Paul. "Best way to get there is to sign up with these burglars, work a few days in the Dakota wheat fields, jump the job, and hobo on to Miles City. There you can sign on for a job in the mines, and do as you like when you get off the train. But I'm warnin' you, buddie, Butte's tough."

"I'm tough, too, so I'll be all right," Klecal replied, going inside.

The foreman of the farm onto which Klecal and his unkempt companions were dumped made the mistake, a month or so later, of threatening to withhold the young man's thirty-five-dollar wages until he had put in at least two of the three months for which he had signed up. A wallop on the nose ended the argument. Late in July in Miles City he signed his name with another group and boarded a train for the copper metropolis. Upon reaching Butte Klecal walked up to the employment agency man in charge of the outfit.

"Thanks for the trip," he said, gazing straight at the man. "But I'm not going to work in the mines. And don't pester me by calling a cop, or they'll change the charge against me from beating you outta transportation to beating you half to death."

The agency man watched him walk across the tracks and down the main thoroughfare in the oncoming dusk.

With fifty dollars in his pockets—he had won fifteen dollars on the train shooting craps—Klecal strolled along the busy street, his

eyes dancing as he observed the swinging half-doors and heard the musicians at the pianos above. Presently he saw a sign in a hotel window: "Bell boy wanted."

An hour later he was carrying pitchers of ice water and bottles from the bar to the rooms above. He was a good bell hop, smiling at the profane gibes voiced by the guests and pocketing the dimes and quarters they tossed at him. About the middle of September, when he had passed his seventeenth birthday, Klecal became a waiter in Butte's largest and wildest dance hall.

The place was a wonder. As you entered from the street a bar stretched the length of the room on the right. So long it was and so patronized that it required four six-hour shifts of six bartenders. In the center of the great room was a waxed dancing space about fifty feet square. At the farther end was a stage, illumined by kerosene footlights and draped with a curtain covered with a picture of startlingly nude women dreamily reclining on the sward in some unmapped forest.

All about the hall around the dance floor were scores of little iron tables with two or four wire-backed chairs at each. Near the entrance a wide stairway led upstairs to half a hundred booths around a balcony encircling the hall save for the stage. These booths contained tables and chairs and lounges and were curtained with cheap cretonne. Underneath the stage was the gambling room—roulette, faro, stud poker, craps, black jack, fan-tan, and Swede bank.

THE new waiter tied on his apron for the first night shift at 8 P. M. About the same time those who worked all day began to play and those who slept all day began to work. They filtered into the dance hall as the fiddles and piano hit the first notes together.

Literally everything went! By midnight the place was jammed. Miners and clerks and cowboys and traveling men sat hunched above the tables, gazing into eyes that invited and appraised. Scarlet lips sipped at drinks made innocuous by wise bartenders. Laughter mingled with the tireless orchestra's ragtime discords—maudlin guffaws of natives stupefied with red-eye, hunkies relaxing in a license denied them in their half-starved European towns, veteran habitues amused by the wiles of berouged sirens, tenderfeet strangling over their initiation into whisky guzzling, and the shrill, metallic, artificial merriment of the women.

Couples struggled to their feet, embraced, and jostled about the polished space. Other pairs lounged at the bar. Women sang and danced about the stage. Men left their partners, after ordering drinks, and went down under the stage, some to flirt successfully with the games and others to leave their bank rolls with the silent, hatchet-faced men in green eyeshades behind the gambling tables.

Over everything tobacco smoke writhed in darting streamers, some of it penetrating the silent booths above. And the cries of the women, the bawling for the waiters, the rattle of the dice, the shrieks from the stage, and the whine of the violins, these were interrupted anon by the whistles from the great smelters up the hill, the clang of ore and freight trains, the piercing blasts from railway engines, and the clatter of iron-tired trucks on the cobbled street outside.

THERE were fights. Here a man suddenly arose to drive his pick-calloused fist into another's face. A couple of waiters quieted the victor with pats on the back and kicked the battered loser outdoors. A woman reeled to her feet and screamed as she slapped the bearded face of a sheep herder across the table. A waiter twisted her shoulder until she subsided, whimpering curses.

"Listen, sister," the floorman said, after he had forced his way between the craning necks around, "another crack outta you like that, and out you go, savvy? What the hell's the matter with you, anyhow, lushin' up and startin' a battle?"

"I don't care, Frank," she sobbed, amid hiccoughs. "I waste half a night with this tramp, and then he laughs at me."

"Well, you ain't handcuffed to him, are you?"

Disputes between customers and waiters, of course, were numerous. But Frank would thrust his ugly mug into the debates, and it seldom became necessary to summon Joe, the bouncer, an unbelievably cruel man who lurked at one end of the bar, piggish eyes missing no item in this catalogue of sin.

Waiters helped entertain the mob, so absorbed in its own devices that it ignored the crude artists on the stage. The waiters would deposit their trays, wipe off the tables, and join in weird 'harmonies about "Frankie and Johnny," about the cowboy who wished to be buried in a lone prair-ee, and about the Girl with the Blue Velvet Band who was shot when her burglar lover suspected her of being stool pigeon for a handsome Frisco copper.

Into this scene of wanton unrestraint young Klecal plunged with enthusiasm. This *was* life, he thought, the most wonderful, the most desirable that could be imagined.

In the second installment, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Sutherland describes Ketchel's debut as a prize fighter and his early ring battles.

4 out of 5
See him too late

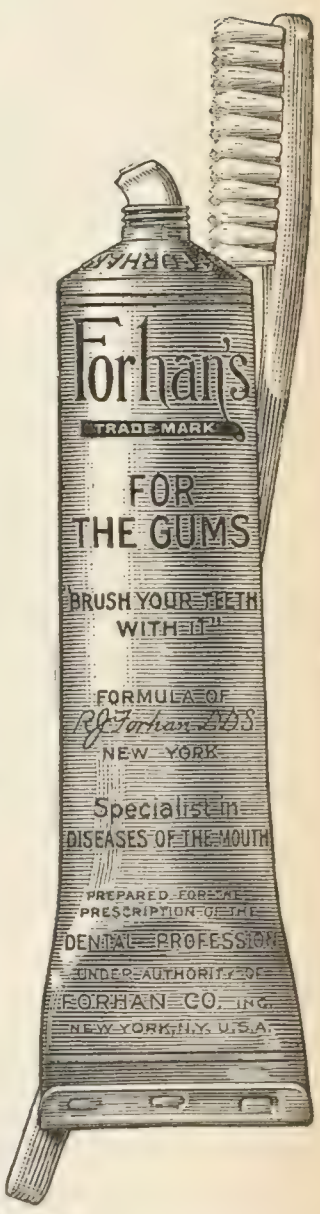
Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

CELEBRATION

HENRY RUGG sat at his desk in his small, poorly furnished office south of Market and stared out of the window into the dusk.

At eight o'clock in the morning, when the sun was shining, he had, as usual, been full of hope; but now it was evening, a thin rain was falling, and he was miserable.

The fight was finished. He was ruined. San Francisco, he reflected, had survived worse disasters than his departure and thrived. But would he survive, would he thrive? He doubted it.

One must have food, clothes, a roof over one's head, money. How could these things be his? There, in a nutshell, was the whole problem of existence!

He sighed and looked at his watch. Gosh! time to be moving off home. He was late already.

A big man passed his window, hesitated for an instant, and then swung open the door.

Henry brought his feet down from his desk with a crash and shoved his pipe into a drawer and prepared to talk business as one to whom the selling of real estate or the advancing of money was a mere matter of routine. He rose from his chair.

"Good evening."

The man who stood just inside the door was a big man, broad and tall. He wore a slicker and a wide brimmed sombrero. In the half light it was difficult to make out his features.

He advanced slowly toward the desk. "Well, Henry," he said in a deep voice. "Well!" He took off his sombrero.

"Gosh!" said Henry. "It's old George Worrall!" They gripped hands warmly.

"Sit down, George, and tell us the news."

Henry switched on the electric light over his desk. George sat back in a chair which creaked under him. His clean shaven face crinkled into a grin, his blue eyes twinkled. He hadn't changed, Henry decided; not a scrap. He was, as he always had been, burnt brown by the sun and shabby. Poor old George! So he hadn't prospered, either.

"How goes it, Henry? Making a fortune, I bet. I said to myself out in the desert, 'Old Henry Rugg, he's doing fine in San Francisco, I know, and when his old partner blows in on him some fine day he'll sure be tickled to death to see me."

"I am," said Henry.

"You've been a good friend to me, Henry. That thousand dollars you advanced for a grubstake was a kinda godsend. It saved me. Of course, Henry, you know as well as I do, the mining game ain't what it was once; prospects you think fine are liable to turn out punk when you least expect it. But I got hopes. Listen, boy, if I was to ask you, man to man, for another thousand bones, would you let me have it?"

"George," said Henry, "I would if I could, but I can't. You see, George, I got into trouble over that last thousand. Min claims it was her money; she said I'd no right to give it you. That's not true. All the same, a married man can't do what he likes if he wants to keep in with his wife. Y'understand, don't you?"

"What about five hundred, then?" said George. "That'd do me if I can't get any more, Henry. You won't lose, I promise you."

Henry dabbed at his forehead with a rolled up handkerchief.

"George," he said, "if I had a thousand dollars I'd let you have it. If I had five hundred, I'd let you have it. But I haven't. George, I'm strapped, broke. This business of mine ain't brought me a cent this past six months. I'm closing the end of the week. I'm a dog-gone pauper."

"Are you?" said George. He nodded his head gravely and looked serious. "A pauper, hey!" Once more his face crinkled into a grin. "Well, then, you ain't. You're rich! Listen, I sold that mine of ourn for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars down and percentages. You get half. Henry, you old son-of-a-gun, you're rich!"

HE rose, slapped some papers on the flat-topped desk and seizing Henry around the waist, waltzed him clumsily around.

"There," he said, halting. "There, you give them documents the once-over when you got time and see if I ain't telling you the truth." He squared his huge shoulders and flung out his arms. "Gee, but it's great. All them years, Henry, knowing I got the goods, and not able to prove it. And now I'm rich and you're rich! That grubstake of yours saved me."

Henry came to himself. The mist was clearing from his thought. Old George Worrall had said he was rich. Half of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and percentages! Rich! Yes, he was rich. Min was rich, too.

"Well, old-timer," George said, "how about it?"

"Takes some getting used to," said Henry.

"Not so you'd notice it, it don't," said George. "Listen, here's where we celebrate. Henry, you and me, we're going to make this little old San Francisco hum before we're through. Dinner, a show, supper, anything, everything. Come on, Henry, it's half past six and I'm famished. You don't learn you're rich every night in the year, do you? Where's your hat?"

But Henry did not move. He sat on the corner of his desk and shook his head.

"George," he said, "I wish I could, but I can't."

"Can't what?"

"Can't join you. Any other night but tonight, George, I'd have been with you, hitting the high spots, but tonight, no. Nothing doing! Tonight's Min's. You see, George, I never told you, but Min and me, we ain't had much except misfortune. I ain't earned a cent since I dunno when; it's Min that's kept us."

"How?" said George.

"Sewing. Making frocks and underneath things, *langery*, for other women. Min always was a good hand with a needle, I guess, and, one way or another, she's worked up a good connection. It don't pay her much, of course,

A Middle-Aged Failure! Sudden Fortune! The Urge to Splurge! Egg Sandwiches! All Have Their Places in This Story of Love and Loyalty

By W. TOWNEND

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

HENRY jumped to his feet, furious. "You," he said. "Say, lemme tell you, the place wasn't vulgar till you come in dressed like that."

but it's that or starving. All along we've had hopes some day the luck would turn, things would break right for us, and we wouldn't be poor no more. And all the time we've been poor we've been planning what we should do the first night we got word we was rich. First, a dinner at some swell joint; after that the best seats we could buy at a show; after that some cabaret where we could have supper, a lobster or something, and dance. Understand? We've got it all taped out, every last hour, till two in the morning. And so, George, though I hate like thunder to turn you down, and though I'll do anything you like tomorrow, tonight's Min's. It's her treat. She's a great kid, Min is, and I'm going to show her a good time for once."

HE picked up the telephone receiver and gave the number of the rooming house out in the Mission where they lived.

It was a long time before Min answered him.

"Yes, who is it?" she said.

"Min, this is Henry speaking. I want you to come downtown at once. It's important."

"Is anything wrong, Henry? Tell me, quick."

"Not exactly wrong, Min. Don't ask no more questions now. Just come."

"Where to?"

"Corner Powell and Market."

Henry hung up the receiver.

"She's got it into her head I've bad news for her. I fooled her there, didn't I?" He chuckled, pleased with the thought of the surprise. "George, ol' man, you've saved me."

"Well," said George, "without that thousand dollars I couldn't have opened up that mine. You saved me, Henry, and I won't forget it. But, Henry, it's been tough on the wife, ain't it. More tough on her than it has on you."

"Has it!" said Henry. "Oh, I dunno about that, George. She had the satisfaction of knowing she was doing something useful, hadn't she? I didn't even have that."

"That's one way to look at it," said George.

It was still raining when Henry, standing on the corner of Powell and Market streets by the turntable, saw Min in her old raincoat and her old black felt hat alighting from the street car.

He hurried toward her.

"Min," he said, huskily. "Min." He slid his arm through hers.

"Henry," she said, "tell me, for God's sake! What is it?"

"Presently," he said, and led her quickly up Powell street. He pressed his teeth hard into his lower lip in the effort to keep from laughing out loud. She mustn't know yet, Min mustn't, how happy he was. But he wanted to throw his arms about her and hug her.

"Henry," she gasped, "you're going too fast for me. I can't stand too much suspense. Is it anything bad? You've got to tell me!"

He understood how she must feel and was sorry, yet to break the news to her now would spoil everything.

"Is it anything bad, Henry?"

"No, it's nothing really bad, kid, I promise you."

AND although she kept on asking him questions in that new, timid voice of hers, he was firm and said no more until they sat opposite each other at the table he had booked in the restaurant of their dreams. And then, thrilling with bliss, he rubbed his hands and said: "Now, Min, enjoy yourself." and winked at the stout, dignified head waiter, a foreigner, it seemed, and asked how he was and had he lived in San Francisco long, or hadn't he? The finest city in the world, hey? He noticed a sudden glance pass between the head waiter and another younger waiter who stood by Min's chair. In a flash he knew they doubted him. They thought he hadn't the money; they thought he was poor. Well, let them think.

He glanced over his shoulder at the people who sat at the tables near them—men in evening clothes, girls in low cut evening frocks, with jewels and hair that was shingled or bobbed. Handsome girls, no doubt; beautifully dressed, of course; but there wasn't one of them, not a dog-gone one, to be compared with his Min in her old black hat and her raincoat. By gosh! Wait till she'd had a chance to spend some of her money. She'd show 'em!

The head waiter uttered a little cough.

"Shall we serve the dinner, sare?"

"You betcher!" said Henry. "That's why we're here, ain't it? What I ordered over the phone."

The waiters withdrew. Henry rubbed his hands once more and chuckled. The greatest moment of his life had come.

A pretty girl seated with a man at another table smiled at him. Henry smiled, too. And suddenly he was proud of himself. Not a bad looking feller, take it all round, was he? Able to hold his own with the best of 'em. That girl, now, she'd spotted him straight off. He turned to Min to see if she'd noticed.

"How you feeling, Min?"

"Henry," she whispered. "Henry."

Her small, delicate face was white and pinched. Poor Min! Almost one would have said her bones were visible under that transparent skin of hers. The pale lips drooped sadly. Soon, though, she would be laughing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CROSLEY

Powel Crosley, Junior, has always done the unexpected

His Announcement of December 26th was no exception to that rule

RADIO

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist—Make big money—I made $100,000 in less than 5 years—Learn how I did it—Use my successful system—Begin at home—In your spare time—Make money my way—Free book tells how.

Are you stuck in the rut of **hard work** and **poor pay?**

Are you struggling to make both ends meet?

Then listen to me!

I was in the same fix. I was earning $25 a week, doing work I thoroughly disliked, living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, getting mighty few of the good things of life. Then I hit upon a big, new, real estate idea. And in about 18 months I was making nearly a **thousand dollars a month.** And in less than five years I had cleaned up a net profit of **more than one hundred thousand dollars.** Write at once for the full story of my success in real estate. Learn how you, too, can succeed. Get my new, free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains **my history** and **your opportunity.**

Follow in My Footsteps

I have shown others the way to real estate success. And I can show you. And when you get into real estate you get into the biggest thing there is. Half the nation's wealth is invested in real estate. It is a big, permanent, steadily growing business. It is easy to learn. It does not take long study like engineering, electricity, dentistry, medicine, law, etc. And you can start at home in your spare time, without capital or experience—just as I did.

What Others Are Doing

Men and women I have started on the road to real estate success are enthusiastic in their praise of my successful system. Read these brief extracts from grateful people:

"Your System is Wonderful. Without giving up present job I made $900 in three months in my spare time."—F. E. Stokes, Pennsylvania.

"Have new car, dandy office, and money in bank, and without any capital to start."—Mrs. P. Moore, Connecticut.

"Since beginning your System have averaged $200 a month."—J. C. Northrup, Massachusetts.

"Made $550 commission the first week."—D. H. Garrett, Maryland.

"Have nothing but words of praise for your system. Already selling property at $10,500 and getting $420 out of it."—J. W. Yucas, Illinois.

There isn't room here for any more such letters. So, send for my free book. It is filled with stories of success.

Act Promptly

Mail the coupon now—before you turn this page—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of this new book, "How to become a Real Estate Specialist." It shows how you can use my proved-out, time-tested system and make money my way—how you can start right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—without interfering with your present work—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist in a high-grade, money-making business of your own. **Be prompt!** Your opportunity is **here** and **now.** Don't neglect it. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Dept. 66-A, 18 East 18th Street, New York, N. Y.

American Business Builders,
Dept. 66-A, 18 East 18th Street,
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Send me—**without cost or obligation**—a copy of your new, free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

[CELEBRATION Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

In the dark gray eyes with their long black lashes was fear. She glanced this way and that, quickly, as though trapped. Poor little Min! Under the brim of her old black hat—horrible old hat—her soft, dark brown fringe lay in disorder on her forehead. Her straight black eyebrows were puckered into a perplexed frown. Her hands were clasped on the white linen tablecloth in front of her.

In sudden affection Henry reached forward and touched her arm. The sleeve of her raincoat was drenched.

"Min," he said, "take that thing off. You'll be catching your death of cold."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. A soft pink color crept into her thin cheeks. "No."

The waiter arrived with the oysters.

"That's the style, Bill! You can't beat them things for a start, can you?" Henry leant forward across the table. "Now, Min, get busy. You're hungry, I bet. I am, anyways."

Someone at the table next theirs choked and laughed.

"Henry," Min said, "why did you come here, to a place like this? H'sh! Not so loud; they'll hear."

And why shouldn't they hear?

"Why did I come here?" he said heartily. "I'll tell you. The best is none too good for me, that's why. The best is none too good for you, neither."

"Yes, but I don't understand."

"There's lots you don't understand, Min, ain't there? This is one of 'em. You get outside them oysters, Min, and I'll tell you."

A tear trickled down Min's cheeks.

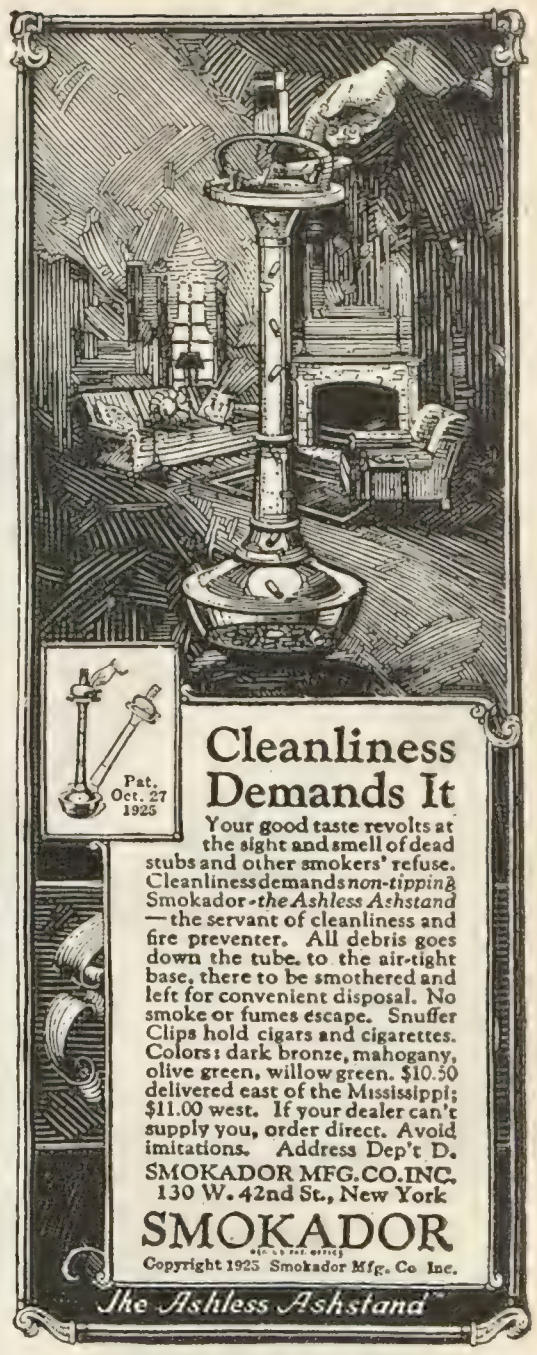
Henry was startled. Gosh! what was the matter now?

II.

THE head waiter, looking pompous, walked briskly up the aisle between the tables, followed at a more leisurely pace by a man and a woman, both elderly and fat, both in evening clothes. But whereas the man was bald and had taken it, it was obvious, no pains to hide his age, the woman had a mass of golden curls and was dressed as a young girl might have dressed, in a low cut evening gown of gold satin, a sheath that revealed the full plumpness of her figure, much too short in the skirt and showing fat ankles in gold silk stockings and high-heeled gold slippers. Both she and her man looked, Henry reflected, as though the food they ate disagreed with them. Why else should the expressions on their faces be so sour?

Min had twisted about in her chair. She caught her breath with a gasp of horror. The stout lady had halted and was glaring at her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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of dollars—one student alone has earned over $5000 with her pen since taking our personal training—others earning **Big Money Every Day.** You can, too!

Jack London Said:

"I like your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the matter. As a veteran in the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your course is excellently comprehensive and practical."

He endorsed NO OTHER.

Free Book Send Coupon for Free Book and details of our wonderful offer.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation, kindly send me new book "The Art of Story Writing" and details of **Special Offer.**

Name..... Age.....

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A New Accessory of Feminine Dress—the

Velvet Grip Girdle Garter

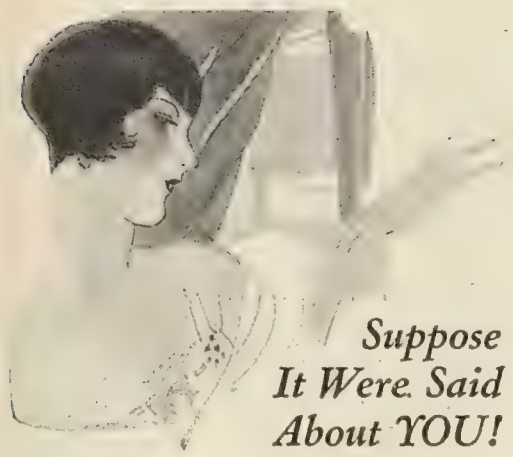
Worn around the hips instead of at the waistline, the Girdle Garter is so comfortable that you hardly know it is there, and the stress is so planned that it cannot possibly slip down.

Ideal for dancing, gymnasium and sports wear; designed primarily to wear without corset or girdle.

The Girdle Garter comes in different styles of webbing and shirred ribbon, in dainty colors and combinations of colors to harmonize with the prevailing shades in lingerie, and is equipped with the new Velvet Grip Clasp, having the Oblong Rubber Button with no metal stud in sight. Prices range from $1.25 to $2.50.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY—BOSTON
Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men
The Girdle Garters Patented Feb. 10, 1925

NOTE:—Velvet Grip Girdle Garter is new and all stores are not stocked as yet. If you do not find it readily, ask your dealer to order for you, or buy direct—web garters. $1.25; shirred ribbon, $1.75, postpaid. Send hip measure only.



Suppose It Were Said About YOU!

How hideous! How embarrassing. Yet—*you* have heard it said about others! Many women are pitifully unaware of their ruined daintiness—and it is so unnecessary!

That is why fastidious women *take no chances.* For over two centuries *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* has been a necessary and enchanting feminine deodorant. It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration—and preserves daintiness, the most entrancing of all charms.

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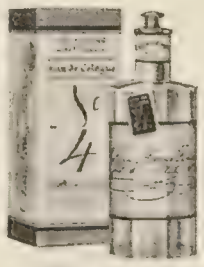

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At Your Dealer's
2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.

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I am enclosing 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the GENEROUS SAMPLE of Eau de Cologne-No. 4 at once!

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My Druggist is.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

"So," she said. "You here! So this is the sick headache that has prevented you from finishing my new frock. So!" She raised her voice and moved on. "This place is becoming positively vulgar!"

Henry jumped to his feet, furious.

"You," he said. "Say, lemme tell you, the place wasn't vulgar till you come in dressed like that. If my wife made that frock for you, a woman your age, she ought to have had more sense. It's the last she'll make for you or anyone else. You may be rich, but so's she."

The stout lady stared at Henry with wide-open, protruding eyes, opened her mouth as though to crush him with her reply, and then, apparently thinking better of it, hurried on, her cheeks crimson under her make-up.

HENRY, aware that everyone within hearing was watching him, laughed in an offhand way, and sat down once more.

"Well, Min, that finished her, didn't it?"

"Henry," said Min, "what did you mean by saying I was rich?"

"You are," said Henry. "Min, you remember that thousand dollars I gave George Worrall for a grubstake? He come into the office this evening to tell me he'd sold his mine and I was worth, you and me, half what he's got for it—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and percentages. Understand, Min. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars we got this minute. Now, do you see? You're rich."

He leant back in his chair to watch the effect of his words.

Min began to weep.

"Oh, God!" she said.

"Why, Min," said Henry, "what is it?"

Before he could touch her she was hurrying down the aisle toward the front door of the restaurant.

Henry gazed after her, aghast, his heart pounding against his ribs, a lump in his throat.

The head waiter, dignified still, but worried, appeared by his side.

"Sare," he said.

Henry pushed back his chair and stood up. The head waiter was saying something about a lady being annoyed by someone's rudeness. Apparently that was himself. Or Min.

"What's that?" said Henry, sharply.

The waiter looked scared.

"Now, sare, please; we do not vant any trouble. I only tell you what the lady ask me to say . . ."

"Oh, go to blazes," said Henry. "If you mean that old hen dressed like a flapper, forget it. Here, I got to go after my wife." He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

10-Day Test FREE—*Mail the Coupon*

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

She Has Overcome

the social handicap of "Off-Color" teeth—Please accept a 10-day test

Now you can restore cloudy teeth to clear and dazzling whiteness. This remarkable *new* way is urged by leading dental authorities. *It combats the film that makes teeth dull and invites tooth and gum troubles.*

DULL teeth are now a folly; off-color teeth a grave injustice to yourself.

Modern science has made important recent discoveries. Cloudy teeth are restored to clear and gleaming whiteness. Gums are firmed and given healthy, natural color.

Please accept a full 10-day tube. Then note results. Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

FILM hides pretty teeth. And fosters gum troubles.

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating. That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known. Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film and Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel. A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

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FILM the worst enemy to teeth

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YOU are probably sick and tired of reading endless arguments about tooth paste—which to use and why.

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¶ It's made by the makers of Listerine. It tastes the way you want it to taste. It does its work well.

¶ It is sold at a price you like—25 cents for the large tube. And if we charged you a dollar a tube we couldn't offer you a better tooth paste.

¶ Try it once * and we'll wager you'll come back for more—unless you're different from the thousands of people who have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

*Its wonderful refreshing effect alone has converted thousands to the use of this paste.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
Large Tube—25 Cents

Around the Garage
use KITCHEN KLENZER
Hurts only dirt

[CELEBRATION
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

thrust some money into the waiter's hand. "If that ain't enough for the dinner we ain't eaten, I'll be round tomorrow to find out." He grabbed his hat and coat from the floor at the back of his chair, where he had placed them for safety, and ran down the aisle between the tables.

Min was crazy, of course. The news she was rich had turned her brain.

When he reached the street he saw her through the rain at the corner of the block. He ran after her, calling her name.

Not until she had reached Union Square did he overtake her.

"Min," he said. "Min, dear!"

"Don't touch me," she said. The look in her face, seen in the light of an arc lamp, frightened him. "I hate you," she said.

"But, Min, my gosh, what's come to you?"

"You know!" she said. "You know. Let me alone, do you hear?"

"Min," he said. "Min."

SHE crossed the street to the corner of the square, walked swiftly some distance up a path and then dropped onto a bench, where she sat leaning back, her face covered by her hands.

He watched her a while, not knowing what to do. Then timidly he seated himself by her side.

"Min, what is it?"

She lowered her hands.

"I hate you!"

"Hate me!"

"Yes, hate you. I've had nothing but unhappiness since the day you married me. You took my money, all I had, wasted it, gave it away to men you knew nothing about . . ."

Henry interrupted.

"Min, that ain't fair. Every cent I had of yours you let me have, willing. If things had turned out the way I looked for we'd have been rich years ago. As for that thousand dollars I advanced to George Worrall for a grubstake, maybe I ought to have asked your leave before I gave it him, but I could trust him, I knew, and I was right. You're rich, Min. The money's yours, every cent of it. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. And percentages. Don't you see, Min? We'd planned what we should do when we was rich—the celebration, a feed in some swell restaurant, a theater, supper after, a cabaret, dancing. I was going to take you to all them places. Instead, we're sitting here in the rain and everything's wrong. What have I done, Min? I don't understand."

"There's lots you don't understand, too, ain't there? I've worked hard for you, Henry, always. I asked for nothing, only to know you cared for me. But you don't. If you did, you wouldn't treat me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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of a beautiful solo. You'll wonder that a saw can produce such marvelous music. But the FREE record proves it. Send for it and big free trial offer, today! Let me show you letters from pupils who are now stage celebrities. Let me tell you how you can get Saw, Bow, Soft Hammer and Resin FREE with Course of Instruction after my trial offer proves how quickly you can play.

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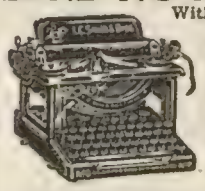
Without delay, or red tape, we'll send you this typewriter for a 10 day **FREE** trial.



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$1 Sensational Value, Both Intrinsic and Economic

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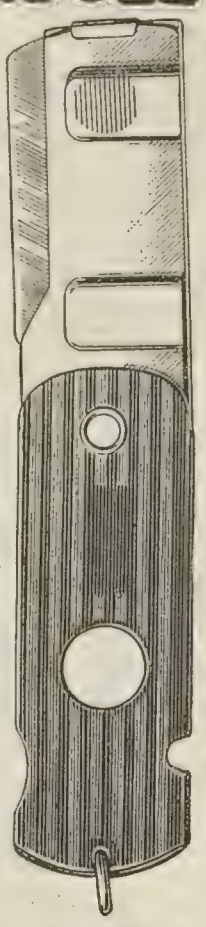

This illustration shows "Pal" when opened.

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In one minute—or less—the pain is gone. The soothing medication in Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads produces this magic result, and at same time starts to heal the deeper tissues. This thin, antiseptic pad removes the **cause** of corns—**friction** and **pressure**—by preventing the shoe from rubbing and irritating the sore spot.

The very **idea** is scientific. Simple to apply—unfailing in their action—cost but a trifle. Get them at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. For **free sample**, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago.

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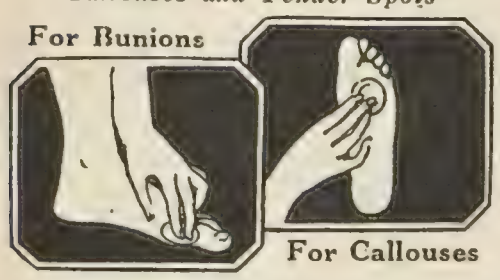

Try this safe, antiseptic treatment for painful bunions, callouses, and tender spots. See how quickly it stops the pain and clears up the irritation.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Put one on—the pain is gone"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

so bad. After all I been through, you break my heart."

"How?" said Henry.

"How! Why, by taking me into a place like that, among all those rich folks."

Henry stared in amazement at the vague outline of her small white face in the darkness.

"Ain't we rich, too?" he said.

She laughed huskily.

"You fool," she said. The contempt in her voice hurt him more than any outburst of anger. He felt all at once tired and miserable and helpless. "Haven't you eyes in your head?" she asked. "You're ready enough to look at other girls, ain't you? You're quick enough to say how pretty they are, how nice they dress. Your own wife don't count, does she?"

"What other girl had I eyes for tonight but you, Min?"

"How do I know?" said Min. "What do I care? When you rang up, I came as fast as I could, just as I was. The thought that maybe something was wrong pretty near killed me. But you, you didn't care, did you? What kind of a fright do I look in this awful old hat of mine and this raincoat buttoned up to the neck and my old shoes with the heels worn down? How could I say, when you asked me to take off my coat, I hadn't a bodice on underneath? Henry, there wasn't a woman in that restaurant that wasn't laughing at me. That's the truth. Tonight's the most miserable night I ever had in my life and God knows I've had more than my share."

SHE was sobbing bitterly once more.

"I'm sorry, Min," said Henry.

"What's the use of saying you're sorry?" she said. "You never learn. You do the same things over and over and you always will."

"I'm no good, Min, I know. But I won't trouble you no more, if you'd rather not. I'll go away somewhere by myself."

And then somehow or other her head was resting on his shoulder, and he was holding her in his arms, and comforting her, and telling her, in a whisper, how much he loved her.

For a long time they sat without moving.

"Min," he said, "I'm not much of a man, am I?"

"Poor Henry! You don't understand women, do you? Not even your wife. They were laughing at you, too, dear. All of them. You need a haircut, Henry, and your collar was frayed, and you've ink all over your cheek, and your suit's so old and shabby. Poor Henry! You meant well, I know, and you're so unhappy. Was I hard on you, Henry?"

"Hard on me! Min, I wonder you ever want to see me again. I treated you bad, Min. You were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Following the Radio Bridge Games on a Canadian National train speeding across the Dominion.

Among the experts preparing the Radio Bridge Games are Work and Whitehead, New York; Mrs. Florence Douglass, Pittsburgh, and H. A. Larick, Atlanta.

Even on trans-continental trains, card players are listening-in to every game of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

NEVER has any radio feature appealed so strongly to the card-playing public. Every bridge player you meet is enthusiastic about the recreation and instruction provided by the broadcast games. Have your cards and players ready for the next game as scheduled below. Wherever you may be, you need not miss a single one.

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WEEI.....Boston.....Boston Edison Co.
WFI.....Philadelphia.....Strawbridge & Clothier
WGR.....Buffalo.....Federal Tel. & Tel. Co.
WWJ.....Detroit.....Detroit News
WOC.....Davenport.....Palmer School of Chiropractic
WCCO.....Twin Cities....Washburn-Crosby Co.

Alternate Tuesdays (Jan. 12, 26, etc.) 9-9:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSB.....Atlanta.....Atlanta Journal
KPRC.....Houston.....Houston Post-Dispatch
WFAA.....Dallas.....Dallas News & Journal
WMC.....Memphis.....Memphis Commercial-Appeal
WDOD....Chattanooga.....Chattanooga Radio Co.

Every Tuesday, 8:20-8:45 P. M. (P. T.)
KGW.....Portland.....Portland Oregonian

Every Tuesday, 3:30-4 P. M. (P. T.)
KHJ.....Los Angeles.....Los Angeles Times

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P. M. (P. T.)
KFOA.....Seattle.....Seattle Times

Every Tuesday, 9:30-10 P. M. (P. T.)
KGO.....Oakland.....General Electric Co.

Alternate Saturdays (Jan. 16, 30, etc.) 9-9:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WGY.....Schenectady....General Electric Co.

Every Wednesday 3-3:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WGN.....Chicago.....Chicago Tribune

Alternate Thursdays (Jan. 14, 28, etc.) 8-8:30 P. M.
WSOE.....Milwaukee.....Wisconsin News

Alternate Tuesdays (Jan. 12, 26, etc.) 10-10:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WNAC.....Boston.....Shepard Stores

Every Tuesday, 10-10:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAN.....Providence.....Shepard Stores

Alternate Wednesdays (Jan. 6, 20, etc.) 8:30-9 P. M. (C. T.)
WCAP.....Washington.....C. & P. Tel. Co.

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BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

"Thought you and the wife was going to celebrate by having a swell feed somewheres." "That's what we're doing, ain't it?" said Henry

[CELEBRATION
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

right. I did. While you were working yourself to death, almost, making frocks for women like that fat woman that spoke to you I was sitting around, smoking and reading the paper, waiting for business that never came, that never would come, I guess, because I done nothing to get it; refusing to take on a job because the money I'd earn working for someone else wouldn't be worth my while. Didn't I ever give you a thought? You working to keep the pair of us and me grumbling because I was hard up! Min, I'm ashamed. I must have been crazy. Can you forgive me, Min?"

"There's nothing to forgive. What sort of a wife would I have been if I hadn't wanted to help my husband? I wasn't kind to you, Henry, I know."

"Min, if you'd told me to get out and never come back after tonight, there's no one would blame you."

"I'd never have done that, Henry. I love you too much."

"I don't deserve to be loved, Min. That's the truth."

"Let's not talk of it any more," Min said. She patted his hand.

"Min," he said, "are you hungry?"

"Starving," said Min.

"Mind if I leave you, then? I won't be long."

HE was back five minutes later with fried egg sandwiches and coffee.

"Where did you rustle that, Henry?"

"Lunch counter. They made me pay a deposit on the coffee pot and the mugs. I guess we can afford it, can't we?"

As they sat side by side and munched their sandwiches and drank their coffee there came toward them a big man wrapped in a slicker and wearing on his head a broad-brimmed sombrero. He halted immediately in front of the bench where they sat.

"On your way," said Henry. "Beat it, feller!"

The man with the sombrero grunted.

"Either that's Henry Rugg or else this doggone rain's making me see things crooked. What you doing, Henry? Thought you and the wife was going to celebrate the occasion by having a swell feed somewheres."

"That's what we're doing, ain't it?" said Henry. "You wouldn't want nothing more swell than fried egg sandwiches and coffee, would you, Min?"

George sighed.

"I get you. You're a lucky man, Henry. Luckier than I'd any idee. The biggest thing in the world's come to you tonight."

"Meaning that money?" said Henry.

"No," said George. "Fried egg sandwiches and coffee in the rain."

"I don't understand," said Henry.

Min laughed softly under her breath.

"I do," she said. "Sit down, Mr. Worrall. You'd better join the party. There's plenty of sandwiches left, but I guess you'll have to drink what's left of the coffee out of the coffee pot."

THE END

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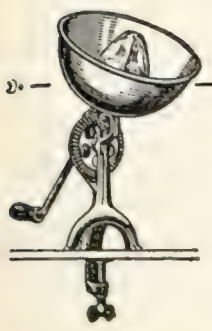

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Melodies and Memories

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By Melba

PART THIRTEEN

THERE is nothing like contrast in autobiography, and I have been feeling the need of a little humorous relief. Nor do I think that contrast, provided one keeps fairly within the limits of chronological sequence, is so very inartistic. And certainly there could be no greater contrast than that between Lord Northcliffe and the man of whom I am now going to write—Lord Sandwich, that strange, exotic figure whom one knew so well in those days before the war, and who might well have stepped straight out of the pages of one of Balzac's Contes Drolatiques.

I learned, on my first visit to Hinchingbrooke, that, though the late Lord Sandwich was one of the most delightful companions in the world, he was also, at times, one of the worst-tempered. I arrived at Hinchingbrooke soon after lunch, and, as it was a very hot day and tennis seemed too strenuous, we decided to play croquet.

I had never looked upon this game as one of very tremendous importance, and, though Sandwich was my partner, I could not interest myself in it to the extent of stopping conversation, and therefore chattered gayly. I began to drop behind the others, and suddenly Sandwich, who was on the other side of the lawn, shouted out, "If you would stop talking for two seconds, you might perhaps sometimes go through a hoop."

Needless to say, we lost. And then, to my astonishment, I saw Lord Sandwich run across the lawn, seize the balls, and hurl them furiously into the lake. . . . I learned that this was his invariable custom when he lost a game. However, half an hour later he was his old self and was showing me Hinchingbrooke as though nothing had happened.

Another of his eccentricities was that he attached an unusual importance to punctuality. He used to say to his butler, "When I say eight o'clock, I mean eight o'clock, and not one minute past eight." Being equally punctual myself, I had no fear of offending him in this respect.

But on one occasion I had been out motoring in the country when about six miles from home the car broke down. After considerable delay, I managed to get a motor bicycle with a side car, and by the time I reached Hinchingbrooke it was already eight o'clock.

When I came down to dinner, Sandwich was so annoyed that, although I was sitting next to him, he would not say a word to me. At length he turned to me and the following conversation, stuttering on his part, ensued:

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Fritz Kreisler—"He has the heart of a child and the sensitiveness of a child as well. But what a god on the violin!"

Sandwich—"D-d-d'you know whom I considered the g-g-greatest singer in the world?"

Myself—"No. Who?"

Sandwich—"I think the g-g-greatest singer in the world was m-my m-m-mother."

Myself—"Then I wish I might have heard her. She could have given me lessons."

At that he laughed, and all was well.

Lord Sandwich had very determined ideas as to the correct dress which was necessary for his guests who were staying at Hinchingbrooke. In particular, it greatly annoyed him if the women wore hats during lunch. Most of us were warned about this little peculiarity as soon as we arrived, but sometimes we were apt to forget it. And one day, when we had been out for a walk and returned just as luncheon was ready, we all went into the dining room with our hats on.

Lord Sandwich sat at the end of the table with an expression of deep gloom on his face. Suddenly, after taking a sweeping glance at us all munching our food quite innocently, he turned to the butler and said:

"Bring me my hat."

© Farringdon

Madame Melba leaving Marlborough House, London, in 1920, after calling on the late Queen Alexandra on the latter's birthday.

The butler, who must have been used to strange orders, gravely went to the door to fetch it. Just as he was going out, Lord Sandwich shouted, "*You* put on a hat, too."

"Yes, sir," said the butler.

"And," added his master, "the footmen can also get their hats and wear them."

During the whole of this remarkable procedure I had been wondering whether I was supposed to laugh or to take no notice. But, as the prevailing atmosphere of the table continued to be one of deep gravity, I said nothing.

IN a few moments the butler returned, wearing a smart gray Homburg hat, which looked ridiculously out of place with his black clothes. He was followed by a couple of sheepish footmen, one of them in a slouch hat, the other in a cap. But nobody looked more fantastic than Lord Sandwich, who was handed a tweed cap on a silver tray. This he put on, tugged it over his eyes, and glared fiercely in front of him, as though to say, "Now criticize me—if you dare!"

We are only just beginning to realize once again that all Germans and Austrians are not necessarily fiends and that there is not really so yawning a gulf fixed between them and the rest of humanity as some of us appeared not so long ago to imagine.

And yet, when I recall those days before the war (and how swiftly they seemed to pass), it is still with something of a shock that I realize that some of my best friends were, later on, the sworn enemies

of England. I think that those memories of German and Austrian friends bring home to one more clearly than anything else the horror which we have not yet succeeded in forgetting.

I suppose that few men occupied a more difficult position in the war than Kreisler, nor acquitted themselves so honorably in it. He fought for his country, and after he had been wounded he went back to America and gave every penny that he earned to the Red Cross. I consider it an honor to have sung with him at one of these charity concerts. Kreisler! He has the heart of a child and the sensitiveness of a child as well. But what a god on the violin!

Nor was there a more charming companion, for example, than Count Albert Mensdorff, the Austrian ambassador, whom I used frequently to see in the last days of peace.

On my very last day in England before the war, Mensdorff gave a farewell luncheon to me, and, whatever else we talked about at that luncheon, it was certainly not even remotely connected with the possibility of war. When I took my leave, he said, "I've adored my lunch. When are you coming back?"

"In a few months."

"We'll have another one then. Will you come?"

"Rather," I said. But I never saw him again.

FROM London, I went to Paris, prepared to enjoy myself before my trip home to Australia. How wonderful those last weeks in Paris were! Looking back on it today, it seems almost as though we were all like the revelers at some great ball, dancing faster and faster, more and more madly, in the last hours before the coming of dawn. Of course, the simile cannot bear examination, since we had no hint of the coming catastrophe. We imagined that life would go on like this forever.

And yet, there now came my way one of the most remarkable prophecies that I have ever heard, from the mouth of one who was not usually much given to prophesying—Lord Bertie, our ambassador.

It happened like this: I had given a birthday party for Gladys de Grey (whom I must now call Gladys Ripon) at my flat, of which Lord Bertie had apparently heard. At least, when he came to tea with me, two days later, we had not been talking for more than ten minutes before his voice suddenly changed and a shadow came over his face as he said to me:

Lord Bertie—"I see all you middle-aged women were dancing here the other day."

Myself—"We can't help being middle-aged."

Lord Bertie—"Are you well up in your Roman history?"

Myself—"I shouldn't like to pass an exam in it."

Lord Bertie—"Do you know that before the fall of the Roman Empire the women of Rome were behaving just like the women of today? Do you know that they were indulging in every extravagance; wearing green wigs, red wigs; painting their faces; caring for nothing but pleasure? And do you know what came of it?"

There was a pause. Then, very slowly and emphatically, he said:

"Dancing feet bring war!"

I shivered a little, for there seemed something more in his words than the mere statement of fact. But such is the constitution of human nature that the words soon passed out of my mind. It was not till war had actually been declared and was raging in all its violence that I recalled Lord Bertie's words, and when I wrote to him I sadly reminded him of them and asked if, when he said them, he actually knew facts that were denied to me.

Charlie Chaplin, who charmed Melba with his philosophy and who told her he would give his soul to play Hamlet.

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Lord Reading, special British ambassador to the United States in 1918, of whose difficulties during the last year of the war Melba tells in this installment.

"No," he wrote back. "I knew nothing. The sky was absolutely without a cloud. But, though I knew no facts, I felt . . ." And he did not finish the sentence.

In 1914 we thought the war would "all be over" in a few weeks, and I remember my feeling of incredulous astonishment when Lord Kitchener announced that the struggle would last at least three years—a feeling almost as though he had said something alarming—something needlessly and foolishly pessimistic.

Knitting became almost an obsession with me. Not my own knitting, I mean, but other people's. One's whole life seemed to be dominated by the monotonous rhythm of those eternal needles. It seemed to click with my music, to run every tempo into a ragtime.

On one of my first concerts after the declaration of war, I noticed, as soon as I had stepped onto the platform, that almost every woman in the audience seemed to be knitting. I stood there, feeling suddenly isolated, incapable of singing, shut off from the usual circle of sympathy which every artist tries to create.

The first bars of my accompaniment were played. They meant nothing to me. Still that terrible clicking, that distracting flash of needles continued. And suddenly I stepped forward, spread out my hands, and cried:

"Stop! Please stop! You are driving me mad."

Like magic, the needles dropped. Every eye rivited itself upon me. I laughed nervously.

"I know the soldiers will forgive me," I said, "if I ask you, just for a few moments, to stop. It is almost driving me mad."

They stopped, of course, but I often wonder, to this day, if those women realize how near they were to witnessing a real Mad Scene, not from Lucia, but from life.

SOMETHING of the stress and drama of those days was revealed to me at a dinner in Washington by Lord Reading. Lord Reading is one of the few men whom I have ever met, who one feels instinctively would have been great in whatever career they had adopted. Other men one knows are born statesmen, inevitable millionaires, or natural scientific geniuses. But Reading struck me as having a breadth of mind and outlook which could have taken him to the top in whatever he had attempted.

On this particular evening he told me the story of the greatest crisis through which he had ever passed.

"You remember the days of 1918 when the Germans were pouring into France in numbers which seemed overwhelming?" I nodded.

"Well, for me those days were particularly arduous. I was, of course, the British ambassador to the United States at the time, and it happened that I was engaged to deliver an evening lecture at the Lotos Club on the day when, to the best of my recollection, things looked blacker in France than ever before. Just before I left Washington the first portions of a very long cable from Mr. Lloyd George were delivered to me, telling me of the imminence of the danger and urging me to impress upon America the necessity of putting forward every ounce of hard strength to meet it. The cable was so serious that I was forced, as I went up in the train to New York, to alter the whole tenor of my speech, especially in view of the fact that I had not received the whole of the cable and more portions of it were handed to me as soon as I arrived.

"That dinner was a nightmare for me. No sooner had I risen to my feet than another portion of cable was handed me and, glancing at it, I saw that things were even worse than I had imagined. I do not know how I ever finished my lecture, but I do know that the effort of concentration was almost too much for me.

"A few days later I went to see President

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

[MELBA'S MEMOIRS
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

Wilson in Washington and I was able to put before him the full facts of the situation. I cannot tell you all that passed between us, but we talked all night and before we had reached the end the light of dawn was creeping through the windows and the birds were singing in the gardens of the White House."

I am only too aware of the shortcomings of my memories of this period. I say to myself, here was I traveling in the United States, in Australia, in Canada, in the most thrilling time of history, and yet all I have to say seems trifling and of little account.

The explanation is that, quite frankly, I find it difficult to talk about the war at all. When so many great sacrifices were being made, when so many gallant deeds were being achieved, to write of my small efforts, my hope and tribulations, seems almost impertinent. However, one thing at least I can look back upon with some small gratification, and that is that I am reminded, even as I dip my pen into the ink, that my handwriting was completely ruined by the war.

WHEREVER I went, whether it was in Australia, Canada, or the United States, I was always being asked to sign autographs, which would be sold for the benefit of the soldiers. I signed and signed until I could sign no more. For one concert alone I wrote over a thousand letters in my own hand, and the comparatively sober and dignified "Nellie Melba" with which I started the war had degenerated at the end of it into a flourishing and untidy parody of its former self.

Let me just add, not in any boastful spirit, but as a means of thanking those who helped me, that I made through the war over twelve thousand pounds which I was enabled to hand over to the Red Cross as a slight tribute from one who cared.

The candles were lit round the dinner table in my Australian home, the first glass of wine had been drunk, on November 11, 1918, when suddenly the telephone bell rang and my butler came into the room and told me that the commander of one of the destroyers in the harbor wished to speak to me. At once I went outside, and there in that darkened hall I was told that peace had come at last. I let the receiver drop, and stood there for a moment motionless. And then, in a sort of wild joy I screamed, and ran back to tell the others.

They sprang to their feet and clustered round me. What did I know? Could I tell them any more? Had I any definite information? I shook my head. All I knew was that we had peace, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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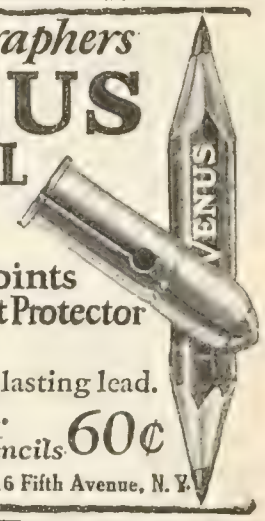

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

that death had ceased to take its toll.

Suddenly I remembered that all the little villages round about, all the tiny townships whose methods of communication were still as crude as they had been fifty years ago, would still be in ignorance. So I ordered my car, and as soon as it was ready we all got into it and whirled down to the village of Lilydale.

Never shall I forget sweeping up the deserted street to the old fire bell standing rusty and usually forgotten under the tall gum tree. I jumped out of the car, seized the rope and pulled and pulled and pulled, till the whole night rang with the echoes of it. For a few minutes there was no response; and then they started to come out.

"Melba's here," they said to one another as they clustered round.

"Don't bother about Melba," I cried out, and I can't remember whether I was laughing or sobbing. "It's peace."

Like a flame in the woods when the bush is scorching and the wind high, the word "peace" rushed round the village. It seemed hardly out of my mouth before other bells had started to ring, and soon in that little village of the Australian bush a strange shrill clamor of bells, like some unearthly chorus, was pealing to the skies.

It was the same all the way down the road, and when, tired out, we drove back, still from tiny houses on distant hills lights were shining brightly, and as we swept through the villages bells were still pealing.

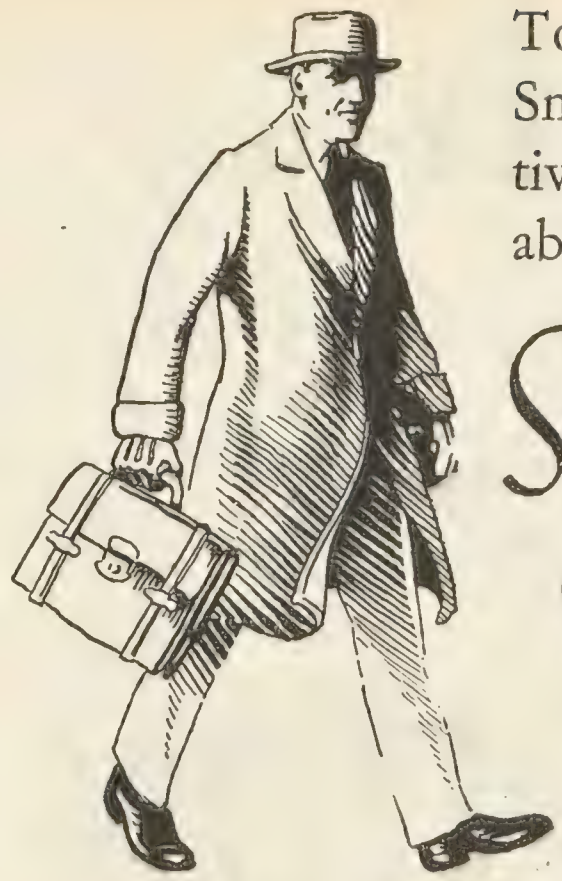
AT the risk of being thought irreverent, I am going to plunge without any premeditation into a totally different atmosphere, to cheer up not only those who may read these words but myself in writing them. In fact, I am going to give you a tonic. The name of that tonic is Charlie Chaplin.

I had long had a great desire to meet Charlie Chaplin, and as soon as we arrived at Los Angeles, on my long delayed journey home, I set out for his studio in company with Lady Susan Fitzclarence, my great friend.

No celebrity whom I ever have met so completely falsified my preconceived notions of them as Charlie Chaplin. He was then at the pinnacle of his fame as a comedian—a pinnacle which he still occupies in solitary state. But how little the world knew of the real man who had hidden behind the mask of humor!

I had expected first of all to meet an ugly, grotesque figure. Instead, there advanced toward me a smiling, handsome young man, small, but perfectly made, with flashing eyes, and beautiful teeth. He was dressed quietly and well,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[MELBA'S MEMOIRS
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

and he spoke in a low, musical voice that seemed to belong more to an English public school boy than to a knockabout comedian.

But it was not the superficial Charlie Chaplin that most surprised me, but the character of the man as revealed by his conversation. Instead of a brilliant clown, I found myself face to face with a philosopher, with a serious, almost melancholy attitude to life.

"Ah, Madame Melba," was one of the first things he said to me, "you should be happy. You have been able to express *every* emotion. You have laughed in The Barber of Seville, and you have wept in Othello. But suppose that you had never been allowed to weep? Suppose, like myself, that you had always been forced to laugh?" He paused and then said abruptly: "I would give my soul to play Hamlet."

A few minutes later he was again as bright as a child. He had just bought a new motor car, and danced round his new toy as if he had never seen a car before. He patted the radiator, poked his head underneath, and blew the horn, pretending to be very alarmed at each blast which it gave. Finally he invited us to come for a drive, and as we clambered in, he said vaguely, "There is a present for you."

I looked down and discovered to my delight a beautiful rope of fox tails on my knees.

WE dined with Charlie Chaplin that night in Pasadena, and here he expanded and told me more about his early struggles.

"My first engagement in America," he said, "was with William Gillette, and I received three dollars a week. Those three dollars a week were the best earned money I ever made. I was supposed to be a burglar, and every night I climbed in at the window in the second act. I'm not heavy, but the window was particularly fragile, and I was afraid that it would break. The nervous strain was terrible."

On my next visit to Charlie Chaplin's studio I not only had a good insight into one of the reasons for his success but I had the unexpected honor of taking part in a film with him myself. He was creating at this time a picture called The Cure.

The immense studio was a bustle of activity and the powerful arc lights were centered on Charlie Chaplin, who was supposed to be drinking some medicine out of a mug. A simple operation you might imagine, but Charlie Chaplin, like all true artists, was not satisfied with anything but the best. Over and over again he drank, and was still displeased. Then suddenly he altered his po-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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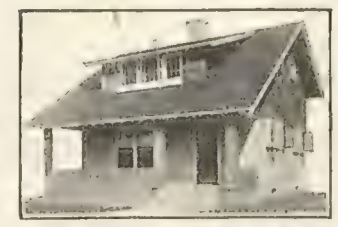

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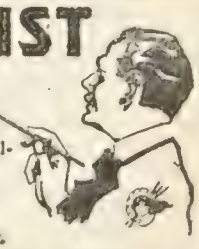

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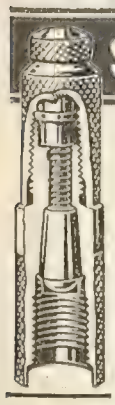

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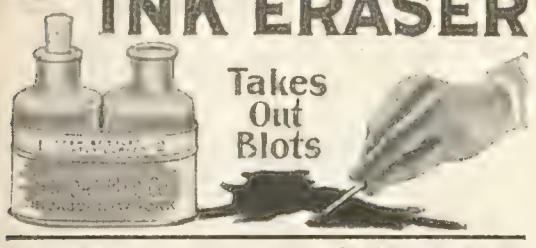

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Big Wages—
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By Lewis Harper

in next week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At All Newsdealers

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

sition slightly, gave a new twist of his hand, shouted to the photographers, and the picture was taken. An hour's hard work for a minute's effect! He came toward me wiping his face and said:

"I think your first film was very good."

"What do you mean?" I said.

For answer he pointed to the blank screen. There suddenly flashed across it a picture of myself, taken in the studio on my last visit, in which I had pretended to slap Chaplin's face, and had followed it up by chasing him round the room. All these activities had been duly registered by the camera, and when the short comedy was over Chaplin smiled at me mischievously and said:

"There's a small part in my next piece that would just suit you."

HOW charming this little colony of film stars was! I have memories of it very different from the lurid pictures of drugged, abandoned orgies to which we have recently been treated by sensational publications.

I have never met, for example, a more delightful couple, more utterly unsophisticated, than Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. In spite of the colossal sum of money which these two young geniuses were earning, they were entirely devoid of affectation. I shall never forget a little episode which occurred when Lady Susan asked Mary Pickford for a photograph.

"Of course," she said, and ran to a bureau where there was a stack of photographs six feet high, all waiting to be dispatched to ardent admirers. She chose a particularly nice one.

"Would you like me to sign it for you?"

"Please," said Lady Susan.

Mary dipped the pen in the ink. There was a pause, and she frowned prettily. Then she looked up shyly at Lady Susan and said, very seriously:

"Would you please tell me how to write your name? You see, I'm not used to meeting royalty."

In the same spirit of complete simplicity she told us how, when she had been asked to go to New York to meet President Wilson, her great ambition was that her mother should go, too, and how she had spent hours in discussing what would be the most suitable dresses for them both to wear. I never heard if Mrs. Pickford went, but I hope so, for she was a charming woman.

In the next and final installment of her memoirs, to appear next week, Madame Melba tells of her return to Europe and her appearances at Covent Garden, in Copenhagen, and other capitals, and introduces us to royalty "at home."

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HERE are the winning solutions of the Nut-Crackers published in the December 12 issue of Liberty. The four lucky persons selected by the judges of the contest as having supplied the most appropriate last lines for the Limericks in that issue will receive checks for $100 each. We are discontinuing the popular Nut-Cracker contest in favor of the Patriotic Game of Presidents, announcement of which is made on another page in this issue. Sixteen more winners in the Nut-Cracker contest will be published, so watch for your name among them!

The Winners!

$100 Coupon No. 1

I once *had* a shaggy brown pup
Who used to lap milk *from* a cup,
But *when* he got older
And bigger *and* bolder,
He "licked" everything that showed up.

TOM MORIARITY
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A fat broker *once* mounted a steed
Of a fiery *and* highly strung breed.
When the *horse* felt his weight
He raced straight for the *gate*,
His "stock" had gone "wild," all agreed.

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There's a radio set in *our* block
That's ago with *each* hour of the clock;
If the owner *is* wise
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Or wonder "watt" broad "cast" Little "Rock."

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A flapper who *used* too much make-up
Her sallow complexion to fake up,
Was caught in the *rain*
While *out* with her swain,
Now a near-sighted chump she must rake up.

PATRICIA CARROLL
Room 1619, 77 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Next Week: Winning Solutions of the Nut-Crackers in the December 19 Issue

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Something to Sit On

Little Freda had been calling on some new neighbors with her father, and mother was asking her about her visit, and wanted to know the little girl's name. After thinking deeply for some time, Freda announced that the child's name was "Couchy."

"Couchy," said mother. "What a funny name for a little girl!"

Her father laughed and asked his daughter if she were sure that Couchy was the name; was it not Sophie?

"Well, anyway," said Freda, "I knew it was something to sit on."—A. M. L., Pittsfield, Mass.

* * *

An Embarrassing Question

While Jane was attending a vaudeville show with her mother the "headliner" appeared in all her glory, reclined upon a chaise longue, and began to sing a beautiful love ballad. All was so quiet you could hear a pin drop when Jane spoke up, loud and clear: "Oh, mamma, don't you wish you was nice like that lady?"—A. R., Buffalo, N. Y.

A New One on George

Junior is seven and Dick is six. The former is rather quick-witted and had been escaping his just deserts for many of his mischievous pranks. It was George Washington's birthday, and a visitor was asking him about the great man, particularly about the cherry tree incident.

"Why did little George tell his father he cut down the cherry tree?"

"I suppose it was because he didn't have a little brother to blame it on," was the unexpected reply.—C. V. H., Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

"What's That to Me!"

Mary had developed the habit of asking for cookies at every house in the neighborhood, much to her mother's embarrassment. Finally her mother told her that if she asked for cookies again she would punish her severely.

The next day Mary called at one of the neighbors, who was baking cookies. She sat down in a chair, sniffed knowingly, and remarked: "I smell cookies, but what's that to me!"—M. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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Drink at 7

Then by 8:30 watch how things have changed

Sometimes on rising in the morning you feel that the day is spoiled. Some clogging of the system affects your fitness, your good nature, your vim.

Then do this: Drink a glass of water, hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts, and you will have a sparkling, pleasant drink.

That drink will flush the intestines, wash out the poisons and waste. The results come quickly. They come from the acids of lemon and grape combined with lithia, etc.

Note how things change in an hour. Then remember you can bring them any hour of the day. And in a sparkling drink.

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Something Wrong with this Picture!

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5¢ Two kinds: the Black S. B. Drops and the Smith Brothers Menthol Drops that come in orange box.

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"When I enrolled for LaSalle training in Traffic Management," writes C. W. Bridger, a Georgia man, "I was chief clerk for one of the big cotton oil companies. When I finished, I was Assistant Traffic Manager of this same concern, and my salary had been increased by $1,300 a year. I found that by devoting not more than two hours a night three nights a week to this training—no more time than I had been giving to the reading of current fiction—I had put more money in my pocket at the end of fifteen months' study than I had ever been able to put there before in any equivalent fifteen months of my life."

Are you—like Bridger—following a well-organized plan to double—triple—quadruple your salary? Or are you relying for advancement upon day-to-day experience? LaSalle offers a sound and practical *salary-doubling plan* which has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. If a successful career is worth a 2c stamp and two minutes of your time, check the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place the coupon in the mail TODAY.

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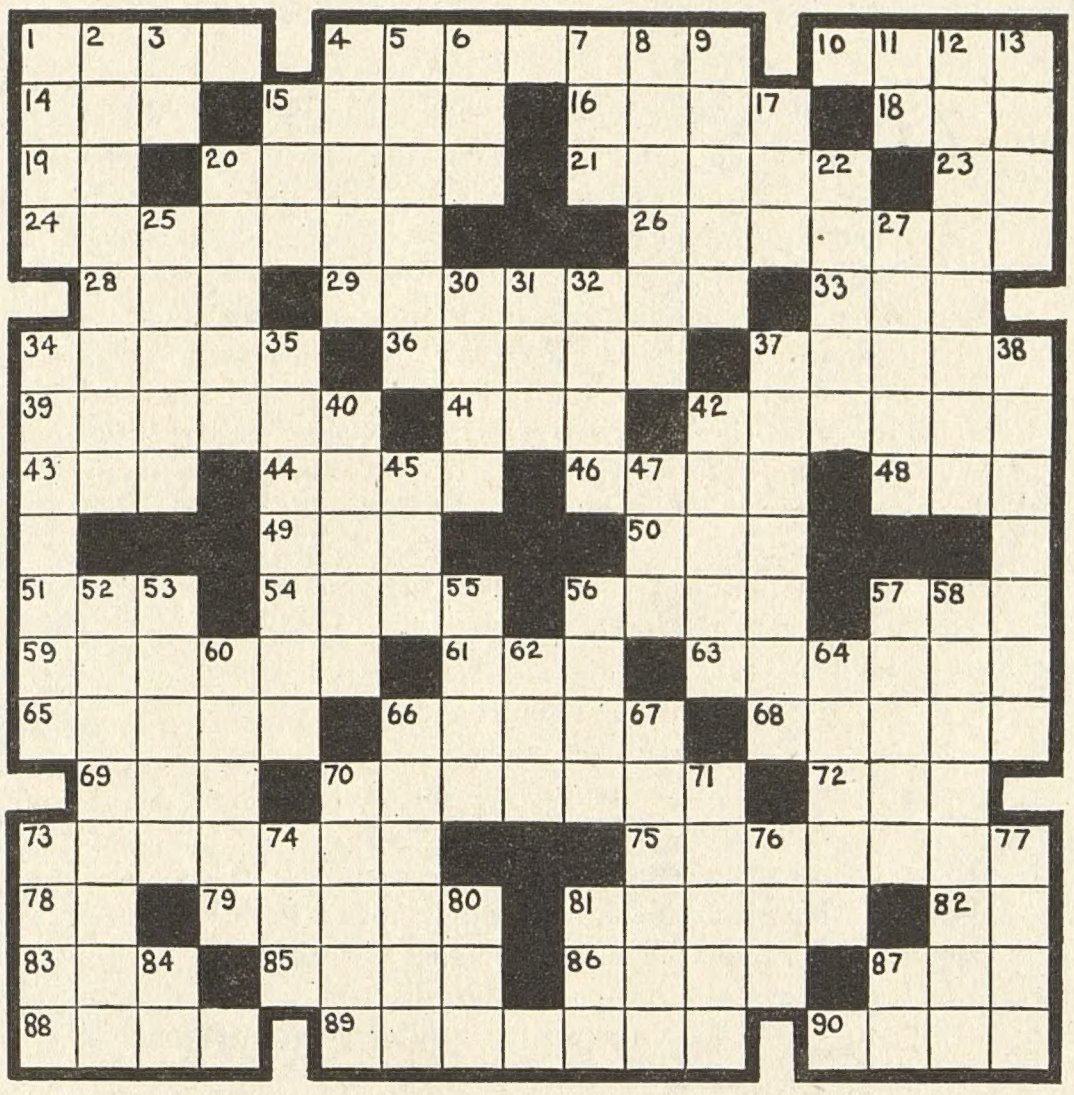
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 51

IF YOU'RE adept at this sort of thing you won't be Number 10 Horizontal at this puzzle. Most of our readers think that Liberty's puzzles are 66 Vertical and Number 51 is certainly no exception. Aren't we modest?



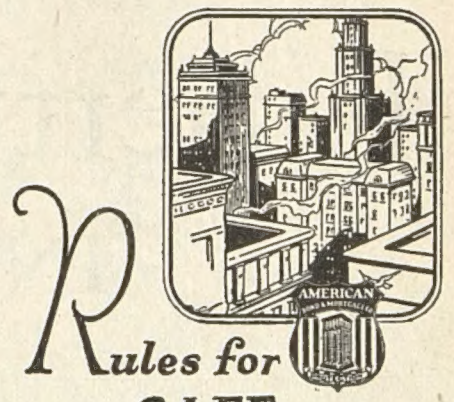
HORIZONTAL

1 The edge or projecting upper part of a hill
4 Existing in name only
10 Sluggish
14 Preceded
15 Cupola
16 To reach or touch with an end
18 A Simian
19 The giant king of Bashan
20 Animal oil used in perfume making
21 The son of Priam, King of Troy
23 A measure of type
24 Mercury chloride
26 Machine or frame for stretching cloth (plural)
28 Rim or margin of a container
29 Evened
33 Highest note in the scale of Guido
34 A fiber used in making rope
36 Lays hold of
37 Staple article of food (plural)
39 A city in Italy
41 The sheltered side
42 Hero of Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities
43 Those in political power
44 A strong wind
46 A kind of leather
48 An epoch
49 One of a tribe of American Indians
50 Moreover
51 A fit of peevishness
54 To measure
56 Asterisk
57 A salutation
59 Expunges
61 To steep or soak
63 Tarry
65 Island on which Apollo was born (Greek myth.)
66 Quoted
68 Fish-eating diving birds
69 The pieces used in chess and like games
70 A soft ointment prepared from oil
72 A pronoun
73 To be apprehensive
75 Loadstones
78 Close by
79 Part of a barrel or cask
81 Habitations
82 A pronoun
83 Any long and slender support of an object
85 To boil
86 Separate particular in an enumeration
87 A ballad
88 The brother of Jacob (Bib.)
89 Reared
90 A beverage

VERTICAL

1 In politics: combination for a common object
2 Regal
3 An alleged force or natural power
4 Unusual
5 A preparation of eggs
6 Confronted
7 The woolly surface of cloth
8 Lessens
9 Enticed
11 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
12 One who performs an operation
13 Cysts
15 Obscure
17 A metal
20 An ingredient of varnish
22 A young beef
25 Speaks imperfectly
27 To exalt in spirit
30 Valley
31 To piece out to a bare sufficiency
32 A sinister look
34 Clipped off suddenly
35 Pods
37 A spindle for supporting work to be operated on
38 Trappers
40 Satisfies to repletion
42 A waterway
45 Allow
47 A cereal grass
52 Hermits
53 Narrations
55 A city in Pennsylvania
56 A stalk
57 Gone by (poetic)
58 Parti-colored ornamental glass
60 Arias
62 A letter of the Greek alphabet
64 Midday (plural)
66 Dextrous
67 To reduce in rank
70 Oval
71 Given a title
73 Masculine
74 A pronoun
76 A kind of light muffin
77 An affection of the eyelid
80 Sheep
81 A successful effort or production
84 The "Cracker" State (abbr.)
87 A Chinese measure of length

Answer to Puzzle No. 50



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INVESTORS have come to realize more every day that the safe investment of money is not a question of luck; it is not a question of reaching in the hat and pulling out a lucky number. But it is a question of following very definite principles or rules which have been evolved from a table of investment experience of many generations.

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Liberty's Radio Station WLIB

INVITES YOUR SUGGESTIONS!

$10 For Every Letter Published on This Page

YOUR suggestions for Liberty's Radio Station WLIB are welcome, folks! We have received many good ideas for the betterment of WLIB'S programs from our readers, for which we thank them. We want to make WLIB, like Liberty, for everybody. We want it to appeal to as many persons as possible. We invite your ideas about improving the station's "output." We can't tell your preferences until you write us about them. Each week a page of letters will be published on this page, for which $10 apiece will be paid. We have some statistics for you! Every letter of the many thousands received has been tabulated, and here is what WLIB listeners like to hear. Perhaps we should say that the five types of entertainment listed below are leading all others. Here are the first five preferences:

1. Old melodies and Southern songs.
2. New popular songs and music.
3. Orchestra selections.
4. Classical music and songs.
5. Jokes and humorous songs.

Other classes of entertainment are running the last two a pretty close race, but that's the way it stands now. Perhaps it will change. Educational lectures is another favorite.

WLIB is located at Chicago and broadcasts on a wave length of 302.8 meters. It is a powerful, fully equipped station. It broadcasts week days from 7 to 8; 9 to 10, and 11 to 12 P. M., and on Sundays from 4 to 6:30 and from 8 to 9 P. M., Central Standard Time. Like all other stations in Chicago it is silent on Monday nights to give local fans an opportunity to hear DX programs. Send in your suggestions!

Write to Radio Editor, Care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SUGGESTIONS

Gentlemen: In the interest of better programs I suggest the following:

1. That the announcer give the call letters promptly after each number on the program.
2. That orchestras be decreased in size rather than enlarged.
3. That the extensive use of wind instruments on radio programs be discontinued.
4. That we be given more piano solos.
5. That your regular week-day programs be full of variety.
6. Last, but not least, we do not like to have The Gloaming played as a fox trot, nor Jesus, Lover of My Soul, played as a jazz number. Don't broadcast Kitten on the Keys on a pipe organ. It wasn't written for the organ.

G. M. KITZMILLER,
739 S. Larramie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CRAVING JAZZ

WLIB: Give us, we pray, more lightsome stuff and less of numbers massive; we crave the jazz, albeit "rough," we're tired of being passive. From now we're out to plead for song, and music fit for dancing; our taste, we grant, may be all wrong, but we want airs entrancing.

And we mean just that!

MRS. ELBA TORRIBLE,
1419 Euterpe St., New Orleans, La.

LIGHT STUFF

WLIB: When I come home from "one of those days" at the office, after trying for eight hours to please the perpetual grouch known as the boss, do I want to hear a lot of heavy, classical music? I do not! After a run-in with my favorite sweetie, do I want some sweet, sad music? Gosh! No! Let's have some peppy programs—a good orchestra playing dance music that makes you want to "do your stuff"; some singing of popular songs and, once in a while, some well-known operatic selections that have proven their popularity, and a few piano solos.

LOUISE RUFFENACH,
1402 W. Woodruff St., Toledo, Ohio.

THE FIRST BROADCAST

Dear Editor: As director of the world's first radio station, WGI, a few years ago I had a similar problem to WLIB'S—that of pleasing all of the people some of the time. No matter how good your programs are someone will "pan" them and no matter how poor they may be someone will rave over them. So go ahead laying emphasis on unique features and have a variety of them. Make them short. Keep them refined and human. In among the music run timely discussions on current issues by leading men and women as you do in your magazine. Pioneer in two-hour broadcasts and lead the way out of the confusion that now exists on the air.

HERBERT D. MILLER,
31 Century St., West Medford, Mass.
(H. D. M. of Amrad—WGI, the world's first broadcasting station)

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

Radio Editor: As I see it, the great fault of the average broadcasting station is that its programs are as many toned as a crazy quilt is many colored. One must suffer through an endless succession of selections that are not at all in keeping with his or her own idea of amusement, in order to hear a few that are. Couldn't programs be arranged so that certain kinds of music is broadcast during the same hours daily?

R. M. FORTUNE,
Box 385, Alhambra, Calif.

THROUGH THE ETHER

Dear Sir: When your fine programs, transmitted through the ether, reach the ears of those who are afflicted and confined to the hospital bed day after day—then has radio performed its best service. It is my ardent wish that WLIB continue to contribute its excellent part to the entertainment of the poor unfortunates. Broadcast cheerful, light programs, for by doing so, you will pour sunshine into despondent hearts everywhere.

ALBERT H. BERRY, JR.,
Mexia, Tex.

KICK, PEP, AND PUNCH

Dear Sir: Out here in the wide-open spaces "where the coyote howls with glee," we have very little entertainment, consequently we are all radio "bugs," and nightly we merrily twirl the dials searching the air for a program with kick, pep, and punch, and when we find that kind of program the dials "stay put." If you want to give your listeners a real treat sign up a good Hawaiian orchestra, and I'll bet my chaps and six-shooter that you will get more requests for this kind of music than any other. And please don't turn the "mike" over to a bull-voiced son of the prairies who ruined his voice calling cows out of the "Bottom 40" when he was a kid.

RICHARD COX,
Box 608, Kemmerer, Wyo.

THE BOY

Dear Sir: I was certainly puzzled to find my twelve-year-old boy uninterested in radio, except when a world series or something similar is broadcast. So why not have national athletic heroes of all sports speak to the boys from ten to sixteen years of age—they speak a language these boys can understand—on topics they love, and thereby engender in them the "stuff" of which athletes are made.

MRS. FREDERICK J. RICE,
1502 Columbia Rd., Washington, D. C.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Gentlemen: No matter whether the radio listener-in prefers classical or jazz offerings, there are two varieties of music which he always hails with enthusiasm—a Hawaiian string band (a good one), and a real Negro choir or quartette singing Negro "spirituals." Both have an appealing quaintness and an innate harmony which carry a universal appeal.

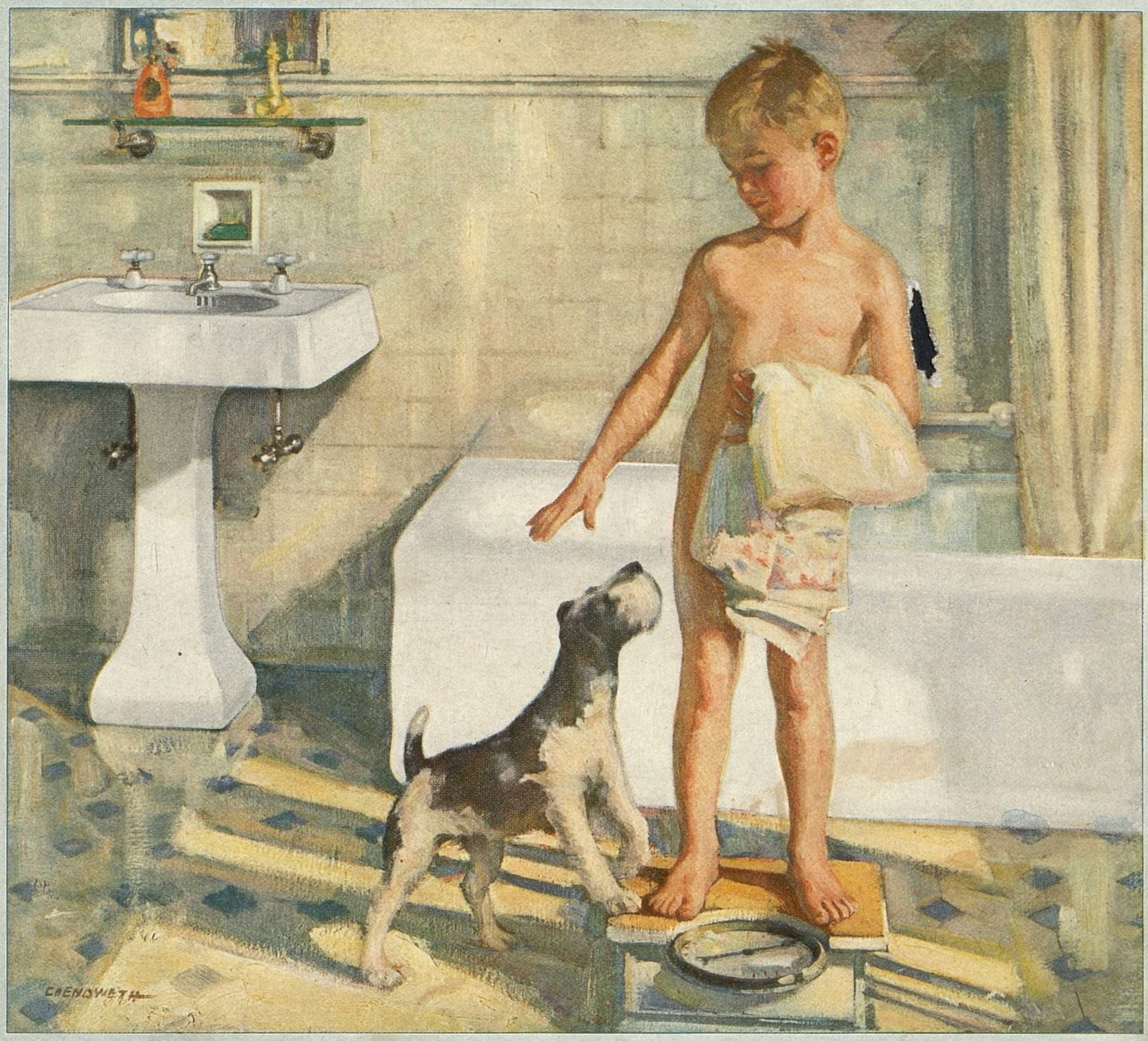
RUFUS JONES,
Room 20, Upper West, Fitzsimons Hospital, Denver, Colo.

FROM THE NORTH

WLIB: When you live about three jumps from the North Pole, a radio is certainly a treasure. We have a set with two headphones and I have quite a time giving the family their turn. I often wish we could hear a chapter or so from some new book—continued each evening.

MRS. CHARLES FOX,
Box 117, Dauphin, Manitoba, Can.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The Seal of Kohler Village
Architects and town planners come from afar to study this unusual village, where Kohler plumbing fixtures and private electric plants are made

THE lad who early learns something about that fine business of keeping clean and fit is well started on the road to manliness. In countless homes the first station on that road is the bathroom with Kohler fixtures. There is inspiration in fixtures such as these—in their strong, graceful lines; in their immaculate whiteness. Your plumber will tell you that the name "Kohler" faintly fused in their snowy enamel is the mark of highest quality *at no higher cost.* Write for Booklet E.

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